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- ART. I.—1. *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.* By PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. London, 1853.
2. *Raleigh's Discovery of Guiana.* Edited by Sir ROBERT SCHOMBURGK. (Hakluyt Society,) 1848.
3. *Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh.* By MACVEY NAPIER, Esq. Cambridge, Macmillan & Co., 1853.
4. *Raleigh's Works, with Lives by OLDYS and BIRCH.* (University Press,) Oxford, 1829.
5. *Bishop Goodman's History of his own Times.* London, 1839.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction." A trite remark. We all say it, again and again: but how few of us believe it! How few of us, when we read the history of heroic times and heroic men, take the story simply as it stands. On the contrary, we try to explain it away; to prove it all not to have been so very wonderful; to impute accident, circumstance, mean and commonplace motives; to lower every story down to the level of our own littleness, or what we (unjustly to ourselves, and to the God who is near us all) choose to consider our level; to rationalize away all the wonders, till we make them at last impossible, and give up caring to believe them; and prove to our own melancholy satisfaction that Alexander conquered the world with a pin, in his sleep, by accident.

And yet in this mood, as in most, there is a sort of left-handed truth involved. These heroes are not so far removed from us after all. They were men of like passions with ourselves, with the same flesh about them, the same spirit within them, the same world outside, the same devil beneath, the same God above. They and their deeds were not so very wonderful. Every child who is born into the world is just as wonderful; and, for aught

we know, might, *mutatis mutandis*, do just as wonderful deeds. If accident and circumstance helped them, the same may help us: have helped us, if we will look back down our years, far more than we have made use of.

They were men, certainly, very much of our own level: but may we not put that level somewhat too low? They were certainly not what we are; for if they had been, they would have done no more than we: but is not a man's real level not what he is, but what he can be, and therefore ought to be? No doubt they were compact of good and evil, just as we: but so was David, no man more; though a more heroical personage (save One) appears not in all human records; but may not the secret of their success have been, that, on the whole, (though they found it a sore battle,) they refused the evil and chose the good? It is true, again, that their great deeds may be more or less explained, attributed to laws, rationalized: but is explaining always explaining away? Is it to degrade a thing to attribute it to a law? And do you do anything more by "rationalizing" men's deeds than prove that they were rational men; men who saw certain fixed laws, and obeyed them, and succeeded thereby, according to the Baconian apophthegm, that nature is conquered by obeying her?

But what laws?

To that question, perhaps, the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews will give the best answer, where it says, that by faith were done all the truly great deeds, and by faith lived all the truly great men, who have ever appeared on earth.

There are, of course, higher and lower degrees of this faith; its object is one more or less worthy: but it is in all cases the belief in certain unseen eternal facts, by keeping true to which a man must in the long run succeed. Must; because he is more or less in harmony with heaven, and earth, and the Maker thereof, and has therefore fighting on his side a great portion of the universe; perhaps the whole; for as he who breaks one commandment of the law is guilty of the whole, because he denies the fount of all law, so he who with his whole soul keeps one commandment of it is likely to be in harmony with the whole, because he testifies of the fount of all law.

We will devote a few pages to the story of an old hero, of a man of like passions with ourselves; of one who had the most intense and awful sense of the unseen laws, and succeeded mightily thereby; of one who had hard struggles with a flesh and blood which made him at times forget those laws, and failed mightily thereby; of one whom God so loved that He caused each slightest sin, as with David, to bring its own punishment with it, that while the flesh was delivered over to Satan, the

man himself might be saved in the "Day of the Lord ; of one, finally, of whom nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand may say, "I have done worse deeds than he : but I have never done as good ones."

In a poor farm-house among the pleasant valleys of South Devon, among the white apple-orchards and the rich water-meadows, and the red fallows and red kine, in the year of grace 1552, a boy was born, as beautiful as day, and christened Walter Raleigh. His father was a gentleman of ancient blood : none older in the land : but, impoverished, he had settled down upon the wreck of his estate, in that poor farm-house. No record of him now remains ; but he must have been a man worth knowing and worth loving, or he would not have won the wife he did. She was a Champernoun, proudest of Norman squires, and could probably boast of having in her veins the blood of Courtneys, Emperors of Byzant. She had been the wife of the famous knight Sir Otho Gilbert, and lady of Compton Castle, and had borne him three brave sons, John, Humphrey, and Adrian ; all three destined to win knighthood also in due time, and the two latter already giving promises, which they well fulfilled, of becoming most remarkable men of their time. And yet the fair Champernoun, at her husband's death, had chosen to wed Mr. Raleigh, and share life with him in the little farm-house at Hayes. She must have been a grand woman, if the law holds true that great men always have great mothers ; an especially grand woman, indeed ; for few can boast of having borne to two different husbands such sons as she bore. No record, as far as we know, remains of her ; nor of her boy's early years. One can imagine them, nevertheless.

Just as he awakes to consciousness, the Smithfield fires are extinguished. He can recollect, perhaps, hearing of the burning of the Exeter martyrs ; and he does not forget it ; no one forgot or dared forget it in those days. He is brought up in the simple and manly, yet high-bred ways of English gentlemen in the times of "an old courtier of the Queen's." His two elder half-brothers also, living some thirty miles away, in the quaint and gloomy towers of Compton Castle, amid the apple-orchards of Torbay, are men as noble as ever formed a young lad's taste. Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert, who afterwards, both of them, rise to knighthood, are—what are they not ? soldiers, scholars, Christians, discoverers and "planters" of foreign lands, geographers, alchemists, miners, Platonical philosophers ; many-sided, high-minded men, not without fantastic enthusiasm ; living heroic lives, and destined, one of them, to die a heroic death. From them Raleigh's fancy has been fired, and his appetite for learning quickened, while he is yet a daring

boy, fishing in the grey trout-brooks, or going up with his father to the Dartmoor hills, to hunt the deer with hound and horn, amid the wooded gorges of Holne, or over the dreary downs of Hartland Warren, and the cloud-capt thickets of Cator's Beam, and looking down from thence upon the far blue southern sea, wondering when he shall sail thereon, to fight the Spaniard, and discover, like Columbus, some fairy-land of gold and gems.

For before this boy's mind, as before all intense English minds of that day, rise, from the first, three fixed ideas, which yet are but one—the Pope, the Spaniard, and America.

The two first are the sworn and internecine enemies (whether they pretend a formal peace or not) of Law and Freedom, Bible and Queen, and all that makes an Englishman's life dear to him. Are they not the incarnations of Antichrist? Their Moloch sacrifices flame through all lands. The earth groans because of them, and refuses to cover the blood of her slain. And America is the new world of boundless wonder and beauty, wealth and fertility, to which these two evil powers arrogate an exclusive and divine right; and God has delivered it into their hands; and they have done evil therein with all their might, till the story of their greed and cruelty rings through all earth and heaven. Is this the will of God? Will he not avenge for these things, as surely as he is the Lord who executeth justice and judgment in the earth?

These are the young boy's thoughts. These were his thoughts for sixty-six eventful years. In whatsoever else he wavered, he never wavered in that creed. He learnt it in his boyhood, while he read Fox's Martyrs beside his mother's knee. He learnt it as a lad, when he saw Hawkins and Drake changed by Spanish tyranny and treachery from peaceful merchantmen into fierce scourges of God. He learnt it scholastically, from fathers and divines, as an Oxford scholar, in days when Oxford was a Protestant indeed, in whom there was no guile. He learnt it when he went over, at seventeen years old, with his gallant kinsman Henry Champernoun, and his band of 100 gentlemen volunteers, to flesh his maiden sword in behalf of the persecuted French Protestants. He learnt it as he listened to the shrieks of the San Bartholomew; he learnt it as he watched the dragonnades, the tortures, the massacres of the Netherlands, and fought manfully under Norris in behalf of those victims of "the Pope and Spain." He preached it in far stronger and wiser words than we can express it for him, in that noble tract of 1591, on Sir Richard Grenville's death at the Azores—a Tyrtæan trumpet-blast such as has seldom rung in human ears; he discussed it like a cool statesman in his pamphlet of 1596, on "A War with Spain." He sacrificed for it the

last hopes of his old age, the wreck of his fortunes, his just recovered liberty; and he died with the old God's battle-cry upon his lips, when it awoke no response from the hearts of a coward, profligate, and unbelieving generation. This is the back-ground, the key-note of the man's whole life, of which, if we lose the recollection, and content ourselves by slurring it over in the last pages of his biography with some half-sneer about his putting, like the rest of Elizabeth's old admirals, "the Spaniard, the Pope, and the Devil" in the same category, we shall understand very little about Raleigh; though, of course, we shall save ourselves the trouble of pronouncing as to whether the Spaniard and the Pope were really in the same category as the devil; or, indeed, which might be equally puzzling to a good many historians of the last century and a half, whether there be any devil at all.

The books which we have chosen to head this review, are all of them more or less good, with one exception, and that is Bishop Goodman's *Memoirs*, on which much stress has been lately laid, as throwing light on various passages of Raleigh, Essex, Cecil, and James's lives. Having read it carefully, we must say plainly, that we think the book an altogether foolish, pedantic, and untrustworthy book, without any power of insight or gleam of reason, without even the care to be self-consistent; having but one object, the whitewashing James, and every noble lord whom the bishop has ever known; but in whitewashing each, the poor old flunkey so bespatters all the rest of his pets, that when the work is done, the whole party look, if possible, rather dirtier than before. And so we leave Bishop Goodman.

Mr. Fraser Tytler's book is well known; and it is on the whole a good one; because he really loves and admires the man of whom he writes: but he is wonderfully careless as to authorities, and too often makes the wish father to the thought—indeed to the fact. Moreover, he has all the usual sentimental cant about Mary Queen of Scots, and all the usual petty and prurient scandal about Elizabeth, which is to us anathema, which prevents his really seeing the time in which Raleigh lived, and the element in which he moved. This sort of talk is happily dying out just now; but no one can approach the history of the Elizabethan age (perhaps of any age) without finding that truth is all but buried under mountains of dirt and chaff—an Augean stable which, perhaps, will never be swept clean. Yet we have seen, with great delight, several attempts toward removal of the said superstratum of dirt and chaff from the Elizabethan histories, in several articles, all evidently from the

same pen, (and that one, more perfectly master of English prose to our mind than any man living,) in the *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine*.*

Sir Robert Schomburgk's edition of the *Guiana Voyage* contains an excellent Life of Raleigh, perhaps the best yet written ; of which we only complain, when it gives in to the stock-charges against Raleigh, as it were at second hand, and just because they are stock-charges, and because, too, the illustrious editor (unable to conceal his admiration of a discoverer in many points so like himself) takes all through an apologetic tone of "Please don't laugh at me. I daresay it is very foolish ; but I can't help loving the man."

Mr. Napier's little book is a reprint of two *Edinburgh Review* articles on Bacon and Raleigh. The first, a learned statement of facts in answer to some unwisdom of a *Quarterly* reviewer, (as we suspect an Oxford Aristotelian ; for "we think we do know that sweet Roman hand.") It is clear, accurate, convincing, complete. There is no more to be said about the matter, save that facts are stubborn things, and

"Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Suello!"

The article on Raleigh is very valuable ; first, because Mr. Napier has had access to many documents unknown to former biographers ; and next, because he clears Raleigh completely from the old imputation of deceit about the *Guiana* mine, as well as of other minor charges. With his general opinion of Raleigh's last and fatal *Guiana* voyage, we have the misfortune to differ from him *toto celo*, on the strength of the very documents which he quotes. But Mr. Napier is always careful, always temperate, and always just, except where he, as we think, does not enter into the feelings of the man whom he is analyzing. Let readers buy the book (it will tell them a hundred things they do not know) and be judge between Mr. Napier and us.

In the meanwhile, one cannot help watching with a smile how good old time's scrubbing brush, which clears away paint and whitewash from church pillars, does the same by such characters as Raleigh's. After each fresh examination, some fresh count in the hundred-headed indictment breaks down. The truth is, that as people begin to believe more in nobleness, and to gird up their loins to the doing of noble deeds, they discover more nobleness in others. Raleigh's character was in its lowest

* We especially entreat readers' attention to two articles in vindication of the morals of *Queen Elizabeth*, in *Fraser's Magazine* of 1854 ; to one in the *Westminster* of 1854, on *Mary Stuart* ; and one in the same of 1852, on *England's Forgotten Worthies*.

Nadir in the days of Voltaire and Hume. What shame to him? For so were more sacred characters than his. Shall the disciple be above his master? Especially when that disciple was but too inconsistent, and gave occasion to the uncircumcised to blaspheme? But Cayley, after a few years, refutes triumphantly Hume's silly slanders. He is a stupid writer: but he has sense enough, being patient, honest, and loving, to do that.

Mr. Fraser Tytler shovels away a little more of the dirt-heap; Mr. Napier clears him, (for which we owe him many thanks,) by simple statement of facts, from the charge of having deserted and neglected his Virginia colonists; Humboldt and Schomburgk from the charge of having lied about Guiana; and so on; each successive writer giving in generally on merest hearsay to the general complaint against him, either from fear of running counter to big names, or from mere laziness, and yet absolving him from that particular charge of which their own knowledge enables them to judge. In the trust that we may be able to clear him from a few more charges, we write these pages, premising that we do not profess to have access to any new and recondite documents. We merely take the broad facts of the story from documents open to all, and comment on them as we should wish our own life to be commented on.

But we do so on a method which we cannot give up; and that is the Bible method. We say boldly, that historians have hitherto failed in understanding not only Raleigh, Elizabeth, but nine-tenths of the persons and facts in his day, because they will not judge them by the canons which the Bible lays down—(by which we mean not only the New Testament, but the Old, which, as English Churchmen say, and Scotch Presbyterians have ere now testified with sacred blood, is “not contrary to the New.”)

Mr. Napier has a passage about Raleigh for which we are sorry, coming as it does from a countryman of John Knox. “Society, it would seem, was yet in a state in which such a man could seriously plead, that the madness he feigned was justified” (his last word is unfair, for Raleigh only hopes that it is no sin) “by the example of David, King of Israel!” What a shocking state of society when men actually believed their Bibles, not too little, but too much! For our parts, we think that if poor dear Raleigh had considered the example of David a little more closely, he need never have feigned madness at all; and that his error lay quite in an opposite direction from looking on the Bible heroes, David especially, as too sure models. At all events, we are willing to try Raleigh by the very scriptural standard which he himself lays down, not merely in this case unwisely, but in his “History of the World” more wisely than

any historian whom we have ever read; and to say, "Judged as the Bible taught our Puritan forefathers to judge every man, the character is intelligible enough; tragic, but noble and triumphant: judged as men have been judged in history for the last hundred years, by hardly any canon save those of the private judgment, which philosophic cant, maudlin sentimentality, or fear of public opinion, may happen to have begotten, the man is a phenomenon, only less confused, abnormal, suspicious than his biographers' notions about him." Again we say, we have not solved the problem; but it will be enough if we make some think it both soluble, and worth solving.

Let us look round, then, and see into what sort of a country, into what sort of a world, the young adventurer is going forth, at seventeen years of age, to seek his fortune.

Born in 1552, his young life has sprung up and grown with the young life of England. The earliest fact, perhaps, which he can recollect, is the flash of joy on every face which proclaims that Mary Tudor is dead, and Elizabeth reigns at last. As he grows, the young man sees all the hope and adoration of the English people centre in that wondrous maid, and his own centre in her likewise. He had been base had he been otherwise. She comes to the throne with such a prestige as never sovereign came, since the days when Isaiah sang his pæan over young Hezekiah's accession. Young, learned, witty, beautiful, (as with such a father and mother she could not help being,) with an expression of countenance remarkable (we speak of those early days) rather for its tenderness and intellectual depth than its strength, she comes forward as the Champion of the Reformed Faith, the interpretest of the will and conscience of the people of England—herself persecuted all but to the death, and purified by affliction, like gold tried in the fire. She gathers round her, one by one, young men of promise, and trains them herself to their work. And they fulfil it, and serve her, and grow gray-headed in her service, working as faithfully, as righteously, as patriotically, as men ever worked on earth. They are her "favourites;" because they are men who deserve favour; men who count not their own lives dear to themselves for the sake of the queen and of that commonweal which their hearts and reasons tell them is one with her. They are still men, though; and some of them have their grudgings and envyings against each other: she keeps the balance even between them as skillfully, gently, justly, as woman ever did, or mortal man either. Some have their conceited hopes of marrying her, becoming her masters. She rebukes and pardons. "Out of the dust I took you, sir! go and do your duty, humbly and rationally, henceforth, or into the dust I trample you again!" And they recon-

sider themselves, and obey. But many, or most of them, are new men, country gentlemen, and younger sons. She will follow her father's plan, of keeping down the overgrown feudal princes, who, though brought low by the wars of the Roses, are still strong enough to throw everything into confusion by resisting at once Crown and Commons. Proud nobles reply by rebellion, come down southwards with ignorant Popish henchmen at their backs; will restore Popery, marry the Queen of Scots, make the middle class and the majority submit to the feudal lords and the minority. The Alruna-maiden, with her "aristocracy of genius," is too strong for them; the people's heart is with her, and not with dukes. Each mine only blows up its diggers, and there are many dry eyes at their ruin. Her people ask her to marry. She answers gently, proudly, eloquently: "She is married—the people of England is her husband. She has vowed it." And well she keeps her vow. And yet there is a tone of sadness in that great speech. Her woman's heart yearns after love, after children; after a strong bosom on which to repose that weary head. But she knows that it must not be. She has her reward. "Whosoever gives up husband or child for my sake and the gospel's, shall receive them back a hundredfold in this present life," as Elizabeth does. Her reward is an adoration from high and low, which is to us now inexplicable, impossible, overstrained, which was not so then. For the whole nation is in a mood of exaltation; England is fairyland; the times are the last days—strange, terrible, and glorious.

At home are Jesuits plotting; dark, crooked-pathed, going up and down in all manner of disguises, doing the devil's work if men ever did it; trying to sow discord between man and man, class and class; putting out books full of filthy calumnies, declaring the queen illegitimate, excommunicate, a usurper. English law null, and all state appointments void, by virtue of a certain "bull," and calling on the subjects to rebellion and assassination, even on the bed-chamber women to do to her "as Judith did to Holofernes." She answers by calm contempt. Now and then Burleigh and Walsingham catch some of the rogues, and they meet their deserts; but she for the most part lets them have their way. God is on her side, and she will not fear what man can do to her.

Abroad, the sky is dark and wild, and yet full of fantastic splendour. Spain stands strong and awful, a rising world—tyranny, with its dark-souled Cortezes and Pizarros, Alvas, Don Johns, and Parnas, men whose path is like the lava stream, who go forth slaying and to slay, in the name of their gods, like those old Assyrian conquerors on the walls of Nineveh, with

tutetary genii flying above their heads, mingled with the eagles who trail the entrails of the slain. By conquest, intermarriage, or intrigue, she has made all the southern nations her vassals or her tools; close to our own shores, the Netherlands are struggling vainly for their liberties; abroad, the Western Islands, and the whole trade of Africa and India, will in a few years be hers. And already the Pope, whose "most Catholic" and faithful servant she is, has repaid her services in the cause of darkness by the gift of the whole new world—a gift which she has claimed by cruelties and massacres unexampled since the days of Timour and Zinghis Khan. There she spreads and spreads, as Drake found her picture in the Government House at St. Domingo, the horse leaping through the globe, and underneath, "Non sufficit orbis." Who shall withstand her, armed as she is with the three-edged sword of Antichrist—superstition, strength, and gold?

English merchantmen, longing for some share in the riches of the New World, go out to trade in Guinea, in the Azores, in New Spain; and are answered by shot and steel. "Both policy and religion," as Fray Simon says, fifty years afterwards, "forbid Christians to trade with heretics!" "Lutheran devils, and enemies of God," are the answer they get in words; in deeds, whenever they have a superior force they may be allowed to land, and to water their ships, even to trade, under exorbitant restrictions; but generally this is merely a trap for them. Forces are hurried up; and the English are attacked treacherously, in spite of solemn compacts; for "No faith need be kept with heretics." And wo to them if any be taken prisoners, even wrecked. The galleys, and the rack, and the stake, are their certain doom; for the Inquisition claims the bodies and souls of heretics all over the world, and thinks it sin to lose its own. A few years of such wrong raise questions in the sturdy English heart. What right have these Spaniards to the New World? The Pope's gift? Why, he gave it by the same authority by which he claims the whole world. The formula used when an Indian village is sacked is, that God gave the whole world to St. Peter, and that he has given it to his successors, and they the Indies to the King of Spain. To acknowledge that lie would be to acknowledge the very power by which the Pope claims a right to depose Queen Elizabeth, and give her dominions to whomsoever he will. A *fico* for Bulls!

By possession, then? That may hold for Mexico, Peru, New Grenada, Paraguay, which have been colonized; though they were gained by means which make every one concerned in conquering them worthy of the gallows; and the right is only that of the thief to the purse whose owner he has murdered. But as

for the rest—Why the Spaniard has not colonized, even explored, one-twentieth of the New World, not even one-fourth of the coast. Is the existence of a few petty factories, often hundreds of miles apart, at a few river mouths, to give them a claim to the whole intermediate coast, much less to the vast unknown tracts inside? We will try that. If they appeal to the sword, so be it. The men are treacherous robbers; we will indemnify ourselves for our losses, and God defend the right.

So argued the English; and so sprung up that strange war of reprisals, in which, for eighteen years, it was held that there was no peace between England and Spain beyond the line, *i.e.*, beyond the parallel of longitude where the Pope's gift of the western world was said to begin; and, as the quarrel thickened and neared, extended to the Azores, Canaries, and coasts of Africa, where English and Spaniards flew at each other as soon as seen, mutually and by common consent, as natural enemies, each invoking God in the battle with Antichrist.

Into such a world as this goes forth young Raleigh, his heart full of chivalrous worship for England's tutelary genius, his brain aflame with the true miracles of the new-found Hesperides, full of vague hopes, vast imaginations, and consciousness of enormous power. And yet he is no wayward dreamer, unfit for this workday world. With a vein of song "most lofty, insolent, and passionate," indeed unable to see aught without a poetic glow over the whole, he is eminently practical, contented to begin at the beginning, that he may end at the end; one who could work terribly, "who always laboured at the matter in hand as if he were born only for that." Accordingly, he sets to work faithfully and stoutly, to learn his trade of soldiering; and learns it in silence and obscurity. He shares (it seems) in the retreat at Moncontour, and is by at the death of Condé, and toils on for five years, marching and skirmishing, smothering the enemy out of mountain-caves in Languedoc, and all the wild work of war. During the San Bartholomew massacre we hear nothing of him; perhaps he took refuge with Sidney and others in Walsingham's house. No records of these years remain, save a few scattered reminiscences in his works, which mark the shrewd, observant eye of the future statesman.

When he returned we know not. We trace him, in 1576, by some verses prefixed to Gascoigne's satire, *The Steele Glass*, solid, stately, epigrammatic, by Walter Rawely of the Middle Temple. The style is his; spelling of names matters nought in days in which a man would spell his own name three different ways in one document. Gascoigne, like Raleigh, knew Lord Grey of Wilton, and most men about town, too, and had been a soldier abroad, like Raleigh, probably with him. It seems to

have been the fashion for young idlers to lodge among the Templars ; indeed, toward the end of the century, they had to be cleared out, as crowding the wigs and gowns too much, and perhaps proving noisy neighbours, as Raleigh may have done. To this period may be referred, probably, his justice done on Mr. Charles Chester, (Ben Jonson's Carlo Buffone,) "a perpetual talker, and made a noise like a drum in a room ; so one time, at a tavern, Raleigh beats him and seals up his mouth, his upper and nether beard, with hard wax." For there is a great laugh in Raleigh's heart, a genial contempt of asses ; and one that will make him enemies hereafter ; perhaps shorten his days.

One hears of him next, (but only by report,) in the Netherlands, under Norris, where the nucleus of the English army (especially of its musquetry) was training. For Don John of Austria intends not only to crush the liberties and creed of the Flemings, but afterwards to marry the Queen of Scots, and conquer England ; and Elizabeth, unwillingly and slowly, for she cannot stomach rebels, has sent men and money to The States, to stop Don John in time ; which the valiant English and Scotch do on Lammas-day 1578, and that in a fashion till then unseen in war. For coming up late and panting, and "being more sensible of a little heat of the sun, than of any cold fear of death," they throw off their armour and clothes, and, in their shirts, (not over-clean, one fears,) give Don John's rashness such a rebuff, that two months more see that wild meteor, with lost hopes and tarnished fame, die down and vanish below the stormy horizon. In these days, probably, it is that he knew Colonel Bingham, a soldier of fortune, of a "fancy high and wild, too desultory and over-voluble," who had, among his hundred-and-one schemes, one for the plantation of America ; as poor Sir Thomas Stukely (whom Raleigh must have known well,) uncle of the traitor Lewis, had for the peopling of Florida.

Raleigh returns : Ten years has he been learning his soldier's trade in silence. He will take a lesson in seamanship next. The Court may come in time ; for, by now, the poor squire's younger son must have discovered—perhaps even too fully—that he is not as other men are ; that he can speak, and watch, and dare, and endure, as none around him can do. However, here are "good adventures toward," as the *Morte d'Arthur* would say ; and he will off with his half-brother Humphrey Gilbert, to carry out his patent for planting *Meta Incognita*,—"The Unknown Goal," as Queen Elizabeth has named it,—which will prove to be too truly and fatally unknown. In a latitude south of England, and with an Italian summer, who can guess that the winter will out-freeze Russia itself ? The mer-

chant-seaman, like the statesman, had yet many a thing to learn. Instead of smiling at our forefather's ignorance, let us honour the men who bought knowledge for us their children at the price of lives nobler than our own.

So Raleigh goes on his voyage with Humphrey Gilbert, to carry out the patent for discovering and planting in "*Meta Incognita*:" but the voyage prospers not. A "smart brush with the Spaniards" sends them home again, with the loss of Morgan, their best captain, and "a tall ship," and *Meta Incognita* is forgotten for a while: but not the Spaniards. Who are these who forbid all English, by virtue of the Pope's bull, to cross the Atlantic? That must be settled hereafter; and Raleigh, ever busy, is off to Ireland, to command a company in that "common-weal, or rather common-woe," as he calls it in a letter to Leicester. Two years and more pass here; and all the records of him which remain are of a man, valiant, daring, and yet prudent beyond his fellows. He hates his work: and is not on too good terms with stern and sour, but brave and faithful Lord Grey: but Lord Grey is Leicester's friend, and Raleigh works patiently under him, like a sensible man, because he is Leicester's friend. Some modern gentleman of note (we forget who, and do not care to recollect) says, that Raleigh's "prudence never bore any proportion to his genius." The next biographer we open accuses him of being too calculating, cunning, time-serving; and so forth. Perhaps both are true. The man's was a character very likely to fall alternately into either sin,—doubtless, did so a hundred times. Perhaps both are false. The man's character was, on occasion, certain to rise above both faults. We have evidence that he did so his whole life long.

He is bored with Ireland at last: nothing goes right there, (when has it?) nothing is to be done there. That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered. He comes to London; and to Court. But how? By spreading his cloak over a muddy place for Queen Elizabeth to step on? It is a pretty story; very likely to be a true one: but biographers have slurred a few facts in their hurry to carry out their theory of "favourites," and to prove that Elizabeth took up Raleigh on the same grounds that the silliest boarding-school miss might have done. Not that we deny the cloak story, if true, to be a very pretty story; perhaps it justifies, taken alone, Elizabeth's fondness for him. There may have been self-interest in it; we are bound, as "men of the world," to impute the dirtiest motive that we can find: but how many self-interested men do we know, who would have had quickness and daring to do such a thing? Men who are thinking about themselves are not generally either so quick-

witted, or so inclined to throw away a good cloak, when by much scraping and saving they have got one. We never met a cunning, selfish, ambitious man who would have done such a thing. The reader may : but even if he has, we must ask him, for Queen Elizabeth's sake, to consider that this young Quixote is the close relation of two of the finest public men then living, Champernown and Carew. That he is a friend of Sidney; a pet of Leicester; that he has left behind him at Oxford, and brought with him from Ireland, the reputation of being a *rara avis*, a new star in the firmament; that he has been a soldier in her Majesty's service (and in one in which she has a peculiar private interest) for twelve years; that he has held her commission as one of the triumvirate for governing Munster, and been the commander of the garrison at Cork; and that it is possible that she may have heard something of him before he threw his cloak under her feet, especially as there has been some controversy (which we have in vain tried to fathom) between him and Lord Grey about that terrible Smerwick slaughter; of the result of which we know little, but that Raleigh, being called in question about it in London, made such good play with his tongue, that his reputation as an orator and a man of talent was fixed once and for ever.

Within the twelve months he is sent on some secret diplomatic mission about the Anjou marriage; he is in fact now installed in his place as "a favourite." And why not? If a man is found to be wise and witty, ready and useful, able to do whatsoever he is put to, why is a sovereign, who has eyes to see the man's worth, and courage to use it, to be accused of I know not what, because the said man happens to be good-looking? Of all generations, this, one would think, ought to be the last to cry out against "favouritism" in government: but we will draw no odious comparisons, because readers can draw them but too easily for themselves.

Now comes the turning-point of Raleigh's life. What does he intend to be? Soldier, statesman, scholar, or sea-adventurer? He takes the most natural, yet not the wisest course. He will try and be all four at once. He has intellect for it; by worldly wisdom he may have money for it also. Even now he has contrived (no one can tell whence) to build a good bark of two hundred tons, and send her out with Humphrey Gilbert on his second and fatal voyage. Luckily for Raleigh she deserts and comes home, while not yet out of the Channel, or she had surely gone the way of the rest of Gilbert's squadron. Raleigh, of course, loses money by the failure, as well as the hopes which he had grounded on his brother's Transatlantic viceroyalty. And a bitter pang it must have been to him, to find himself

bereft of that pure and heroic counsellor, just at his entering into life. But with the same elasticity which sent him to the grave, he is busy within six months in a fresh expedition. If Meta Incognita be not worth planting, there must be, so Raleigh thinks, a vast extent of coast between it and Florida, which is more genial in climate, perhaps more rich in produce; and he sends Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlow to look for the same, and not in vain.

On these Virginian discoveries we shall say but little. Those who wish to enjoy them should read them in all their naïve freshness in the originals; they will subscribe to S. T. Coleridge's dictum, that no one now-a-days can write travels as well as the old worthies could, who figure in Hakluyt and Purchas.

But we return to the question, What does this man intend to be? A discoverer and colonist; a vindicator of some part at least of America from Spanish claims? We fear not altogether, else he would have gone himself to Virginia, at least the second voyage, instead of sending others. But here, it seems to us, is the fatal, and yet pardonable mistake, which haunts the man throughout. He tries to be too many men at once. Fatal: because, though he leaves his trace on more things than (perhaps) did ever one man before or since, he, strictly speaking, conquers nothing, brings nothing to a consummation. Virginia, Guiana, the History of the World, his own career as a statesman—as king, (for he might have been king had he chosen,) all are left unfinished. And yet most pardonable; for if a man feels that he can do many different things, how hard to teach himself that he must not do them all! How hard to say to himself, "I must cut off the right hand, and pluck out the right eye." I must be less than myself, in order really to be anything. I must concentrate my powers on one subject, and that perhaps by no means the most seemingly noble or useful, still less the most pleasant, and forego so many branches of activity in which I might be so distinguished, so useful." This is a hard lesson. Raleigh took just sixty-six years learning it, and had to carry the result of his experience to the other side of the dark river, for there was no time left to use it on this side. Some readers may have learnt the lesson already. If so, happy and blessed are they. But let them not, therefore, exalt themselves above Walter Raleigh; for that lesson is (of course) soonest learnt by the man who can excel in few things, later by him who can excel in many, and latest of all by him who, like Raleigh, can excel in all.

Space prevents us from going into details about the earlier court-days of Raleigh. He rises rapidly, as we have seen. He has an estate given him in Ireland, near his friend Spenser,

where he tries to do well and wisely, colonizing, tilling, and planting it; but, like his Virginia expeditions, principally at second hand. For he has swallowed (there is no denying it) the painted bait. He will discover, he will colonize, he will do all manner of beautiful things, at second hand: but he himself will be a courtier. It is very tempting. Who would not, at the age of thirty, have wished to have been one of that chosen band of geniuses and heroes whom Elizabeth had gathered round her? Who would not, at the age of thirty, have given his pound of flesh to be captain of her guard, and to go with her whithersoever she went? It is not merely the intense gratification to carnal vanity (which, if any man denies or scoffs at, we always mark him down as especially guilty) which is to be considered; but the real, actual honour, in the mind of one who looked on Elizabeth as the most precious and glorious being which the earth had seen for centuries. To be appreciated by her; to be loved by her; to serve her; to guard her; what could man desire more on earth?

Beside, he becomes a member of Parliament now, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries; business which of course keeps him in England: business which he performs (as he does all things) wisely and well. Such a generation as this ought really to respect Raleigh a little more, if it be only for his excellence in their own especial sphere—that of business. Raleigh is a thorough man of business. He can “toil terribly,” and what is more, toil to the purpose. In all the everyday affairs of life, he remains without a blot; a diligent, methodical, prudent man, who, though he plays for great stakes, ventures and loses his whole fortune again and again, yet never seems to omit the “doing the duty which lies nearest him;” never gets into mean money scrapes; never neglects tenants or duty; never gives way for one instant to “the eccentricities of genius.”

If he had done so, be sure that we should have heard of it. For no man can become what he has become without making many an enemy; and he has his enemies already. On which statement naturally occurs the question—why? An important question too; because several of his later biographers seem to have running in their minds some such train of thought as this—Raleigh must have been a bad fellow, or he would not have had so many enemies; and because he was a bad fellow, there is an *à priori* reason that charges against him are true. Whether this be arguing in a circle or not, it is worth searching out the beginning of this enmity, and the reputed causes of it. In after years it will be, because he is “damnable proud;” because he hated Essex, and so forth: of which in their places. But what is the earliest count against him? Naunton (who hated Raleigh,

and was moreover a rogue and a bad fellow) has no reason to give, but that the queen took him for a kind of oracle, which much nettled them all; yea, those he relied on began to take this his sudden favour for an alarm; to be sensible of their own supplantation, and to project his; which shortly made him to sing, "Fortune my foe."

Now, be this true or not, and we do not put much faith in it, it gives no reason for the early dislike of Raleigh, save the somewhat unsatisfactory one which Cain would have given for his dislike of Abel. Moreover, Mr. Tytler gives a letter of Essex's, written as thoroughly in the Cain spirit as any we ever read, and we wonder that after, as he says, first giving that letter to the world, he could have found courage to repeat the old sentimentalism about the "noble and unfortunate" Earl. His hatred of Raleigh (which, as we shall see hereafter, Raleigh not only bears patiently, but requites with good deeds as long as he can) springs, by his own confession, simply from envy and disappointed vanity. The spoilt boy insults Queen Elizabeth about her liking for the "knave Raleigh." She, "taking hold of one word disdain," tells Essex that "there was no such cause why I should thus disdain him." On which, says Essex, "as near as I could I did describe unto her what he had been, and what he was: and then I did let her see, whether I had come to disdain his competition of love, or whether I could have comfort to give myself over to the service of a mistress that was in awe of such a man. I spake for grief and choler as much against him as I could: and I think he standing at the door might very well hear the worst that I spoke of him. In the end, I saw she was resolved to defend him, and to cross me." Whereon follows a "scene," the naughty boy raging and stamping, till he insults the Queen, and calls Raleigh "a wretch;" whereon poor Elizabeth, who loved the coxcomb for his father's sake, "turned her away to my Lady Warwick," and Essex goes grumbling forth.

On which letter, written before a single charge has been brought, (as far as yet known, against Raleigh,) Mr. Tytler can only observe, that it "throws much light on the jealousy" between Raleigh and Essex, "and establishes the fact, that Elizabeth delighted to see them competing for her love."

This latter sentence is one of those (too common) which rouse our indignation. We have quoted only the passage which Mr. Tytler puts in italics, as proving his case: but let any reader examine that letter word by word, from end to end, and say whether even Essex, in the midst of his passion, selfishness, and hatred, lets one word drop which hints at Elizabeth "*delighting*" in seeing the competition, any more than one

which brings a tangible charge against Raleigh. It is as gratuitous and wanton a piece of evil-speaking as we ever read in any book; yet, we are ashamed to say, it is but an average specimen of the fairness with which any fact is treated now-a-days, which relates to the greatest sovereign whom England ever saw, the "Good Queen Bess," of whom Cromwell the regicide never spoke without deepest respect and admiration.

Raleigh's next few years are brilliant and busy ones; and gladly, did space permit us, would we give details of those brilliant adventures which make this part of his life that of a true knight-errant. But they are mere episodes in the history, and we must pass them quickly by, only saying that they corroborate in all things our original notion of the man—just, humane, wise, greatly daring and enduring greatly; and filled with the one fixed idea, which has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, the destruction of the Spanish power, and colonization of America by English. His brother Humphrey makes a second attempt to colonize Newfoundland, and perishes as heroically as he had lived. Raleigh, undaunted by his own loss in the adventure and his brother's failure, sends out a fleet of his own to discover to the southward, and finds Virginia. We might spend pages on this beautiful episode on the simple descriptions of the fair new land which the sea-kings bring home; on the profound (for those times at least) knowledge which prompted Raleigh to make the attempt in that particular direction, which had as yet escaped the notice of the Spaniards; on the quiet patience with which, undaunted by the ill-success of the first colonists, he sends out fleet after fleet, to keep the hold which he had once gained, till, unable any longer to support the huge expense, he makes over his patent for discovery to a company of merchants, who fare for many years as ill as Raleigh himself did: but one thing we have a right to say, that to this one man, under the providence of Almighty God, do the whole United States of America owe their existence. The work was double. The colony, however small, had to be kept in possession at all hazards; and he did it. But that was not enough. Spain must be prevented from extending her operations northward from Florida; she must be crippled along the whole east coast of America. And Raleigh did that too. We find him for years to come a part-adventurer in almost every attack on the Spaniards; we find him preaching war against them on these very grounds, and setting others to preach it also. Good old Hariot (Raleigh's mathematical tutor, whom he sent to Virginia) re-echoes his pupil's trumpet-blast. Hooker, in his epistle dedicatory of his *Irish History*, strikes the same note, and a right noble one it is. "These Spaniards are trying

to build up a world-tyranny by rapine and cruelty. You, sir, call on us to deliver the earth from them, by doing justly and loving mercy; and we will obey you!" is the answer which Raleigh receives (as far as we can find) from every nobler-natured Englishman.

It was an immense conception: a glorious one: it stood out so clear: there was no mistake about its being the absolutely right, wise, patriotic thing: and so feasible, too, if Raleigh could but find "six cents hommes qui savaient mourir." But that was just what he could not find. He could draw round him, and did, by the spiritual magnetism of his genius, many a noble soul: but he could not organize them, as he seems to have tried to do, into a coherent body. The English spirit of independent action, never stronger than in that age, and most wisely encouraged (for other reasons) by good Queen Bess, was too strong for him. His pupils will "fight on their own hook" like so many Yankee rangers; quarrel with each other; grumble at him. For the truth is, he demands of them too high a standard of thought and purpose. He is often a whole heaven above them in the hugeness of his imagination, the nobleness of his motive: and Don Quixote can often find no better squire than Sancho Panza. Even glorious Sir Richard Grenvil makes a mess of it; burns an Indian village because they steal a silver cup; throws back the colonization of Virginia ten years with his over-strict notions of discipline and retributive justice; and Raleigh requites him for his offence by embalming him, his valour and his death, not in immortal verse, but in immortal prose. The True Relation of the Fight at the Azores gives the key-note of Raleigh's heart. If readers will not take that as the text on which his whole life is a commentary, they may know a great deal about him, but him they will never know.

The game becomes fiercer and fiercer. Blow and counter-blow between the Spanish king (for the whole West-Indian commerce was a government job) and the merchant-nobles of England. At last, the Great Armada comes, and the Great Armada goes again. "Venit, vidit, fugit," as the medals said of it. And to Walter Raleigh's counsel, by the testimony of all contemporaries, the mighty victory is to be principally attributed. Where all men did heroically, it were invidious to bestow on him alone a crown, "*ob patriam servatam*." But henceforth, Elizabeth knows well that she has not been mistaken in her choice; and Raleigh is better loved than ever, heaped with fresh wealth and honours. And who deserves them better?

The immense value of his services in the defence of England excuses him in our eyes, from the complaint which one has been often inclined to bring against him,—why, instead of send-

ing others westward ho, did he not go himself? Surely he could have reconciled the jarring instruments with which he was working. He could have organised such a body of men as perhaps never went out before or since on the same errand. He could have done all that Cortez did, and more; and done it more justly and mercifully.

True. And here seems (as far as little folk dare judge great folk) to have been his mistake. He is too wide for real success. He has too many plans; he is fond of too many pursuits. The man who succeeds is generally the narrow man; the man of one idea, who works at nothing but that; sees everything only through the light of that; sacrifices everything to that; the fanatic, in short. By fanatics, whether military, commercial, or religious, and not by "liberal-minded men" at all, has the world's work been done in all ages. Amid the modern cant, one of the most mistaken is the cant about the "mission of genius," the "mission of the poet." Poets, we hear in some quarters, are the anointed kings of mankind,—at least, so the little poets sing, each to his little fiddle. There is no greater mistake. It is the practical, prosaical fanatic who does the work; and the poet, if he tries to do it, is certain to put down his spade every five minutes, to look at the prospect, and pick flowers, and moralize on dead asses, till he ends a "*Néron malgré lui-même*," fiddling melodiously while Rome is burning. And perhaps this is the secret of Raleigh's failure. He is a fanatic no doubt, a true knight-errant: but he is too much of a poet withal. The sense of beauty inthralls him at every step. Gloriana's fairy court, with its chivalries and its euphuisms, its masques and its tourneys, and he the most charming personage in it, are too charming for him—as they would have been for us, reader; and he cannot give them up, and go about the one work. He justifies his double-mindedness to himself, no doubt, as he does to the world, by working wisely, indefatigably, bravely; but still he has put his trust in princes, and in the children of men. His sin, as far as we can see, is not against man, but against God: one which we do not now-a-days call a sin, but a weakness. Be it so. God punished him for it, swiftly and sharply; which we hold to be a sure sign that God also forgave him for it.

So he stays at home, spends, sooner or later, £40,000 on Virginia, writes charming court-poetry with Oxford, Buckhurst, and Paget, brings over Spenser from Ireland, and introduces Colin Clout to Gloriana, who loves—as who would not have loved?—that most beautiful of faces and of souls; helps poor puritan Udall out of his scrape as far as he can; begs for Captain Spring, begs for many more, whose names are only known

by being connected with some good deed of his. "When, Sir Walter," asks Queen Bess, "will you cease to be a beggar?" "When your Majesty ceases to be a benefactor." Perhaps it is in these days that he sets up his "office of adress,"—some sort of agency for discovering and relieving the wants of worthy men. So all seems to go well. If he has lost in Virginia, he has gained by Spanish prizes; his wine-patent is bringing him in a large revenue, and the heavens smile on him. "Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art poor and miserable and blind and naked." Thou shalt learn it, then, and pay dearly for thy lesson.

For, in the meanwhile, Raleigh falls into a very great sin, for which, as usual with his elect, God inflicts swift and instant punishment; on which, as usual, biographers talk much unwisdom. He seduces Miss Throgmorton, one of the maids of honour. Elizabeth is very wroth; and had she not good reason to be wroth? Is it either fair or reasonable to talk of her "demanding a monopoly of love," and "being incensed at the temerity of her favourite, in presuming to fall in love and marry without her consent?" Away with such prurient cant. The plain facts are: that a man nearly forty years old abuses his wonderful gifts of body and mind, to ruin a girl nearly twenty years younger than himself. What wonder if a virtuous woman (and Queen Elizabeth was virtuous) thought it a base deed, and punished it accordingly? There is no more to be discovered in the matter, save by the vulturine nose, which smells a carrion in every rose-bed. Raleigh has a great attempt on the Plate-fleets in hand; he hurries off, from Chatham, and writes to young Cecil, on the 10th of March, "I mean not to come away, as some say I will, for fear of a marriage, and I know not what. . . . For I protest before God, there is none on the face of the earth that I would be fastened unto."

This famous passage is one of those over which the virtuosity of modern times, rejoicing in evil, has hung so fondly, as giving melancholy proof of the "duplicity of Raleigh's character;" as if a man who once in his life had told an untruth was proved by that fact to be a rogue from birth to death: while others have kindly given him the benefit of a doubt whether the letter were not written after a private marriage, and therefore Raleigh, being "joined unto" some one already, had a right to say, that he did not wish to be joined to any one. But we do not concur in this doubt. Four months after, Sir Edward Stafford writes to Anthony Bacon, "If you have anything to do with Sir W. R., or any love to make to Mistress Throgmorton, at the Tower to-morrow you may speak with them." This implies that no

marriage had yet taken place. And surely, if there had been a private marriage, two people who were about to be sent to the Tower for their folly would have made the marriage public at once, as the only possible self-justification. But it is a pity, in our opinion, that biographers, before pronouncing upon that supposed lie of Raleigh's, had taken the trouble to find out what the words mean. In their virtuous haste to prove him a liar, they have overlooked the fact that the words, as they stand, are unintelligible, and the argument self-contradictory. He wants to prove, we suppose, that he does not go to sea for fear of being forced to marry Miss Throgmorton. It is, at least, an unexpected method of so doing in a shrewd man like Raleigh, to say that he wishes to marry no one at all. "Don't think that I run away for fear of a marriage, for I do not wish to marry any one on the face of the earth," is a speech which may prove Raleigh to have been a goose, but we must understand it before we can say that it proves him a rogue. If we had received such a letter from a friend, we should have said at once, "Why the man, in his hurry and confusion, has omitted *the* word; he must have meant to write, not 'There is none on the face of the earth that I would be fastened to,' but 'There is none on the face of the earth that I would *rather* be fastened to,' " which would at once make sense, and suit fact. For Raleigh not only married Miss Throgmorton forthwith, but made her the best of husbands. Our conjectural emendation may go for what it is worth; but that the passage, as it stands in Murdin's State Papers (the MSS. we have not seen) is either misquoted, or miswritten by Raleigh himself, we cannot doubt. He was not one to think nonsense, even if he scribbled it.

The Spanish raid turns out well. Raleigh overlooks Elizabeth's letters of recall till he finds out that the king of Spain has stopped the Plate-fleet for fear of his coming, and then returns, sending on Sir John Burrough to the Azores, where he takes the "Great Carack," the largest prize (1600 tons) which had ever been brought into England. We would that space allowed of a sketch of that gallant fight as it stands in the pages of Hakluyt. Suffice it that it raised Raleigh once more to wealth, though not to favour. Shortly after he returns from the sea, he finds himself, where he deserves to be, in the Tower, where he does more than one thing which brought him no credit. How far we are justified in calling his quarrel with Sir George Carew, his keeper, for not letting him "disguise himself, and get into a pair of oars to ease his mind but with a sight of the queen, or his heart would break," hypocrisy, is a very different matter. Honest Arthur Gorges, (a staunch friend of Raleigh's,) tells the story laughingly and lovingly, as if he thought Raleigh sincere, but

somewhat mad; and yet honest Gorges has a good right to say a bitter thing; for after having been "ready to break with laughing at seeing them two brawl and scramble like madmen, and Sir George's new periwig torn off his crown," he sees "the iron walking" and daggers out, and playing the part of him who taketh a dog by the ears, "purchased such a rap on the knuckles, that I wished both their pates broken, and so with much ado they staid their brawl to see my bloody fingers," and then set to work to abuse the hapless peacemaker. After which things Raleigh writes a letter to Cecil, which is still more offensive in the eyes of virtuous biographers,—how "his heart was never broken till this day, when he hears the queen goes so far off, whom he followed with love and desire on so many journeys, and am now left behind in a dark prison all alone." . . . "I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks," and so forth, in a style in which the vulturine nose must needs scent carrion, just *because* the roses are more fragrant than the vulturine taste should be in a world where all ought to be either vultures, or carrion for their dinners. As for his despair, had he not good reason to be in despair? By his own sin, he has hurled himself down the hill which he has so painfully climbed. He is in the Tower—surely no pleasant or hopeful place for any man. Elizabeth is exceeding wroth with him; and what is worse, he deserves what he has got. His whole fortune is ventured in an expedition over which he has no control, which has been unsuccessful in its first object, and may be altogether unsuccessful in that which it has undertaken as a pis-aller, and so leave him penniless. There want not, too, those who will trample on the fallen. The deputy has been cruelly distraining on his Irish tenants for a "supposed debt of his to the Queen of £400 for rent," which was indeed but fifty merks, and which was paid, and has carried off 500 milch kine from the poor settlers whom he has planted there, and forcibly thrust him out of possession of a castle.

Moreover, the whole Irish estates are likely to come to ruin, for nothing prevails but rascality among the English soldiers, impotence among the governors, and rebellion among the natives. 3000 Burkes are up in arms; his "prophecy of this rebellion" ten days ago was laughed at, and now has come true; and altogether, Walter Raleigh and all belonging to him is in as evil case as was ever man on earth. No wonder, poor fellow, if he behowls himself lustily, and not always wisely, to Cecil, and every one else who will listen to him.

As for his fine speeches about Elizabeth, why forget the standing-point from which such speeches were made? Over

and above his present ruin, it was, (and ought to have been,) an utterly horrible and unbearable thing to Raleigh, or any man, to have fallen into disgrace with Elizabeth by his own fault. He feels (and perhaps rightly) that he is as it were excommunicate from England, and the mission and the glory of England. Instead of being as he was till now, one of a body of brave men working together in one great common cause, he has cut himself off from the congregation by his own selfish lust, and there he is left alone with his shame and his selfishness. We must try to realize to ourselves the way in which such men as Raleigh looked not only at Elizabeth, but at all the world. There was, in plain palpable fact, something about her, her history, her policy, the times, the glorious part which England, and she as the incarnation of the then English spirit, was playing upon earth, which raised imaginative and heroic souls into a permanent exaltation—a “fairy-land,” as they called it themselves, which seems to us fantastic, and would be fantastic in us, because we are not at their work, or in their days. There can be no doubt that a number of as noble men as ever stood together on the earth, did worship this woman, fight for her, toil for her, risk all for her, with a pure chivalrous affection which to us furnished one of the beautiful pages in all the book of history. Blots there must needs have been, and inconsistencies, selfishnesses, follies; for they too were men of like passions with ourselves; but let us look at the fair vision as a whole, and thank God that such a thing has for once existed even imperfectly on this sinful earth, instead of playing the part of Ham, and falling under his curse; the penalty of slavishness, cowardice, loss of noble daring, which surely falls on any generation which is “banausos,” to use Aristotle’s word—which rejoices in its forefathers’ shame, and unable to believe in the nobleness of others, is unable to become noble itself.

As for the “Alexander and Diana” affectations, they were the language of the time; and certainly this generation has no reason to find fault with them, or with a good deal more of the “affectations” and “flattery” of Elizabethan times, while it listens complacently night after night to “honourable members” complimenting not Queen Elizabeth, but Sir Jabesh Windbag, Fiddle, Faddle, Red-tape, and party, with protestations of deepest respect and fullest confidence in the very speeches in which they bring accusations of every offence, short of high-treason—to be understood, of course, in a “parliamentary sense,” as Mr. Pickwick’s were in a “Pickwickian” one. If a generation of Knoxes and Mortons, Burleighs and Raleighs, shall ever arise again, one wonders by what name they will call the parliamentary morality, and parliamentary courtesy of a

generation which has meted out such measure to their antitypes' failings?

"But Queen Elizabeth was an old woman then." We thank the objector even for that "then;" for it is much now-a-days to find any one who believes that Queen Elizabeth was ever young, or who does not talk of her as if she was born about seventy years of age, covered with rouge and wrinkles. We will undertake to say, that as to the beauty of this woman there is a greater mass of testimony, and from the very best judges too, than there is of the beauty of any personage in history; and yet it has become the fashion now to deny even that. The plain facts seem, that she was very graceful, active, accomplished in all outward matters, of a perfect figure, and of that style of intellectual beauty, depending on expression, which attracted (and we trust always will attract) Britons, far more than that merely sensuous loveliness in which no doubt Mary Stuart far surpassed her. And there seems little doubt, that like many Englishwomen, she retained her beauty to a very late period in life, not to mention that she was, in 1592, just at that age of rejuvenescence which makes many a woman more lovely at sixty than she has been since she was thirty-five. No doubt, too, she used every artificial means to preserve her famous complexion; and quite right she was. This beauty of hers had been a talent (as all beauty is) committed to her by God; it had been an important element in her great success; men had accepted it as what beauty of form and expression generally is, an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace; and while the inward was unchanged, what wonder if she tried to preserve the outward? If she was the same, why should she not try to look the same? And what blame to those who worshipped her, if, knowing that she was the same, they too should fancy that she looked the same—the Elizabeth of their youth, and talk as if the fair flesh, as well as the fair spirit, was immortal? Does not every loving husband do so, when he forgets the grey hair and the sunken cheek, and all the wastes of time, and sees the partner of many joys and sorrows not as she has become, but as she was, ay, and is to him, and will be to him, he trusts, through all eternity? There is no feeling in these Elizabethan worshippers which we have not seen, potential and crude, again and again in the best and noblest of young men whom we have met, till it was crushed in them by the luxury of effeminacy and unbelief in chivalry, which is the sure accompaniment of a long peace; which war may burn up with beneficent fire; which, to judge by the unexpected heroisms and chivalries of the last six months, it is burning up already.

But we must hasten on now; for Raleigh is out of prison in

September, and by the next spring in parliament, speaking wisely and well, especially on his fixed idea, war with Spain, which he is rewarded for forthwith in Father Passon's "*Andree Philopatris Responsio*," by a charge of founding a school of Atheism for the corruption of young gentlemen; a charge which Lord Chief-Justice Popham, Protestant as he is, will find it useful one day to recollect.

Elizabeth, however, now that he has married the fair Throgmorton, and does wisely in other matters, restores him to favour. If he has sinned, he has suffered: but he is as useful as ever, now that his senses have returned to him, and he is making good speeches in parliament, instead of bad ones to weak maidens; and we find him once more in favour, and possessor of Sherborne Manor, where he builds and beautifies, with "groves and gardens of much variety and great delight." And God, too, seems to have forgiven him; perhaps has forgiven; for there the fair Throgmorton brings him a noble boy. "*Ut sis vitalis metuo, puer!*"

Raleigh will quote David's example one day, not wisely or well. Does David's example ever cross him now, and these sad words,—"*The Lord hath put away thy sin, . . . nevertheless the child that is born unto thee shall die?*"

Let that be as it may, all is sunshine once more. Sherborne Manor, a rich share in the great carack, a beautiful wife, a child; what more does this man want to make him happy? Why should he not settle down upon his lees, like ninety-nine out of the hundred, or at least try a peaceful and easy path toward more "praise and pudding?" The world answers, or his biographers answer for him, that he needs to reinstate himself in his mistress's affection; which is true or not, according as we take it. If they mean thereby, as most seem to mean, that it was a mere selfish and ambitious scheme by which to wriggle into court favour once more—why, let them mean it: we shall only observe, that the method which Raleigh took was a rather more dangerous and self-sacrificing one than courtiers are wont to take. But if it be meant that Walter Raleigh spoke somewhat thus with himself,—"*I have done a base and dirty deed, and have been punished for it. I have hurt the good name of a sweet woman who loves me, and whom I find to be a treasure; and God, instead of punishing me by taking her from me, has rendered me good for evil by giving her to me. I have justly offended a mistress whom I worship, and who, after having shewn her just indignation, has returned me evil for good by giving me these fair lands of Sherborne, and only forbid me her presence till the scandal has passed away. She sees, and rewards my good in spite of my evil; and I, too, know that I am*

better than I have seemed ; that I am fit for nobler deeds than seducing maids of honour. How can I prove that ? How can I redeem my lost name for patriotism and public daring ? How can I win glory for my wife, seek that men shall forget her past shame in the thought, 'She is Walter Raleigh's wife?' How can I shew my mistress that I loved her all along, that I acknowledge her bounty, her mingled justice and mercy ? How can I render to God for all the benefits which He has done unto me ? How can I do a deed the like of which was never done in England ?"

If all this had passed through Walter Raleigh's mind, what could we say of it, but that it was the natural and rational feeling of an honourable and right-hearted man, burning to rise to the level which he knew ought to be his, because he knew that he had fallen below it ? And what right better way of testifying these feelings than to do what, as we shall see, Raleigh did ? What right have we to impute to him lower motives than these, while we confess that these righteous and noble motives would have been natural and rational ;—indeed, just what we flatter ourselves that we should have felt in his place ? Of course, in his grand scheme, the thought came in, "And I shall win to myself honour, and glory, and wealth,"—of course. And pray, sir, does it not come in in your grand schemes ; and yours ; and yours ? If you made a fortune to-morrow by some wisely and benevolently managed factory, would you forbid all speech of the said wisdom and benevolence, because you had intended that wisdom and benevolence should pay you a good per-centage ? Are Price's Patent Candle Company the less honourable and worthy men, because their righteousness has proved to be a good investment ? Away with cant, and let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone.

So Raleigh hits upon a noble project ; a desperate one, true : but he will do it or die. He will leave pleasant Sherborne, and the bosom of the beautiful bride, and the first-born son ; and all which to most makes life worth having, and which Raleigh enjoys more intensely, (for he is a poet, and a man of strong nervous passions withal), than most men. But,—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

And he will go forth to endure heat, hunger, fever, danger of death in battle, danger of the Inquisition, rack and stake, in search of El Dorado. What so strange in that ? We have known half-a-dozen men who, in his case, and conscious of his powers, would have done the same from the same noble motive.

He begins prudently ; and sends a Devonshire man, Captain

Whiddon, (probably one of the Whiddons of beautiful Chagford), to spy out the Orinoco. He finds that the Spaniards are there already; that Berreo, who has attempted El Dorado from the westward, starting from New Granada and going down the rivers, is trying to settle on the Orinoco mouth; that he is hanging the poor natives, encouraging the Caribs to hunt them and sell them for slaves, imprisoning the Caciques to extort their gold, torturing, ravishing, kidnapping, and conducting himself as was usual among Spaniards of those days.

Raleigh's spirit is stirred within him. If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" excites our just wrath, how must the history of such things have excited Raleigh's, as he remembered that these Spaniards are as yet triumphant in iniquity, and as he remembered, too, that these same men are the sworn foes of England, her liberty, her Bible, and her queen? What a deed, to be beforehand with them for once! To dispossess them of one corner of that western world, where they have left no trace but blood and flame! He will go himself; he will find El Dorado and its golden Emperor; and, instead of conquering, plundering, and murdering him, as Cortez did Montezuma, and Pizarro Atahualpa, he will shew him English strength, espouse his quarrel against the Spaniards; make him glad to become Queen Elizabeth's vassal tributary, leave him perhaps a body guard of English veterans, perhaps colonize his country, and so at once avenge and protect the oppressed Indians, and fill the Queen's treasury with the riches of a land equal, if not superior, to Peru and Mexico.

Such is his dream; vague, perhaps: but far less vague than those with which Cortez and Pizarro started, and succeeded. After a careful survey of the whole matter, we give it as our deliberate opinion, that Raleigh was more reasonable in his attempt, and had more fair evidence of its feasibility, than either Cortez or Pizarro had for theirs. It is a bold assertion. If any reader doubts its truth, he cannot do better than to read the whole of the documents connected with the two successful, and the one unsuccessful, attempts at finding a golden kingdom. Let them read first Prescott's *Conquests at Mexico and Peru*, and then Schomburgk's edition of *Raleigh's Guiana*. They will at least confess when they have finished, that truth is stranger than fiction.

Of Raleigh's credulity in believing in El Dorado, much has been said. We are sorry to find even so wise a man as Sir Richard Schomburgk, after bearing good testimony to Raleigh's wonderful accuracy about all matters which he had an opportunity of observing, using this term of credulity. We will do battle on that point even with Sir Richard, and ask by what

right the word is used? First, Raleigh* says nothing about El Dorado, (as every one is forced to confess,) but what Spaniard on Spaniard had been saying for fifty years. So the blame of credulity ought to rest with the Spaniards, from Philip von Hutten, Orellana, and George of Spires, upward to Berreo. But it rests really with no one. For nothing, if we will examine the documents, is told of the riches of El Dorado which had not been found to be true, and seen by the eyes of men still living, in Peru and Mexico. Not one-tenth of America had been explored, and already two El Dorados had been found and conquered. What more rational than to suppose that there was a third, a fourth, a fifth, in the remaining eight tenths? The reports of El Dorado among the savages were just of the same kind as those by which Cortez and Pizarro hunted out Mexico and Peru, saying that they were far more widely spread, and confirmed by a succession of adventurers. We entreat readers to examine this matter, in Raleigh, Schomburgk, Humboldt, and Condamine, and judge for themselves. As for Hume's accusations, one passes them by as equally silly and shameless, only saying for the benefit of readers, that they have been refuted completely, by every one who has written since Hume's days: and to those who are induced to laugh at Raleigh for believing in Amazons, and "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," we can only answer thus.

About the Amazons, Raleigh told what he was told; what the Spaniards who went before him, and Condamine who came after him, were told; Humboldt thinks the story possibly founded on fact; and we are ready to say, that after reviewing all that has been said thereon, it does seem to us the simplest solution of the matter just to believe it true; to believe that there was, about his time, or a little before, somewhere about the upper Orinoco, a warlike community of women, (Humboldt shews how likely such would be to spring up, where women flee from their male tyrants into the forests.) As for the fable which connected them with the lake Manoa, and the city of El Dorado, we can only answer, "If not true there and then, it is true elsewhere now;" for the Amazonian guards of the King of Dahomey at this moment, as all know, surpass in strangeness and in ferocity all that has been reported of the Orinocan viragos, and thus prove once more, that truth is stranger than fiction.

Beside; and here we stand stubborn, regardless of gibes and sneers: it is not yet proven that there was not in the sixteenth century, some rich and civilized kingdom like Peru or Mexico, in the interior of South America. Sir Richard Schomburgk has disproved the existence of Lake Parima: but it will take a long time, and more explorers than one, to prove that there are no

ruins of ancient cities, such as Stephens stumbled on in Yucatan, still buried in the depths of the forests. Fifty years of ruin would suffice to wrap them in a leafy veil which would hide them from every one who did not literally run against them. Tribes would die out, or change place, (as the Atures, and many other great nations have done in those parts,) and every traditional record of them perish gradually, (for it is only gradually and lately that it has perished;) while if it be asked, What has become of the people themselves? the answer is, that when any race, (like most of the American races in the sixteenth century,) is in a dying state, it hardly needs war to thin it down, and reduce the remnant to savagery. Greater nations than El Dorado was even supposed to be have vanished ere now, and left not a trace behind; and so may they. But enough of this. We leave the quarrel to that honest and patient warder of tourneys, Old Time, who will surely do right at last, and go on to the dog-headed worthies, without necks, and long hair hanging down behind, who, as a cacique told Raleigh, that "they had of late years slain many hundreds of his father's people," and in whom even Humboldt was not always allowed (he says) to disbelieve, (so much for Hume's scoff at Raleigh as a liar,) one old cacique boasting to him that he had seen them with his own eyes. Humboldt's explanation is, that the Caribs, being the cleverest and strongest Indians, are also the most imaginative, and therefore, being fallen children of Adam, the greatest liars, and that they invented both El Dorado and the dog-heads out of pure wickedness. Be it so. But all lies crystallize round some nucleus of truth; and it really seems to us nothing very wonderful, if the story should be on the whole true, and that these worthies were in the habit of dressing themselves up, like foolish savages as they were, in the skins of the Aguara dog, with what not of stuffing, and tails, and so forth, in order to astonish the weak minds of the Caribs, just as the Red Indians dress up in their feasts as bears, wolves, and deer, with fox tails, false bustles of bison skin, and so forth. There are plenty of traces of such foolish attempts at playing "bogy" in the history of savages even of our own Teutonic forefathers; and this we suspect to be the simple explanation of the whole mare's nest. As for Raleigh being a fool for believing it; the reasons he gives for believing it are very rational; the reasons Hume gives for calling him a fool rest merely on the story's being strange; on which grounds one might disbelieve most matters in heaven and earth, from one's own existence to what one sees in every drop of water under the microscope, yea, to the growth of every seed. The only sound proof that dog-headed men are impossible, is to be found in comparative anatomy, a science of which Hume knew no more

than Raleigh, and which for one marvel it has destroyed, has revealed a hundred. We do not doubt, that if Raleigh had seen and described a kangaroo, especially its all but miraculous process of gestation, Hume would have called that a lie also: but we will waste no more time in proving that no man is so credulous as the unbeliever—the man who has such mighty and world-embracing faith in himself, that he makes his own little brain the measure of the universe. Let the dead bury their dead.

He sails for Guiana. The details of his voyage should be read at length. Everywhere they shew the eye of a poet as well as of a man of science. He sees enough to excite his hopes more wildly than ever; he goes hundreds of miles up the Orinoco in an open boat, suffering every misery: but keeping up the hearts of his men, who cry out, "Let us go on, we care not how far." He makes friendship with the caciques, and enters into alliance with them on behalf of Queen Elizabeth against the Spaniards. Unable to pass the falls of the Caroli, and the rainy season drawing on, he returns, beloved and honoured by all the Indians, boasting that, during the whole time he was there, no woman was the worse for any man of his crew. Altogether, we know few episodes of history, so noble, righteous, and merciful, as this Guiana voyage. But he has not forgotten the Spaniards. At Trinidad he attacks and destroys (at the entreaty of the oppressed Indians) the new town of San José, takes Berreo prisoner, and delivers from captivity five caciques, whom Berreo kept bound in one chain, "basting their bodies with burning bacon," (an old trick of the Conquistadores,) to make them discover their gold. He tells them that he was "the servant of a queen who was the greatest cacique of the north, and a virgin; who had more caciqui under her than there were trees on that island; that she was an enemy of the Castellani (Spaniards) in behalf of their tyranny and oppression, and that she delivered all such nations about her as were by them oppressed, and having freed all the coast of the northern world from their servitude, had sent me to free them also, and withal to defend the country of Guiana from their invasion and conquest." After which perfectly true and rational speech, he subjoins, (as we think equally honestly and rationally,) "I shewed them her Majesty's picture, which they so admired and honoured, as it had been easy to have brought them idolators thereof."

This is one of the stock-charges against Raleigh, at which all biographers (except quiet, sensible Oldys, who, dull as he is, is far more fair and rational than most of his successors) break into virtuous shrieks of "flattery," "meanness," "adulation," "courtiership," and so forth. Mr. Napier must say a witty thing for

once, and is of opinion that the Indians would have admired far more the picture of a "red monkey." Sir Richard Schomburgk (unfortunately for the red monkey theory,) though he quite agrees that Raleigh's flattery was very shocking, says, that from what he knows (and no man knows more) of Indian taste, they would have far preferred to the portrait which Raleigh shewed them (not Mr. Napier's red monkey, but) such a picture as that at Hampton Court, in which Elizabeth is represented in a fantastic dress. Raleigh, it seems, must be made out a rogue at all risks, though by the most opposite charges. Mr. Napier is answered, however, by Sir Richard, and Sir Richard is answered, we think, by the plain fact, that, *of course*, Raleigh's portrait was exactly such a one as Sir Richard says they would have admired: a picture probably in a tawdry frame, representing Queen Bess, just as queens were always painted then, bedizened with "browches, pearls, and owches," satin and ruff, and probably with crown on head and sceptre in hand, made up as likely as not expressly for the purpose for which it was used. In the name of all simplicity and honesty, we ask, why is Raleigh to be accused of saying that the Indians admired Queen Elizabeth's *beauty*, when he never even hints at it? And why do all commentators deliberately forget the preceding paragraph, Raleigh's proclamation to the Indians, and the circumstances under which it was spoken? The Indians are being murdered, ravished, sold for slaves, basted with burning fat, and grand white men come like avenging angels, and in one day sweep their tyrants out of the land, restore them to liberty and life, and say to them, "A great Queen far across the seas has sent us to do this. Thousands of miles away she has heard of your misery, and taken pity on you; and if you will be faithful to her she will love you, and deal justly with you, and protect you against these Spaniards who are devouring you as they have devoured all the Indians round you, and for a token of it—a sign that we tell you truth, and that there really is such a great Queen, who is the Indian's friend—here is the picture of her." What wonder if the poor idolatrous creatures had fallen down and worshipped the picture (just as millions do that of the Virgin Mary, without a thousandth part as sound and practical reason) as that of a divine, all-knowing, all-merciful deliverer? As for its being the picture of a beautiful woman or not, they would never think of that. The fair complexion and golden hair would be a sign to them that she belonged to the mighty white people, even if there were no bedizenment of jewels and crowns over and above; and that would be enough for them. When will biographers learn to do common justice to their fellow-men, by exerting now and then

some small amount of dramatic imagination, just sufficient to put themselves for a moment in the place of those to whom they write ?

So ends his voyage : in which, he says, "from myself I have deserved no thanks, for I am returned a beggar and withered. But I might have bettered my poor estate if I had not only respected her Majesty's future honour and riches. It became not the former fortune in which I once lived to go journeys of piccory," (pillage ;) "and it had sorted ill with the offices of honour which, by her Majesty's grace, I hold this day in England, to run from cape to cape, and place to place, for the pillage of ordinary prizes."

So speaks one whom it has been the fashion to consider as little better than a pirate, and that, too, in days when the noblest blood in England thought no shame (as indeed it was no shame) to enrich themselves with Spanish gold. But so it is throughout this man's life. If there be a nobler word than usual to be spoken, or a more wise word either, if there be a more chivalrous deed to be done, or a more prudent deed either, that word and that deed are pretty sure to be Walter Raleigh's.

But the blatant beast has been busy at home ; and in spite of Chapman's heroical verses, he meets with little but cold looks. Never mind. If the world will not help to do the deed, he will do it by himself ; and no time must be lost, for the Spaniards on their part will lose none. So, after six months, the faithful Keymis sails again, again helped by the Lord High Admiral and Sir Robert Cecil. It is a hard race for one private man against the whole power and wealth of Spain ; and the Spaniard has been beforehand with them, and re-occupied the country. They have fortified themselves at the mouth of the Caroli, so it is impossible to get to the gold mines ; they are enslaving the wretched Indians, carrying off their women, intending to transplant some tribes, and to expel others, and arming cannibal tribes against the inhabitants. All is misery and rapine ; the scattered remnant comes asking piteously, why Raleigh does not come over to deliver them ? Have the Spaniards slain him, too ? Keymis comforts them as he best can ; hears of more gold mines, and gets back safe, a little to his own astonishment, for eight-and-twenty ships of war have been sent to Trinidad, to guard the entrance to El Dorado, not surely, as Keymis well says, "to keep us only from tobacco." A colony of 500 persons is expected from Spain. The Spaniard is well aware of the richness of the prize, says Keymis, who all through shews himself a worthy pupil of his master. A careful, observant man he seems to have been, trained by that great example to overlook no fact, even the smallest. He brings home lists of rivers, towns,

caciques, poison-herbs, woods, what not; he has fresh news of gold, spleen-stones, kidney-stones, and some fresh specimens: but be that as it may, he, "without going as far as his eyes can warrant, can promise Brazil-wood, honey, cotton, balsamum, and drugs, to defray charges." He would fain copy Raleigh's style, too, and, "whence his lamp had oil, borrow light also," "seasoning his unsavoury speech" with some of the "leaven of Raleigh's discourse." Which, indeed, he does even to little pedantries and attempts at classicality, and after professing that "himself and the remnant of his few years, he hath bequeathed wholly to Raleigh, and his thoughts live only in that action," he rises into something like grandeur when he begins to speak of that ever-fertile subject, the Spanish cruelties to the Indians: "Doth not the cry of the poor succourless ascend unto the heavens? Hath God forgotten to be gracious to the work of his own hands? Or shall not his judgments in a day of visitation by the ministry of his chosen servants come upon these blood-thirsty butchers, like rain into a fleece of wool?" Poor Keymis! To us he is by no means the least beautiful figure in this romance; a faithful, diligent, loving man, unable, as the event proved, to do great deeds by himself, but inspired with a great idea by contact with a mightier spirit, to whom he clings through evil report and poverty and prison and the scaffold, careless of self to the last, and ends tragically, "faithful unto death" in the most awful sense.

But here remark two things: first, that Cecil believes in Raleigh's Guiana scheme; next, that the occupation of Orinoco by the Spaniards, which Raleigh is accused of having concealed from James in 1617, has been, ever since 1595, matter of the most public notoriety.

Raleigh has not been idle in the meanwhile. It has been found necessary after all to take the counsel which he gave in vain in 1588, to burn the Spanish fleet in harbour; and the heroes are gone down to Cadiz fight, and in one day of thunder storm the Sevastopol of Spain. Here, as usual, we find Raleigh, though in an inferior command, leading the whole by virtue of superior wisdom. When the good Lord Admiral will needs be cautious, and land the soldiers first, it is Raleigh who persuades him to force his way into the harbour, to the joy of all captains. When hot-head Essex, casting his hat into the sea for joy, shouts "*Intramos*," and will in at once, Raleigh's time for caution comes, and he persuades them to wait till the next morning, and arrange the order of attack. That, too, Raleigh has to do, and moreover to lead it; and lead it he does. Under the forts are seventeen galleys; the channel is "scoured" with cannon: but on holds Raleigh's Warspite, far ahead of the

rest, through the thickest of the fire, answering forts and galleys "with a blow of the trumpet to each piece, disdaining to shoot at those esteemed dreadful monsters." For there is a nobler enemy ahead. Right in front lie the galleons; and among them the Philip and the Andrew, two who boarded the *Revenge*. This day there shall be a reckoning for the blood of his old friend; he is "resolved to be revenged for the *Revenge*, Sir Richard Grenville's fatal ship, or second her with his own life;" and well he keeps his vow. Three hours pass of desperate valour, during which, so narrow is the passage, only seven English ships, thrusting past each other, all but quarrelling in their noble rivalry, engage the whole Spanish fleet of fifty-seven sail, and destroy it utterly. The Philip and Thomas burn themselves despairing. The English boats save the Andrew and Matthew. One passes over the hideous record. "If any man," says Raleigh, "had a desire to see hell itself, it was there most lively figured." Keymis's prayer is answered in part, even while he writes it; and the cry of the Indians has not ascended in vain before the throne of God!

The soldiers are landed; the city stormed and sacked, not without mercies and courtesies, though, to women and unarmed folk, which win the hearts of the vanquished, and live till this day in well-known ballads. The Flemings begin a "merciless slaughter." Raleigh and the Lord Admiral beat them off. Raleigh is carried on shore for an hour with a splinter wound in the leg, which lames him for life: but returns on board in an hour in agony; for there is no admiral left to order the fleet, and all are run headlong to the sack. In vain he attempts to get together sailors the following morning, and attack the Indian fleet in Porto Real Roads; within twenty-four hours it is burnt by the Spaniards themselves; and all Raleigh wins is no booty, a lame leg, and the honour of having been the real author of a victory even more glorious than that of 1588.

So he returns, having written to Cecil the highest praises of Essex, whom he treats with all courtesy and fairness; which those who will may call cunning; we have as good a right to say that he was returning good for evil. There were noble qualities in Essex. All the world gave him credit for them, and far more than he deserved; why should not Raleigh have been just to him, even have conceived, like the rest of the world, high hopes of him, till he himself destroyed these hopes? For now storms are rising fast. On their return Cecil is in power. He has been made Secretary of State instead of Bodley, Essex's pet, and the spoilt child begins to sulk. On which matter, we are sorry to say, Mr. Tytler and others talk much unwisdom, about Essex's being too "open and generous, &c., for a courtier,"

and "presuming on his 'mistress' passion for him;" and represent Elizabeth as desiring to be thought beautiful, and "affecting at sixty the sighs, loves, tears, and tastes of a girl of sixteen,"—and so forth. It is really time to get rid of some of this fulsome talk, culled from such triflers as Osborne, if not from the darker and fouler sources of Parsons and the Jesuit slanderers, which we meet with a flat denial. There is simply no proof. She in love with Essex or Cecil? Yes, as a mother with a son. Were they not the children of her dearest and most faithful servants, men who had lived heroic lives for her sake? What wonder if she fancied that she saw the fathers in the sons? They had been trained under her eye. What wonder if she fancied that they could work as their fathers worked before them? And what shame if her childless heart yearned over them with unspeakable affection, and longed in her old age to lay her hands upon the shoulders of those two young men, and say to England, "Behold the children which God, and not the flesh, has given me?" Most strange it is, too, that women, who ought at least to know a woman's heart, have been especially forward in publishing these stupid scandals, and sully their pages by retailing prurient slander against such a one as Queen Elizabeth.

But to return. Raleigh attaches himself to Cecil; and he has good reason. Cecil is the cleverest man in England, saving himself. He has trusted and helped him, too, in two Guiana voyages; so the connexion is one of gratitude as well as prudence. We know not whether he helped him in the third Guiana voyage in the same year, under Captain Berry, (a north Devon man, from Grenville's country), who found a mighty folk, who were "something pleasant, having drunk much that day," and carried bows with golden handles; but failed in finding the Lake Parima, and so came home.

Raleigh's first use of his friendship with Cecil, is to reconcile him, to the astonishment of the world, with Essex, alleging how much good may grow by it; for now "the Queen's continual unquietness will grow to contentment." That, too, those who will may call policy. We have as good a right to call it the act of a wise and faithful subject, and to say, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." He has his reward for it, in full restoration to the Queen's favour; he deserves it. He proves himself once more worthy of power, and it is given to him. Then there is to be a second great expedition; but this time its aim is the Azores. Philip, only maddened by the loss at Cadiz, is preparing a third armament for the invasion of England and Ireland, and it is said to lie at the islands to protect the Indian fleet. Raleigh has the

victualling of the land-forces, and like everything else he takes in hand, "it is very well done." Lord Howard declines the chief command, and it is given to Essex. Raleigh is to be rear-admiral.

By the time they reach the Azores, Essex has got up a *f*ish quarrel against Raleigh for disrespect in having staid behind to bring up some stragglers. But when no armada is to be found at the Azores, Essex has after all to ask Raleigh what he shall do next. Conquer the Azores, says Raleigh, and the thing is agreed on. Raleigh and Essex are to attack Fayal. Essex sails away before Raleigh has watered. Raleigh follows as fast as he can, and at Fayal finds no Essex. He must water there, then and at once. His own veterans want him to attack forthwith, for the Spaniards are fortifying fast; but he will wait for Essex. Still no Essex comes. Raleigh attempts to water, is defied, finds himself "in for it," and takes the island out of hand in the most masterly fashion, to the infuriation of Essex. Good Lord Howard patches up the matter, and the hot-headed coxcomb is once more pacified. They go on to Graciosa, where Essex's weakness of will again comes out, and he does not take the island. Three rich Caracks, however, are picked up. "Though we shall be little the better for them," says Raleigh privately to Sir Arthur Gorges, his faithful captain, "yet I am heartily glad for our General's sake; because they will in great measure give content to her Majesty, so that there may be no repining against this poor Lord for the expense of the voyage."

Raleigh begins to see that Essex is only to be pitied that the voyage is not over likely to end well; but he takes it, in spite of ill-usage, as a kind-hearted man should. Again Essex makes a fool of himself. They are to steer one way in order to interrupt the Plate-fleet. Essex having agreed to the course pointed out, alters his course on a fancy; then alters it a second time, though the hapless Monson, with the whole Plate-fleet in sight, is hanging out lights, firing guns, and shrieking vainly for the General, who is gone on a new course, in which he might have caught the fleet after all, in spite of his two mistakes, but that he chooses to go a round-about way instead of a short one; and away goes the whole fleet safe, save one Carack, which runs itself on shore and burns, and the game is played out, and lost.

All want Essex to go home as the season is getting late: but the wilful and weak man will linger still, and while he is hovering to the south, Philip's armament has sailed from the Groyne, on the undefended shores of England, and only God's hand saves us from the effects of Essex's folly. A third time the armadas of Spain are overwhelmed by the avenging tempests, and Essex returns to disgrace, having proved himself at once intemperate

and incapable. Even in coming home there is confusion, and Essex is all but lost on the Bishop and Clerks, by Scilly, in spite of the warnings of Raleigh's sailing master "Old Broadbent," who is so exasperated at the general stupidity that he wants Raleigh to leave Essex and his squadron to get out of their own scrape as they can.

Essex goes off to salt at Wanstead; but Vere excuses him, and in a few days he comes back, and will needs fight good Lord Howard for being made Earl of Nottingham for his services against the Armada, and at Cadiz. Baulked of this, he begins laying the blame of the failure at the Azores on Raleigh. Let the spoilt naughty boy take care; even that "admirable temper" for which Raleigh is famed, may be worn out at last.

These years are Raleigh's noon—stormy enough at best, yet brilliant. There is a pomp about him, outward and inward, which is terrible to others, dangerous to himself. One has gorgeous glimpses of that grand Durham House of his, with its carvings and its antique marbles, armorial escutcheons, "beds with green silk hangings and legs like dolphins, overlaid with gold;" and the man himself, tall, beautiful and graceful, perfect alike in body and in mind, walking to and fro, his beautiful wife upon his arm, his noble boy beside his knee, in his "white satin doublet embroidered with pearls, and a great chain of pearls about his neck," lording it among the lords with "an awfulness and ascendancy above other mortals," for which men say that "his næve is, that he is damnable prond;" and no wonder. The reduced squire's younger son has gone forth to conquer the world; and he fancies, poor fool, that he has conquered it, just as it really has conquered him; and he will stand now on his blood and his pedigree, (no bad one either,) and all the more stiffly because puppies like Lord Oxford, who instead of making their fortunes have squandered them, call him "jack and upstart," and make impertinent faces while the Queen is playing the virginals, about "how when jacks go up, heads go down." Proud? No wonder if the man be proud. "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built?" And yet all the while he has the most affecting consciousness that all this is not God's will, but the will of the flesh; that the house of fame is not the house of God; that its floor is not the rock of ages, but the sea of glass mingled with fire, which may crack beneath him any moment, and let the nether flame burst up. He knows that he is living in a splendid lie; that he is not what God meant him to be. He longs to flee away and be at peace. It is to this period, not to his death-hour, that "The Lie" belongs;* saddest of poems, with its

melodious contempt and life-weariness. All is a lie—court, church, statesmen, courtiers, wit and science, town and country, all are shams; the days are evil; the canker is at the root of all things; the old heroes are dying one by one; the Elizabethan age is rotting down, as all human things do, and nothing is left but to bewail with Spenser “The Ruins of Time;” the glory and virtue which have been—the greater glory and virtue which might be even now, if men would but arise and repent, and work righteousness, as their fathers did before them. But no. Even to such a world as this he will cling, and flaunt it about as captain of the guard in the Queen’s progresses and masques and pageants, with sword-belt studded with diamonds and rubies, or at tournaments, in armour of solid silver, and a gallant train with orange-tawny feathers, provoking puppy Essex to bring in a far larger train in the same colours, and swallow up Raleigh’s pomp in his own, so achieving that famous “feather-triumph” by which he gains little but bad blood and a good jest. For Essex is no better tilter than he is general; and having “run very ill” in his orange-tawny, comes next day in green, and runs still worse, and yet is seen to be the same cavalier; whereon a spectator shrewdly observes, that he changed his colours “that it may be reported that there was one in green who ran worse than he in orange-tawny.” But enough of these toys, while God’s hand-writing is upon the wall above all heads.

Raleigh knows that the hand-writing is there. The spirit which drove him forth to Virginia and Guiana is fallen asleep: but he longs for Sherborne and quiet country life, and escapes thither during Essex’s imprisonment, taking Cecil’s son with him, and writes as only he can write, about the shepherd’s peaceful joys, contrasted with “courts” and “masques” and “proud towers.”—

“Here are no false entrapping baits
Too hasty for too hasty fates,
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, that worldling who still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
Nor envy, unless among
The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

“Go! let the diving negro seek
For pearls hid in some forlorn creek,
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon some little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass
And gold ne’er here appears
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.”

Tragic enough are the after scenes of Raleigh's life ; but most tragic of all are these scenes of vain-glory, in which he sees the better part, and yet chooses the worse, and pours out his self-discontent in song which proves the fount of delicacy and beauty which lies pure and bright beneath the gaudy artificial crust. What might not this man have been ! And he knows that too. The stately rooms of Durham House pall on him, and he delights to hide up in his little study among his books and his chemical experiments, and smoke his silver pipe, and look out on the clear Thames and the green Surrey hills, and dream about Guiana and the Tropics ; or to sit in the society of antiquaries with Selden and Cotton, Camden and Stow ; or in his own Mermaid club, with Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Beaumont, and at last with Shakspeare's self, to hear and utter

“ Words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest.”*

Anything to forget the hand-writing on the wall, which will not be forgotten.

But he will do all the good which he can meanwhile, nevertheless. He will serve God and mammon. So complete a man will surely be able to do both. Unfortunately the thing is impossible, as he discovers too late ; but he certainly goes as near success in the attempt as ever man did. Everywhere we find him doing justly, and loving mercy. Wherever this man steps he leaves his foot print ineffaceably in deeds of benevolence. For one year only, it seems, he is governor of Jersey : yet to this day, it is said, the islanders honour his name, only second to that of Duke Rollo, as their great benefactor, the founder of their Newfoundland trade. In the west country he is “ as a king,” “ with ears and mouth always open to hear and deliver their grievances, feet and hands ready to go and work their redress.” The tin merchants have become usurers “ of fifty in the hundred.” Raleigh works till he has put down their “ abominable and cut-throat dealing.” There is a burdensome west-country tax on curing fish ; Raleigh works till it is revoked. In parliament he is busy with liberal measures, always before his generation. He puts down a foolish act for compulsory sowing of hemp, in a speech on the freedom of labour, worthy of the nineteenth century. He argues against raising the subsidy from the three pound men—“ Call you this, Mr Francis Bacon, ‘ par jugum’ when a poor man pays as much as a rich ?” He is equally rational and spirited against the ex-

* Beaumont on the Mermaid Club ; Letter to B. Jonson.



portation of ordnance to the enemy; and when the question of abolishing monopolies is mooted he has his wise word. He too is a monopolist of tin, as Lord Warden of the Stannaries. But he has so wrought as to bring good out of evil; for before the granting of his patent, let the price of tin be never so high, the poor workman never had but two shillings a week; yet now, so has he extended and organized the tin-works, that any man who will can find work, be tin at what price soever, have four shillings a week truly paid. . . . Yet if all others may be repealed, I will give my consent as freely to the cancelling of this, as any member of this house." Most of the monopolies were repealed: but we do not find that Raleigh's was among them. Why should it be if its issue was more tin, and full work, and double wages? In all things this man approves himself faithful in his generation. His sins are not against man, but against God; such as the world thinks no sins; and hates them, not from morality, but from envy.

In the meanwhile, the evil which, so Spencer had prophesied, only waited Raleigh's death, breaks out in his absence, and Ireland is all aflame with Tyrone's rebellion. Raleigh is sent for. He will not accept the post of Lord Deputy, and go to put it down. Perhaps he does not expect fair play as long as Essex is at home. Perhaps he knows too much of the common weal, or rather common woe, and thinks that what is crooked cannot be made straight. Perhaps he is afraid to lose by absence his ground at court. Would that he had gone, for Ireland's sake and his own. However, it must not be. Ormond is recalled, and Knolles shall be sent; but Essex will have none but Sir George Carew; whom, Naunton says, he hates, and wishes to oust from court. He and Elizabeth argue it out. He turns his back on her, and she gives him (or does not give him, for one has found so many of these racy anecdotes vanish on inspection into simple wind, that one believes none of them) a box on the ear; which if she did, she did the most wise, just, and practical thing which she could do with such a puppy. He clasps his hand (or does not) to his sword—"He would not have taken it from Henry the VIII.," and is turned out forthwith. In vain Egerton, the lord keeper, tries to bring him to reason. He storms insanely. Every one on earth is wrong but he; every one is conspiring against him; he talks of "Solomon's fool" too. Had he read the Proverbs a little more closely, he might have left the said fool alone, as being a too painfully exact likeness of himself. It ends by his being worsted, and Raleigh rising higher than ever. We never could see why Raleigh should be represented as henceforth becoming Essex's "avowed enemy," save on the ground that all good men are and ought to be the enemies of bad men, when they see them about to do harm, and

to ruin the country. Essex is one of the many persons upon whom this age has lavished a quantity of maudlin sentimentality, which suits oddly enough with its professions of impartiality. But there is an impartiality which ends in utter injustice, which by saying carelessly to every quarrel, "Both are right, and both are wrong," leaves only the impression that all men are wrong, and ends by being unjust to every one. So has Elizabeth and Essex's quarrel been treated. There was some evil in Essex; therefore Elizabeth was a fool for liking him. There was some good in Essex; therefore Elizabeth was cruel in punishing him. This is the sort of slipshod dilemma by which Elizabeth is proved to be wrong, even while Essex is confessed to be wrong too; while the patent facts of the case are, that Elizabeth bore with him as long as she could, and a great deal longer than any one else could. Why Raleigh should be accused of helping to send Essex into Ireland, we do not know. Camden confesses (at the same time that he gives a hint of the kind) that Essex would let no one go but himself. And if this was his humour, one can hardly wonder at Cecil and Raleigh, as well as Elizabeth, bidding the man begone and try his hand at government, and be filled with the fruit of his own devices. He goes; does nothing; or rather worse than nothing; for in addition to the notorious ill-management of the whole matter, we may fairly say that he killed Elizabeth. She never held up her head again after Tyrone's rebellion. Elizabeth still clings to him, changing her mind about him every hour, and at last writes him such a letter as he deserves. He has had power, money, men, such as no one ever had before, why has he done nothing but bring England to shame? He comes home frantically (the story of his bursting into the dressing room rests on no good authority) with a party of friends at his heels, leaving Ireland to take care of itself. Whatever entertainment he met with from the fond old woman, he met with the coldness which he deserved from Raleigh and Cecil. Who can wonder? What had he done to deserve aught else? But he all but conquers; and Raleigh takes to his bed in consequence, sick of the whole matter; as one would have been inclined to do oneself. He is examined and arraigned; writes a maudlin letter to Elizabeth, of which Mr. Tytler says, that it "says little for the heart which could resist it;" another instance of the strange self-contradictions into which his brains will run. In one page, forsooth, Elizabeth is a fool for listening to these pathetic "love letters;" in the next page she is hard-hearted for not listening to them. Poor thing! Do what she would she found it hard enough to please all parties while alive; must she be condemned over and above in *eternum* to be wrong, whatsoever she does? Why is she not to have the benefit of the

plain, straitforward interpretation which would be allowed to any other human being, namely, that she approved of such fine talk, as long as it was proved to be sincere by fine deeds; but that when these were wanting, the fine talk became hollow, full of me, a fresh cause of anger and disgust? Yet still she weeps over him when he falls sick, as any mother would; and would visit him if she could with honour. But a "malignant influence counteracts every disposition to relent." No doubt, a man's own folly, passion, and insolence, has generally a very malignant influence on his fortunes, and he may consider himself a very happy man if all that befalls to him thereby is what befell Essex, deprivation of his offices, and imprisonment in his own house. He is forgiven after all; but the spoilt child refuses his bread and butter without sugar. What is the pardon to him without a renewal of his license of sweet wines? Because he is not to have that, the Queen's "conditions are as crooked as her carcase." Flesh and blood can stand no more, and ought to stand no more. After all that Elizabeth has been to him, that speech is the speech of a brutal and ungrateful nature. And such he shows himself to be in the hour of trial. What if the patent for sweet wines is refused him? Such gifts were meant as the reward of merit; and what merit has he to show? He never thinks of that. Blind with fury he begins to intrigue with James, and slanders to him, under colour of helping his succession, all whom he fancies opposed to him. What is worse, he intrigues with Tyrone about bringing over an army of Irish Papists to help him against the Queen, and this at the very time that his sole claim to popularity rests on his being the leader of the Puritans. A man must have been very far gone, either in baseness, or blind fury, who represents Raleigh to James as dangerous to the commonweal, on account of his great power in the west of England and Jersey, "places fit for the Spaniard to land in." Cobham, as warden of the Cinque ports, is included in his slander; and both he and Raleigh will hear of it again.

Some make much of a letter, supposed to be written about this time by Raleigh to Cecil, bidding Cecil keep down Essex, even crush him, now that he is once down. We do not happen to think the letter to be Raleigh's. His initials are subscribed to it; but not his name; and the style is not like his. But as for seeing "unforgiveness and revenge in it," whose soever it may be, we hold and say there is not a word which can bear such a construction. It is a dark letter: but about a dark matter, and a dark man. It is a worldly and expeditious letter, appealing to low motives in Cecil, though for a right end; such a letter, in short, as statesmen are wont to write now-a-days. If Raleigh wrote it, God punished him for doing so speedily enough. He

does not punish statesmen now-a-days for such letters ; perhaps because He does not love them as well as Raleigh. But as for the letter itself. Essex is called a "tyrant," because he had shewn himself one. The Queen is to "hold Bothwell," because "while she hath him, he will even be the canker of her estate and safety," and the writer has "seen the last of her good days, and of ours, after his liberty." On which accounts, Cecil is not to be deterred from doing what is right and necessary "by any fear of after-revenges," and "conjectures from causes remote," as many a stronger instance (given) will prove, but "look to the present," and so "do wisely." There is no real cause for Cecil's fear. If the man who has now lost a power which he ought never to have had, be now kept down, neither he nor his son will ever be able to harm the man who has kept him at his just level. What "revenge, selfishness, and craft," there can be in all this, it is difficult to see, as difficult as to see why Essex is to be talked of as "unfortunate," and the blame of his frightful end thrown on every one but himself : or why Mr. Tytler finds it unnecessary to pursue his "well known story further," after having proved Raleigh to be all on a sudden turned into a fiend : unless, indeed, it was inconvenient to bring before the reader's mind the curious and now forgotten fact, that Essex's end was brought on by his having chosen one Sunday morning for breaking out into open rebellion, for the purpose of seizing the city of London and the Queen's person, and compelling her to make him lord and master of the British isles ; in which attempt he and his fought with the civil and military authorities, till artillery had to be brought up, and many lives were lost. Such little escapades may be pardonable enough in "noble and unfortunate" earls : but our readers will perhaps agree that if they chose to try a similar experiment, they could not complain if they found themselves shortly after in company with Mr. Mitchell at Spike Island, or Mr. Oxford in Bedlam. But those were days in which such Sabbath amusements on the part of one of the most important and powerful personages of the realm could not be passed over so lightly, especially when accompanied by severe loss of life ; and as there existed in England certain statutes concerning rebellion and high treason, which must needs have been framed for some purpose or other, the authorities of England may be excused for fancying that they bore some reference to such acts as that which the noble and unfortunate earl had just committed, as wantonly, selfishly, and needlessly, it seems to us, as ever did man on earth.

We may seem to jest too much upon so solemn a matter as the life of a human being : but if we are not to touch the popular talk about *Essex* in this tone, we can only touch it in a far

sterner one; and if ridicule is forbidden, express disgust instead.

We have entered into this matter of Essex somewhat at length, because on it is founded one of the mean slanders from which Raleigh never completely recovered. The very mob who, after Raleigh's death, made him a Protestant martyr, (as, indeed, he was,) soon looked upon Essex in the same light, hated Raleigh as the cause of his death, and accused him of glutting his eyes with Essex's misery, puffing tobacco out of a window, and what not, —all mere inventions, as Raleigh declared upon the scaffold. He was there in his office, as captain of the guard, and could do no less than be there. Essex, it is said, asked for Raleigh just before he died: but Raleigh had withdrawn, the mob murmuring. What had Essex to say to him? Was it, asks Oldys, shrewdly enough, to ask him pardon for the wicked slanders which he had been pouring into James's credulous and cowardly ears? We will hope so, and leave poor Essex to God and the mercy of God, asserting once more, that no man ever brought ruin and death more thoroughly on himself by his own act, needing no imaginary help downwards from Raleigh, Cecil, or other human being.

And now begins the fourth act of this strange tragedy. Queen Elizabeth dies; and dies of grief. It has been the fashion to attribute to her, we know not what, remorse for Essex's death; and the foolish and false tale about Lady Nottingham and the ring has been accepted as history. The fact seems to be that she never really held up her head after Burleigh's death. She could not speak of him without tears; forbade his name to be mentioned in the Council. No wonder; never had mistress a better servant. For nearly half a century have these two noble souls loved each other, trusted each other, worked with each other; and God's blessing has been on their deeds; and now the faithful God-fearing man is gone to his reward; and she is growing old, and knows that the ancient fire is dying out in her; and who will be to her what he was? Buckhurst is a good man, and one of her old pupils; and she makes him Lord Treasurer in Raleigh's place: but beyond that, all is dark. "I am a miserable forlorn woman, there is none about me that I can trust!" She sees through false Cecil; through false Henry Howard. Essex has proved himself worthless, and pays the penalty of his sins. Men are growing worse than their fathers. Spanish gold is bringing in luxury and sin. The ten last years of her reign are years of decadence, profligacy, falsehood; and she cannot but see it. Tyrone's rebellion is the last drop which fills the cup. After fifty years of war, after a drain of money all but fabulous, expended on keeping Ireland quiet, the volcano bursts

forth again just as it seemed extinguished, more fiercely than ever, and the whole work has to be done over again, when there is neither time, nor a man, to do it. And ahead, what hope is there for England? Who will be her successor? She knows in her heart that it will be James: but she cannot bring herself to name him. To bequeath the fruit of all her labours to a tyrant, a liar, and a coward! (for she knows the man but too well.) It is too hideous to be faced. This is the end, then? "Oh that I were a milke maide, with a paille upon mine arm!" But it cannot be. It never could have been; and she must endure to the end.

"Therefore I hated life; yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it to the man that shall be after me. And who knows whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? yet shall he have rule over all my labour wherein I have shewed myself wise, in wisdom, and knowledge, and equity. . . . Vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit!" And so, with a whole book of Ecclesiastes written on that mighty heart, the old lioness coils herself up in her lair, refuses food, and dies. We know few passages in the world's history so tragic as that death.

Why did she not trust Raleigh? First, because Raleigh (as we have seen) was not the sort of man whom she needed. He was not the steadfast single-eyed man of business; but the many-sided genius. Beside, he was the ringleader of the war-party. And she, like Burleigh before his death, was tired of the war; saw that it was demoralizing England; was anxious for peace. Raleigh would not see that. It was to him a divine mission which must be fulfilled at all risks. As long as the Spaniards were opposing the Indians, conquering America, there must be no peace. Both were right from their own point of view. God ordered the matter from a third point of view; for His wrath was gone out against this people.

Beside, we know that Essex, and after him Cecil and Henry Howard, have been slandering Raleigh basely to James. Can we doubt that the same poison had been poured into Elizabeth's ears? She might distrust Cecil too much to act upon what he said of Raleigh; and yet distrust Raleigh too much to put the kingdom into his hands. However, she is gone now, and a new king has arisen, who knoweth not Joseph.

James comes down to take possession. Insolence, luxury, and lawlessness mark his first steps on his going amid the adulations of a fallen people; he hangs a poor wretch without trial; wastes his time in hunting by the way;—a bad and base man, whose only redeeming point (and it is a great one) is his foud-

ness for little children. But that will not make a king. The wise elders take counsel together. Raleigh and good Judge Fortescue are for requiring conditions from the new comer, and constitutional liberty makes its last stand among the men of Devon, the old county of warriors, discoverers, and statesmen, of which Queen Bess had said, that the men of Devon were her right hand. But in vain; James has his way; Cecil and Henry Howard are willing enough to give it him. Let their memory be accursed; for never did two bad men more deliberately betray the freedom of their country. So down comes Rehoboam, taking counsel with the young men, and makes answer to England, "My father chastised you with whips; but I will chastise you with scorpions." He takes a base pleasure, shocking to the French ambassador, in sneering at the memory of Queen Elizabeth; a perverse delight in honouring every rascal whom she had punished. Tyrone must come to England to be received into favour, maddening the soul of honest Sir John Harrington. Essex is christened "my martyr," apparently for having plotted treason against Elizabeth with Tyrone. Raleigh is received with a pun—"By my soul, I have heard rawly of thee, mon;" and when the great nobles and gentlemen come to Court with their retinues, James tries to hide his dread of them in an insult, pool pools their splendour, and says, "he doubts not that he should have been able to win England for himself, had they kept him out." Raleigh answers boldly, "Would God that had been put to the trial." "Why?" "Because then you would have known your friends from your foes." "A reason" (says old Aubrey) "never forgotten or forgiven." Aubrey is no great authority; but the speech smacks so of Raleigh's offhand daring, that one cannot but believe it, as one does also the other story of his having advised the lords to keep out James and erect a republic. Not that he could have been silly enough to propose such a thing seriously at that moment; but that he most likely, in his offhand way, may have said, "Well, if we are to have this man in without conditions, better a republic at once." Which, if he did say, he said what the next forty years proved to be strictly true. However, he will go on his own way as best he can. If James will give him a loan, he and the rest of the old heroes will join, fit out a fleet against Spain, and crush her, now that she is tottering and impoverished, once and for ever. Alas! James has no stomach for fighting, cannot abide the sight of a drawn sword—would not provoke Spain for the world—why, they might send Jesuits and assassinate him; and as for the money, he wants that for very different purposes. So the answer which he makes to Raleigh's proposal of war against Spain, is to send him to the Tower, and sentence

him to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, on a charge of plotting with Spain.

Having read, we believe, nearly all that has been written on the subject of this dark "Cobham plot," we find but one thing come brightly out of the infinite confusion and mystery, which will never be cleared up till the day of judgment, and that is, Raleigh's innocence. He, and all England, and the very man who condemned him, knew that he was innocent. Every biographer is forced to confess this, more or less, in spite of all efforts to be what is called "impartial." So we shall waste no words upon the matter, only observing, that whereas Raleigh is said to have slandered Cecil to James, in the same way that Cecil had slandered him, one passage of this Cobham plot disproves utterly such a story, which, after all, rests (as far as we know) only on hearsay, being "spoken of in a manuscript written by one Buck, secretary to Chancellor Egerton." For in writing to his own wife, in the expectation of immediate death, Raleigh speaks of Cecil in a very different tone, as one in whom he trusted most, and who has left him in the hour of need. We ask the reader to peruse that letter, and say whether any man would write thus, with death and judgment before his face, of one whom he knew that he had betrayed; or, indeed, of one who he knew had betrayed him. We see no reason to doubt that Raleigh kept good faith with Cecil, and that he was ignorant, till after his trial, that Cecil was the manager of the whole plot against him, and as accomplished a villain as one meets with in history.

We do not care to enter into the tracasseries of this Cobham plot. Every one knows them; no one can unravel them. To us the moral and spiritual significance of the fact is more interesting than all questions as to Cobham's lies, Brooke's lies, Aremburg's lies, Coke's lies, James's lies:—Let the dead bury their dead. It is the broad aspect of the thing which is so wonderful to us; to see how

"The eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed."

This is the man who six months ago, perhaps, thought that he and Cecil were to rule England together, while all else were the puppets whose wires they pulled. "The Lord hath taken him up, and dashed him down:" and by such means, too, and on such a charge! Betraying his country to Spain! Absurd—incredible. He would laugh it to scorn; but it is bitter earnest. There is no escape. True or false, he sees that his enemies will have his head. It is maddening; a horrible nightmare. He cannot bear it; he cannot face (so he writes to that beloved wife)

the scorn, the taunts, the loss of honour, the cruel words of lawyers. He stabs himself. Read that letter of his, written after the mad blow had been struck; it is sublime from intensity of agony. The way in which the chastisement was taken proves how utterly it was needed, ere that proud, success-swollen, world-entangled heart could be brought right with God.

And it is brought right. The wound is not mortal. He comes slowly to a better mind, and takes his doom like a man. That first farewell to his wife was written out of hell. The second rather out of heaven. Read it, too, and compare; and then see how the Lord has been working upon this great soul: infinite sadness, infinite tenderness and patience, and trust in God for himself and his poor wife: "God is my witness, it was for you and yours that I desired life; but it is true that I disdain myself for begging it. For know, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who, in his own respect, despiseth death and all his ugly and misshapen forms. . . . The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, who is goodness itself, the true life and light, keep thee and thine, have mercy upon me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom."

Is it come to this, then? Is he fit to die, at last? Then he is fit to live; and live he shall. The tyrants have not the heart to carry out their own crime, and Raleigh shall be respited.

But not pardoned. No more return for him into that sinful world, where he flaunted on the edge of the precipice, and dropped heedless over it. God will hide him in the secret place of His presence, and keep him in His tabernacle from the strife of tongues; and a new life shall begin for him; a wiser, perhaps a happier, than he has known since he was a little lad in the farm-house in pleasant Devon far away. On the 15th of December he enters the Tower. Little dreams he that for more than twelve years those doleful walls would be his home. Lady Raleigh obtains leave to share his prison with him, and, after having passed ten years without a child, brings him a boy to comfort the weary heart. The child of sorrow is christened Carew. Little think those around him what strange things that child will see before his hairs be gray. She has her maid, and he his three servants; some five or six friends are allowed "to repair to him at convenient times." He has a chamber-door always open into the lieutenant's garden, where he "has converted a little hen-house into a still-room, and spends his time all the day in distillation." The next spring a grant is made of his goods and chattels, forfeited by attainder, to trustees named by himself, for the benefit of his family. —So far, so well: or, at

least, not as ill as it might be : but there are those who cannot leave the caged lion in peace.

Sanderson, who had married his niece, instead of paying up the arrears which he owes on the wine and other offices, brings in a claim of £2000. But the rogue meets his match, and finds himself, at the end of a lawsuit, in prison for debt. Greater rogues, however, will have better fortune, and break through the law-cobwebs which have stopped a poor little fly like Sanderson.* For Carr, afterward Lord Somerset, casts his eyes on the Sherborne land. It has been included in the conveyance, and should be safe ; but there are others who, by instigation surely of the devil himself, have had eyes to see a flaw in the deed. Sir John Popham is appealed to. Who could doubt the result? He answers, that there is no doubt that the words were omitted by the inattention of the engrosser—(Carew Raleigh says that but one single word was wanting, which word was found notwithstanding in the paper-book, *i.e.*, the draft ;) but that the word not being there, the deed is worthless, and the devil may have his way. To Carr, who has nothing of his own, it seems reasonable enough to help himself to what belongs to others ; and James gives him the land. Raleigh writes to him, gently, gracefully, loftily. Here is an extract : “ And for yourself, sir, seeing your fair day is now in the dawn, and mine drawn to the evening, your own virtues and the king’s grace assuring you of many favours and much honour, I beseech you not to begin your first building upon the ruins of the innocent ; and that their sorrows, with mine, may not attend your first plantation.” He speaks strongly of the fairness, sympathy, and pity, by which the Scots in general had laid him under obligation ; argues from it his own evident innocence ; and ends with a quiet warning to the young favourite, not to “ undergo the curse of them that enter into the fields of the fatherless.” In vain. Lady Raleigh, with her children, entreats James, on her knees : in vain, again. “ I mun ha’ the land,” is the answer ; “ I mun ha’ it for Carr.” And he has it ; patching up the matter after awhile by a gift of £8000 to her and her elder son, in requital for an estate of £5000 a-year.

So there sits Raleigh, growing poorer day by day, and clinging more and more to that fair young wife, and her noble boy, and the babe whose laughter makes music within that dreary cage. And all day long, as we have seen, he sits over his still, compounding and discovering, and sometimes shewing himself on the wall to the people, who gather to gaze at him, till Wade forbids it, fearing popular feeling. In fact, the world outside has a sort of mysterious awe of him, as if he were a chained magician, who, if he were let loose, might do with them all what

he would. Salisbury and Somerset are of the same mind. Wo to them if that silver tongue should once again be unlocked!

The Queen, with a woman's faith in greatness, sends to him for "cordials." Here is one of them, famous in Charles the Second's days as "Sir Walter's Cordial:"—

"R Zedoary () and saffron, each,	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Distilled water,	.	3 pints.
Macerate, &c., and reduced to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint.		
Compound powder of crabs' claws,	.	16 oz.
Cinnamon and Nutmegs,	.	2 "
Cloves,	.	1 "
Cardamom seeds,	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Double refined sugar,	.	2 lb.
Make a confection."		

Which, so the world believes, will cure all ills which flesh is heir to. It does not seem that Raleigh so boasted himself; but the people, after the fashion of the time, seem to have called all his medicines "cordials," and probably took for granted that it was by this particular one that the enchanter cured Queen Anne of a desperate sickness, "whereof the physicians were at the farthest end of their studies" (no great way to go in those days) "to find the cause, and at a nonplus for the cure."

Raleigh (this is Sir Anthony Welden's account) asks for his reward only justice. Will the Queen ask that certain lords may be sent to examine Cobham, "whether he had at any time accused Sir Walter of any treason under his hand?" Six are sent; Salisbury among them. Cobham answers, "Never; nor could I: that villain Wade often solicited me, and not so prevailing, got me by a trick to write my name on a piece of white paper. So that if a charge came under my hand, it was forged by that villain Wade, by writing something above my hand, without my consent or knowledge." They return. Salisbury acts as spokesman; and has his equivocation ready. "Sir, my Lord Cobham has made good all that ever he wrote or said;" having, by his own account, written nothing but his name. This is Sir Anthony Welden's story. One hopes, for the six lords' sake, it may not be true; but we can see no reason, in the morality of James's court, why it should not have been.

So Raleigh must remain where he is, and work on. And he does work. As his captivity becomes more and more hopeless, so comes out more and more the stateliness, self-help, and energy of the man. Till now he has played with his pen: now he will use it in earnest; and use it as perhaps no prisoner ever did. Many a good book has been written in a dungeon. Don Quixote, the Pilgrim's Progress: beautiful each in its way,

and destined to immortality : but none like the History of the World, the most God-fearing and God-seeing history which we know of among human writings. Of Raleigh's prison works we have no space to speak, save to say, that there is one fault in them. They are written thirty years too late ; they express the creed of a buried generation, of the men who defied Spain in the name of a God of righteousness,—not of men who cringe before her in the name of a god of power and cunning. The captive eagle has written with a quill from his own wing—a quill which has been wont ere now to soar to heaven. Every line smacks of the memories of Nombreg and of Zutphen, of Tilbury Fort and of Calais Roads ; and many a grey-headed veteran, as he read them, must have turned away his face to hide the noble tears, as Ulysses from Demodocus when he sang the song of Troy. So there sits Raleigh, like the prophet of old, in his lonely tower above the Thames, watching the darkness gather upon the land year by year, “like the morning spread over the mountains,” the darkness which comes before the dawn of the Day of The Lord ; which he shall never see on earth, though it be very near at hand ; and asks of each new-comer, Watchman, what of the night ?

But there is one bright point at least in the darkness ; one on whom Raleigh's eyes, and those of all England, are fixed in boundless hope ; one who, by the sympathy which attracts all noble natures to each other, clings to the hero utterly ; Henry, the Crown Prince. “No king but my father would keep such a bird in a cage.” The noble lad tries to open the door for the captive eagle ; but in vain. At least he will make what use he can of his wisdom. He asks him for advice about the new ship he is building, and has a simple, practical letter in return, and over and above probably the two pamphlets, “Of the Invention of Ships,” and “Observations on the Navy and Sea Service ;” which the Prince will never see. In 1611 he asks Raleigh's advice about the foolish double marriage with the Prince and Princess of Savoy, and receives for answer two plain-spoken discourses as full of historical learning as of practical sound sense.

These are benefits which must be repaid. The father will repay them hereafter in his own way. In the meanwhile the son does so in his way, by soliciting the Sherborne estate as for himself, intending to restore it to Raleigh. He succeeds, Carr is bought off for £25,000, where Lady Raleigh had been bought off with £8000 ; but neither Raleigh nor his widow will ever be the better for that bargain, and Carr will get Sherborne back again, and probably, in the king's silly dotage, keep the £25,000 also.

For, as we said, the Day of The Lord is at hand ; and he

whose virtues might have postponed it must be taken away, that vengeance may fall where vengeance is due, and men may know that verily there is a God who judgeth the earth.

In November 1612 Prince Henry falls sick.

When he is at the last gasp, the poor Queen sends to Raleigh for some of the same cordial which had cured her. Medicine is sent, with a tender letter, as it well might be; for Raleigh knew how much hung, not only for himself, but for England, on the cracking threads of that fair young life. It is questioned at first whether it shall be administered. "The cordial," Raleigh says, "will cure him or any other of a fever, except in case of poison."

The cordial is administered: but it comes too late. The Prince dies, and with him the hopes of all good men.

* * * * *

At last after twelve years of prison, Raleigh is free. He is sixty-six years old now, grey-headed and worn down by confinement, study, and want of exercise: but he will not remember that

. "Still in his ashes live their wonted fires."

Now for Guiana, at last! which he has never forgotten; to which he has been sending, with his slender means, ship after ship to keep the Indians in hope.

He is freed in March. At once he is busy at his project. In August he has obtained the King's commission, by the help of Sir Ralph Winwood, Secretary of State, who seems to have believed in Raleigh. At least Raleigh believed in him. In March next year he has sailed, and with him thirteen ships, and more than a hundred knights and gentlemen, and among them, strange to say, Sir Warham St. Leger. Can this be the quondam Marshal of Munster, under whom Raleigh served at Smerwick, six-and-thirty years ago? The question can hardly be answered but by reference to Lord Doneraile's pedigree; but we know of no other Sir Warham among the St. Legers. And if it be so, it is a strong argument in Raleigh's favour that a man once his superior in command, and now probably long past seventy, should keep his faith in Raleigh after all his reverses. Nevertheless, the mere fact of an unpardoned criminal, said to be "*non ens*" in law, being able in a few months to gather round him such a party, is proof patent of what slender grounds there are for calling Raleigh "suspected" and "unpopular."

But he does not sail without a struggle or two. James is too proud to allow his heir to match with any but a mighty king, is infatuated about the Spanish marriage; and Gondomar is with him, playing with his hopes and with his fears also.

The people are furious; and have to be silenced again and again; there is even fear of rioting. The charming and smooth-tongued Gondomar can hate; and can revenge, too. Five 'prentices, who have insulted him for striking a little child, are imprisoned and fined several hundred pounds each. And as for hating Raleigh, Gondomar had been no Spaniard (to let alone the private reasons which some have supposed) had he not hated Spain's ancient scourge and unswerving enemy. He comes to James, complaining that Raleigh is about to break the peace with Spain. Nothing is to be refused him which can further the one darling fancy of James; and Raleigh has to give in writing the number of his ships, men, and ordnance, and, moreover, the name of the country and the very river whither he is going. This paper was given, Carew Raleigh asserts positively, under James's solemn promise not to reveal it; and Raleigh himself seems to have believed that it was to be kept private; for he writes afterwards to Secretary Winwood in a tone of astonishment and indignation, that the information contained in his paper had been sent on to the king of Spain, before he sailed from the Thames. Winwood could have told him as much already; for Buckingham had written to Winwood, on March 28, to ask him why he had not been to the Spanish Ambassador "to acquaint him with the order taken by his Majesty about Sir W. R.'s voyage." But however unwilling the Secretary (as one of the furtherers of the voyage) may have been to meddle in the matter, Gondomar had had news enough from another source; perhaps from James's own mouth. For the first letter to the West Indies, about Raleigh, was dated from Madrid, March 19; and most remarkable it is, that in James's "Declaration," or rather apology, for his own conduct, no mention whatsoever is made of his having given information to Gondomar.

Gondomar offered, says James, to let Raleigh go with one or two ships only. He might work a mine, and that the King of Spain should give him a safe convoy home with all his gold. How kind! And how likely would Raleigh and his fellow-adventurers have been to accept such an offer; how likely, too, to find men who would sail with them on such an errand, to be "flayed alive," as many who travelled to the Indies of late years had been, or to have their throats cut, tied back to back, after standing unarmed and peaceably for a month, as thirty-six of Raleigh's men had been but two or three years before in that very Orinoco. So James is forced to let the large fleet go; and to let it go well armed also; for the plain reason, that otherwise it dare not go at all; and in the meanwhile, letters are sent from Spain, in which the Spaniards call the fleet "English

enemies," and ships and troops are moved up as fast as possible from the Spanish main.

But, say some, James was as much justified in telling Gondomar, and the Spaniards in defending themselves. On the latter point there is no doubt.

"They may get who have the will,
And they may keep who can."

But it does seem hard on Raleigh, after having laboured in this Guiana business for years; after having spent his money in vain attempts to deliver these Guianians from their oppressors. It is hard, and he feels it so. He sees that he is not trusted; that, as James himself confesses, his pardon is refused simply to keep a hold on him; that, if he fails, he is ruined.

As he well asks afterward, "If the king did not think that Guiana was his, why let me go thither at all? He knows that it was his by the law of nations, for he made Mr. Harcourt a grant of part of it. If it be, as Gondomar says, the King of Spain's, then I had no more right to work a mine in it than to burn a town. Argument which seems to us unanswerable. But, says James, and others with him, he was forbid to meddle with any country occupied or possessed by Spaniards. Southey, too, blames him severely for not having told James that the country was already settled by Spaniards.* We can excuse Southey, but not James, for overlooking the broad fact, that all England knew it; that if they did not, Gondomar would have taken care to tell them; and that he could not go to Guiana without meddling with Spaniards. His former voyages and publications made no secret of it. On the contrary, one chief argument for the plan had been all through the delivery of the Indians from these very Spaniards, who, though they could not conquer them, ill used them in every way; and in his agreement with the Lords about the Guiana voyage in 1611, he makes especial mention of the very place, which will soon fill such a part in our story, "San Thomé where the Spaniards inhabit," and tells the Lords whom to ask, as to the number of men who will be wanted "to secure Keymish's passage to the mine" against these very Spaniards.

The plain fact is, that Raleigh went, with his eyes open, to take possession of a country to which he believed that he and King James had a right, and that James and his favourites, when they, as he pleads, might have stopped him by a word let him go, knowing as well as the Spaniards what he intended; for what purpose, but to have an excuse for the tragedy which ended all, it is difficult to conceive. "It is evident," says Sir Richard Schomburgk, "that they winked at consequences which they must have foreseen."

And here Mr. Napier, on the authority of Count Desmarets, brings a grave charge against Raleigh. Raleigh, in his apology, protests that he only saw Desmarets once on board of his vessel. Desmarets says in his despatches, that he was on board of her several times, (whether he saw Raleigh or not more than once does not appear,) and that Raleigh complained to him of having been unjustly imprisoned, stripped of his estate, and so forth, (which, indeed, was true enough,) and that he was on that account resolved to abandon his country, and, if the expedition succeeded, offer himself and the fruit of his labour to the King of France.

If this be true, Raleigh was very wrong. But Sir Richard Schomburgk points out that this passage, which Mr. Napier says occurs in the last despatch, was written a month after Raleigh had sailed; and that the previous despatch, written only four days after Raleigh sailed, says nothing about the matter. So that it could not have been a very important or fixed resolution on Raleigh's part, if it was only to be recollected a month after. We do not say (as Sir Richard Schomburgk is very much inclined to do) that it was altogether a bubble of French fancy. It is probable and natural enough that Raleigh, in his just rage at finding that James was betraying him, and sending him out with a halter round his neck, to all but certain ruin, did say wild words—that it was better for him to serve the Frenchman than such a master—that perhaps he might go over to the Frenchman after all—or some folly of the kind, in that same rash tone which, as we have seen, has got him into trouble so often already: and so we leave the matter, saying, Beware of making any man an offender for a word, much less one who is being hunted to death in his old age, and knows it.

However this may be, the fleet sails; but, with no bright auguries. The mass of the sailors are "a scum of men;" they are mutinous and troublesome; and what is worse, have got among them (as, perhaps, they were intended to have) the notion that Raleigh's being still *non ens* in law absolves them from obeying him when they do not choose, and permits them to say of him behind his back what they list. They have long delays at Plymouth. Sir Warham's ship cannot get out of the Thames. Pennington, at the Isle of Wight, "cannot redeem his bread from the bakers," and has to ride back to London to get money from Lady Raleigh. The poor Lady has it not, and gives a note of hand to Mr. Wood of Portsmouth. Alas for her! She has sunk her £8000, and, beside that, sold her Wickham estate for £2500; and all is on board the fleet. "A hundred pieces" are all the ready money the hapless pair had left on earth, and they have parted them together. Raleigh has fifty-

five, and she forty-five, till God send it back—if, indeed, he ever send it. The star is sinking low in the west. Trouble on trouble. Sir John Fane has neither men nor money; Captain Witney has not provisions enough, and Raleigh has to sell his plate in Plymouth to help him. Courage! one last struggle to redeem his good name!

Then storms off Scilly—a pinnace is sunk; faithful Captain King driven back into Bristol; the rest have to lie by awhile in some Irish port for a fair wind. Then Bailey deserts with the Southampton at the Canaries; then “unnatural weather,” so that a fourteen days’ voyage takes forty days. Then “the distemper” breaks out under the line. The simple diary of that sad voyage still remains, full of curious and valuable nautical hints; but recording the loss of friend on friend, four or five officers, and, to our great grief, our principal refiner, Mr. Fowler. “Crab my old servant.” Next, a lamentable twenty-four hours, in which they lose Pigott the lieutenant-general, “mine honest frinde Mr. John Talbot, one that had lived with me a leven yeeres in the Tower, an excellent general skoller, and a faithful and true man as ever lived,” with two “very fair conditioned gentlemen,” and “mine own cook Francis.” Then more officers and men, and my “cusen Payton.” Then the water is near spent, and they are forced to come to half allowance, till they save and drink greedily whole canfuls of the bitter rain water. At last Raleigh’s own turn comes; running on deck in a squall, he gets wet through, and has twenty days of burning fever; “never man suffered a more furious heat,” during which he eats nothing but now and then a stewed prune.

At last they make the land, at the mouth of the Urapoho, far south of their intended goal. They ask for Leonard the Indian, “who lived with me in England three or four years, the same man that took Mr. Harcourt’s brother, and fifty men, when they were in extreme distress, and had no means to live there but by the help of this Indian, whom they made believe that they were my men;” but the faithful Indian is gone up the country, and they stood away for Cayenne, “where the cacique (Harry) was also my servant, and had lived with me in the Tower two years.”

Courage once more, brave old heart! Here, at least, thou art among friends, who know thee for what thou art, and look out longingly for thee as their deliverer.

Courage! for thou art in fairyland once more; the land of boundless hope and possibility. Though England and England’s heart be changed, yet God’s earth endures, and the harvest is still here, waiting to be reaped by those who dare. Twenty stormy years may have changed thee, but they have

not changed the fairyland of thy prison dreams. Still the mighty Ceiba trees with their silk pods tower on the palm-fringed islets; still the dark mangrove thickets guard the mouths of unknown streams, whose granite sands are rich with gold. Friendly Indians come, and Harry (an old friend) with them, bringing maize, peccari pork, and armadillos, plantains and pine apples, and all eat and gather strength; and Raleigh writes home to his wife, "to say that I may yet be king of the Indians here, were a vanity: But my name hath lived among them"—as well it might. For many a year those simple hearts shall look for him in vain, and more than two centuries and a half afterwards, dim traditions of the great white chief who bade them stand out to the last against the Spaniards, and he would come and dwell among them, shall linger among the Carib tribes; even, say some, the tattered relics of an English flag, which he left among them that they might distinguish his countrymen.

Happy for him had he staid there indeed, and been their king. How easy for him to have grown old in peace at Cayenne. But no; he must on for honour's sake, and bring home if it were but a basket full of that ore, to show the king, that he may save his credit. And he has promised Arundel that he will return: And return he will. So onward he goes to the "Triangle Islands." There he sends off five small vessels for Orinoco, with 400 men. The faithful Keymis has to command and guide the expedition. Sir Warham is lying ill of the fever, all but dead; so George Raleigh is sent in his place as sergeant-major, and with him five land companies, one of which is commanded by young Walter, Raleigh's son; another by a Captain Parker, of whom we shall have a word to say presently.

Keymis's orders are explicit. He is to go up; find the mine, and open it; and if the Spaniards attack him, repel force by force: but he is to avoid, if possible, an encounter with them: not for fear of breaking the peace, but because he has "a scum of men, a few gentlemen excepted, and I would not for all the world receive a blow from the Spaniards to the dishonour of our nation." There we have no concealment of hostile instructions, any more than in Raleigh's admirable instructions to his fleet, which after laying down excellent laws for morality, religion, and discipline, goes on with clause after clause as to what is to be done if they meet "the enemy." What enemy? Why, all Spanish ships which sail the seas; and who, if they happen to be sufficiently numerous, will assuredly attack, sink, burn, and destroy Raleigh's whole squadron, for daring to sail for that continent which Spain claims as its own.

Raleigh runs up the coast to Trinidad, and in through the serpent's mouth, round Punto Gallo to the famous lake of Pitch,

where all recruit themselves with fish and armadillos, pheasants (*Penelope Cristata*), palmitos and guavas, and await the return of the expedition from the last day of December to the middle of February. They see something of the Spaniards meanwhile, and what they see is characteristic. Sir John Ferns is sent up to the Spanish town, to try if they will trade for tobacco. The Spaniards parley, in the midst of the parley pour a volley of musketry into them at forty paces, yet hurt never a man, and send them off calling them thieves and traitors. Fray Simon's Spanish account of the matter is, that Raleigh intended to disembark his men, that they might march inland on San Joseph. How he found out the fact remains to be proved. In the meanwhile, we shall prefer believing that Raleigh is not likely to have told a lie for his own private amusement in his own private diary. We cannot blame the Spaniards much; the advices from Spain are sufficient to explain their hostility.

On the 29th the Spaniards attack three men and a boy who are ashore boiling the fossil pitch; kill one man, and carry off the boy. Raleigh, instead of going up to the Spanish port and demanding satisfaction, as he would have been justified in doing after this second outrage, remains quietly where he is, expecting daily to be attacked by Spanish armadas, and resolved to "burn by their sides." Happily, or unhappily, he escapes them. Probably he thinks they waited for him at Margarita, expecting him to range the Spanish Main.

At last the weary days of sickness and anxiety succeed to days of terror. On the 1st of February a strange report comes by an Indian. An inland savage has brought confused and contradictory news down the river, that San Thomé is sacked, the governor and two Spanish captains slain, (names given) and two English captains, nameless. After this entry follow a few confused ones, set down as happening in January, as to attempts to extract the truth from the Indians and negligence of the mariners, who are diligent in nothing but pillaging and stealing.—And so ends abruptly this sad document.

The truth comes at last; but when, does not appear, in a letter from Keymish, dated January 8. San Thomé has been stormed, sacked, and burnt. Four refiners houses were found in it; the best in the town; so that the Spaniards have been mining there: but no coin or bullion except a little plate. One English captain is killed, and that captain is Walter Raleigh, his first-born. He died leading them on, when some, "more careful of valour and safety, began to recoil shamefully." His last words were, "Lord have mercy on me, and prosper our enterprise." A Spanish captain, Erinetta, struck him down with the butt of a musket after he had received a bullet. John Plessington, his

sergeant, avenged him by running Erinetta through with his halbert.

Keymis has not yet been to the mine; he could not, "by reason of the murmurings, discords, and vexations;" but he will go at once, make trial of the mine, and come down to Trinidad by the Macareo mouth. He sends a parcel of scattered papers (probably among them the three letters from the king of Spain) a roll of tobacco, a tortoise, some oranges and lemons. "Praying God to give you health and strength of body, and a mind armed against all extremities, I rest ever to be commanded, your lordship's, Keymish."

"Oh Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!" But weeping is in vain. The noble lad sleeps there under the palm trees, beside the mighty tropic stream, while the fair Basset, "his bride in the sight of God," recks not of him as she wanders in the woods of Umberfeigh, wife to the son of Raleigh's deadliest foe. Raleigh, Raleigh, surely God's blessing is not on this voyage of thine. Surely He hath set thy misdeeds before him, and thy secret sins in the light of His countenance.

Another blank of misery: but his honour is still safe. Keymis will return with that gold ore, that pledge of his good faith for which he has ventured all. Surely God will let that come after all, now that he has paid as its price his first-born's blood?

At last Keymis returns with thinned numbers. All are weary, spirit-broken, discontented, mutinous. Where is the gold ore?

There is none. Keymis has never been to the mine after all. His companions curse him as a traitor who has helped Raleigh to deceive them into ruin; the mine is imaginary, a lie. The crews are ready to break into open mutiny; after awhile they will do so.

Yes, God is setting this man's secret sins in the light of His countenance. If he has been ambitious, his ambition has punished itself now. If he has cared more for his own honour than for his wife and children, that sin too has punished itself. If he has (which we affirm not) tampered with truth for the sake of what seemed to him noble and just ends, that too has punished itself; for his men do not trust him. If he has (which we affirm not) done any wrong in that matter of Cobham, that too has punished itself; for his men, counting him as "*non ens*" in law, will not respect or obey him. If he has spoken after his old fashion, rash and exaggerated words, and goes on peaking them, even though it be through the pressure of despair, that too shall punish itself; and for every idle word that he shall say, God will bring him into judgment. And why, but because

he is noble? Why, but because he is nearer to God by a whole heaven than Buckingham, Henry Howards, Salisburys, and others whom God lets fatten on their own sins, having no understanding, because they are in honour, and have children at their hearts desire, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes? Not so does God deal with His elect, when they will try to worship at once self and Him; He requires truth in the inward parts, and will purge them till they are true, and single-eyed, and full of light.

Keymis returns with the wreck of his party. The scene between him and Raleigh may be guessed. Keymis has excuse on excuse. He could not get obeyed after young Raleigh's death: he expected to find that Sir Walter was either dead of his sickness, or of grief for his son, and had no wish "to enrich a company of rascals who made no account of him." He dare not go up to the mine because, (and here Raleigh thinks his excuse fair,) the fugitive Spaniards lay in the craggy woods through which he would have to pass, and that he had not men enough even to hold the town securely. If he reached the mine, and left a company there, he had no provisions for them; and he dared not send backward and forward to the town, while the Spaniards were in the woods. The warnings sent by Gondomar had undone all, and James's treachery had done its work. So Keymis "thinking it a greater error, (so he said,) to discover the mine to the Spaniards, than to excuse himself to the Company, said that he could not find it." From all which, one thing at least is evident, that Keymis believed in the existence of the mine.

Raleigh "rejects these fancies;" tells him before divers gentlemen, that "a blind man might find it, by the marks which Keymis himself had set down under his hand;" that "his case of losing so many men in the woods," was a mere pretence: after Walter was slain, he knew that Keymis had no care of any man's surviving. "You have undone me, wounded my credit with the King, past recovery." "As you have followed your own advice, and not mine, you must satisfy his Majesty. I shall be glad if you can do it: but I cannot." There is no use dwelling on such vain regrets and reproaches. Raleigh perhaps is bitter, unjust, though we cannot see that he was; as he himself writes twice, to his wife and to Sir Ralph Winwood, his "brains are broken." He writes to them both, and re-opens the letters to add long postscripts, at his wits' end. Keymis goes off; spends a few miserable days; and then enters Raleigh's cabin. He has written his apology to Lord Arundel, and begs Raleigh to allow of it. "No. You have undone me by your obstinacy, I will not favour or colour your former folly." "Is that your

resolution, sir?" "It is." "I know not then, sir, what course to take." And so he goes out, and into his own cabin overhead. A minute after, a pistol shot is heard. Raleigh sends up a boy to know the reason. Keymis answers from within, that he has fired it off because it had been long charged, and all is quiet.

Half-an-hour after, the boy goes into the cabin. Keymis is lying on his bed, the pistol by him. The boy moves him. The pistol shot has broken a rib, and gone no further: but as the corpse is turned over, a long knife is buried in that desperate heart. Another of the old heroes is gone to his wild account.

Gradually drops of explanation ooze out. The "Serjeant-Major, Raleigh's nephew, and others, confess that Keymis told them that he could have brought them in two hours to the mine: but as the young heir was slain, and his father was unpardoned, and not like to live, he had no reason to open the mine, either for the Spaniard *or the King*." Those latter words are significant. What cared the old Elizabethan seaman for the weal of such a king? And, indeed, what good to such a king would all the mines in Guiana be? They answered that the King, nevertheless, had "granted Raleigh his heart's desire under the great seal." He replied that "the grant to Raleigh was to a man *non ens* in law, and therefore of no force." Here, too, James's policy has worked well. How could men dare or persevere under such a cloud?

How, indeed, could they have found heart to sail at all? The only answer is, that they knew Raleigh well enough to have utter faith in him, and that Keymis himself knew of the mine.

Puppies at home in England gave out that he had killed himself from remorse at having deceived so many gentlemen with an imaginary phantom. Every one of course, according to his measure of charity, has power and liberty to assume any motive which he will. Ours is simply the one which shews upon the face of the documents; that the old follower, devoted alike to the dead son and to the doomed father, feeling that he had, he scarce knew how, failed in the hour of need, frittered away the last chance of a mighty enterprise, which had been his fixed idea for years, and ruined the man whom he adored, avenged upon himself the fault of having disobeyed orders, given peremptorily, and to be peremptorily executed.

Here, perhaps, our tale should end; for all beyond is but the waking of the corpse. The last death-struggle of the Elizabethan heroism is over, and all its remains vanish slowly, in an undignified sickening way. All epics end so. After the war of Troy, Achilles must die by coward Paris' arrow, in some mysterious confused pitiful fashion; and stately Hecuba must rail her-

self into a very dog, and bark for ever shapefully around lonely Cynossema. Young David ends as a dôtard—Solomon as worse. Glorious Alexander must die half of fever, half of drunkenness, as the fool dieth. Charles the Vth, having thrown away all, but his follies, ends in a convent, a superstitious imbecile; Napoleon squabbles to the last with Sir Hudson Lowe about champagne. It must be so; and the glory must be God's alone. For in great men, and great times, there is nothing good or vital, but what is of God, and not of man's self. And when He taketh away that divine breath they die, and return again to their dust. But the earth does not lose; for when He sendeth forth His spirit they live, and renew the face of the earth. A new generation arises, with clearer sight, with fuller experience, sometimes with nobler aims; and,—

“The old order changeth, giving place to the new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways.”

The Elizabeth epic did not end a day too soon. There was no more life left in it; and God had something better in store for England. Raleigh's ideal was a noble one: but God's was nobler far. Raleigh would have made her a gold kingdom, like Spain, and destroyed her very vitals by that gold, as Spain was destroyed. And all the while the great and good God was looking steadfastly upon that little struggling Virginian village, Raleigh's first-born, forgotten in his new mighty dreams, and saying, “Here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein.” There, and not in Guiana; upon the simple tillers of the soil, not among wild reckless gold-hunters, would His blessing rest. The very coming darkness would bring brighter light. The evil age itself would be the parent of new good, and drive across the seas steadfast Pilgrim Fathers, and generous Royalist Cavaliers, to be the parents of a mightier nation than has ever yet possessed the earth. Verily, God's ways are wonderful, and his counsels in the great deep.

So ends the Elizabethan epic. Must we follow the corpse to the grave? It is necessary.

And now, “you gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease,” what would you have done in like case?—Your last die thrown; your last stake lost; your honour, as you fancy, stained for ever; your eldest son dead in battle—What would you have done? What Walter Raleigh did was this. He kept his promise. He had promised Lord Arundel to return to England; and return he did.

But it is said, his real intention, as he himself confessed, was to turn pirate, and take the Mexico fleet.

That wild thoughts of such a deed may have crossed his mind,

may have been a terrible temptation to him, may even have broken out in hasty words, one does not deny. He himself says that he spoke of such a thing, "to keep his men together." All depends on how the words were spoken. The form of the sentence, the tone of voice, is everything. Who could blame him, if, seeing some of the captains whom he had most trusted deserting him, his men heaping him with every slander, and as he solemnly swore on the scaffold, calling witnesses thereto by name, forcing him to take an oath that he would not return to England before they would have him, and locking him into his own cabin—who could blame him, we ask, for saying, in that daring off-hand way of his, which has so often before got him into trouble, "Come, my lads, do not despair. If the worst comes to the worst, there is the *Plate-fleet* to fall back upon?" When we remember, too, that the taking of the said *Plate-fleet* was, in Raleigh's eyes, altogether just thing; and that he knew perfectly, that if he succeeded therein, he would be backed by the public opinion of all England, and probably buy his pardon of James, who, if he loved Spain well, loved money better; our surprise rather is, that he did not go and do it. As for any meeting of captains in his cabin, and serious proposal of such a plan, we believe it to be simply one of the innumerable lies which James inserted in his declaration, gathered from the tales of men, who fearing, (and reasonably,) lest their heads should follow Raleigh's, tried to curry favour by slandering him. This "*Declaration*" has been so often exposed, that we may safely pass it by; and pass by almost as safely, the argument which some have drawn from a chance expression of his in his pathetic letter to Lady Raleigh, in which he "hopes that God would send him somewhat before his return." To prove an intention of piracy in the despairing words of a ruined man writing to comfort a ruined wife for the loss of her first-born, is surely to deal out hard measure. Heaven have mercy upon us, if all the hasty words which we have wrung from our hearts are to be so judged either by man or God!

Sir Julius Cæsar, again, one of the commission appointed to examine him, informs us, that on being confronted with Captains St. Leger and Pennington, he confessed that he proposed the taking of the *Mexico fleet*, if the mine failed. To which we can only answer, that all depends on how the thing was said, and that this is the last fact which we should find in Sir Julius's notes, which are, it is confessed, so confused, obscure, and full of gaps, as to be often hardly intelligible. The same remark applies to Wilson's story, which we agree with Mr. Tytler in thinking worthless. Wilson, it must be understood, is employed, after Raleigh's return, as a spy upon him, which office he exe-

cutes, all confess, (and Wilson himself as much as any,) as falsely, treacherously, and hypocritically as did ever sinful man; and, *inter alia*, he has this, "This day he told me what discourse he and the Lord Chancellor had about taking the Plate-fleet, which he confessed he would have taken had he lighted on it. To which my Lord Chancellor said, "Why, you would have been a pirate." "Oh," quoth he, "did you ever know of any that were pirates for millions? They only that wish for small things are pirates." Now, setting aside the improbability that Raleigh should go out of his way to impeach himself to the man whom he must have known was set there to find matter for his death, all, we say, depends on how it was said. If the Lord Chancellor ever said to Raleigh, "To take the Mexico fleet would be piracy," it would have been just like Raleigh to give such an answer. The speech is a perfectly true one: Raleigh knew the world, no man better; and saw through its hollowness, and the cant and hypocrisy of his generation; and he sardonically states an undeniable fact. He is not expressing his own morality, but that of the world, just as he is doing in that passage of his apology, about which we must complain of Mr. Napier. "It was a maxim of his," says Mr. Napier, "that good success admits of no examination." This is not fair. The sentence in the original goes on, "so the contrary allows of no excuse, however reasonable and just whatsoever." His argument all through the beginning of the apology, supported by instance on instance from history, is,—I cannot get a just hearing, because I have failed in opening this mine. So it is always. Glory covers the multitude of sins. But a man who has failed is a fair mark for every slanderer, puppy, ignoramus, discontented mutineer; as I am now. What else, in the name of common sense, could have been his argument? Does Mr. Napier really think that Raleigh, even if in the face of all the noble and pious words which he had written, he held so immoral a doctrine, would have been shameless and senseless enough to assert his own rascality in an apology addressed to the most "religious" of kings in the most canting of generations?

But still more astonished are we at the use which Mr. Napier has made of Captain Parker's letter. The letter is written by a man in a state of frantic rage and disappointment. There never was any mine, he believes now. Keymis's "delays we found mere illusions; for he was false to all men and hateful to himself, loathing to live since he could do no more villany. I will speak no more of this hateful fellow to God and man." And it is on the testimony of a man in this temper that we are asked to believe that "the admiral and vice-admiral," Raleigh and St. Leger, are going to the Western Islands "to look for home-

ward-bound men," if, indeed, the looking for homeward-bound men means really looking for the Spanish fleet, and not merely for recruits for their crews. We never recollect (and we have read pretty fully the sea-records of those days) such a synonym used either for the Mexican or Indian fleet. But let this be as it may, the letter proves too much. For, first, it proves, that whosoever is not going to turn pirate, our calm and charitable friend Captain Parker is; for "for my part, by the permission of God, I will either *make a voyage*, or bury myself in the sea." Now, what making a voyage is, all men know; and the sum total of the letter is, that a man intending to turn pirate himself, accuses, under the influence of violent passion, his comrades of doing the like. We may believe him about himself: about others, we shall wait for testimony a little less interested.

But the letter proves too much again. For Parker says that "Witney and Woolaston are gone off a-head to look for homeward-bound men," thus agreeing with Raleigh's message to his wife, that "Witney, for whom I sold all my plate at Plymouth, and to whom I gave more credit and countenance than to all the captains of my fleet, ran from me at the Grenadas, and Woolaston with him."

And now, reader, how does this of Witney, and Woolaston, and Parker's intentions to pirate separately, (if it be true,) agree with King James's story of Raleigh's calling a council of war and proposing an attack on the Plate-fleet? One or the other must needs be a lie; probably both. Witney's ship was of only 160 tons; Woolaston's probably smaller. Five such ships would be required, as any reader of Hakluyt must know, to take a single Carack; and it would be no use running the risk of hanging for any less prize. The Spanish main was warned and armed, and the Western Isles also. Is it possible that these two men would have been insane enough in such circumstances, to go without Raleigh, if they could have gone with him? And is it possible that he, if he had any set purpose of attacking the Plate-fleet, would not have kept them, in order to attempt that with him, which neither they nor he could do without each other? Moreover, no piratical act ever took place, (and if any had, we would have heard enough about it;) and why is Parker to be believed against Raleigh alone, when there is little doubt that he slandered all the rest of the captains? Lastly, it was to this very Parker, with Mr. Tresham, and another gentleman, that Raleigh appealed by name on the scaffold, as witnesses that it was his crew who tried to keep him from going home, and not he them.

Our own belief is, and it is surely simple and rational enough, that Raleigh's "brains," as he said, "were broken;" that he had no distinct plan: but that loth to leave the new world without

a second attempt on Guiana, he went up to Newfoundland to re-victual, "and with good hope," (as he wrote to Winwood himself,) "of keeping the sea till August with some four reasonable good ships," (probably, as Oldys remarks, to try a trading voyage,) but found his gentlemen too dispirited and incredulous, his men too mutinous to do anything; and seeing his ships go home one by one, at last followed them himself, because he had promised Arundel and Pembroke so to do, having, after all, as he declared on the scaffold, extreme difficulty in persuading his men to land at all in England. The other lies about him, as of his having intended to desert his soldiers in Guiana, his having taken no tools to work the mine, and so forth, one only notices to say, that the declaration takes care to make the most of them, without deigning (after its fashion) to adduce any proof but anonymous hearsays. If it be true that Bacon drew up that famous document, it reflects no credit either on his honesty or his "inductive science."

So Raleigh returns, anchors in Plymouth. He finds that Captain North has brought home the news of his mishaps, and that there is a proclamation against him, (which by the bye lies, for it talks of limitations and cautions given to Raleigh which do not appear in his commission,) and, moreover, a warrant out for his apprehension. He sends his men on shore, and starts for London to surrender himself, in company with faithful Captain King, who alone clings to him to the last, and from whom we have details the next few days. Near Ashburton, he is met by Sir Lewis Stukely, his near kinsman, vice-admiral of Devon, who has orders to arrest him. Raleigh tells him that he has saved him the trouble; and the two return to Plymouth, where Stukely, strangely enough, leaves him at liberty, and rides about the country. We are slow in imputing baseness: but we cannot help suspecting from Stukely's subsequent conduct, that he had from the first private orders to give Raleigh a chance of trying to escape, in order to have a handle against him, such as his own deeds had not yet given.

The ruse, if it existed then (as it did afterwards) succeeds. Raleigh hears bad news. Gondomar has (or has not) told his story to the king by crying, "Piratas! piratas! piratas!" and then rushing out without explanation. James is in terror lest what has happened should break off the darling Spanish match. Raleigh foresees ruin, perhaps death. Life is sweet, and Guiana is yet where it was. He may win a basketful of the ore still and prove himself no liar. He will escape to France. Faithful King finds him a Rochelle ship; he takes boat to her, goes half-way, and returns. Honour is sweeter than life, and James may yet be just. The next day he bribes the master to wait for

him one more day, starts for the ship once more, and again returns to Plymouth, (King will make oath) of his own free will. The temptation must have been terrible, and the sin none. What kept him from yielding, but innocence and honour? He will clear himself; and if not, abide the worst. Stukely and James found out these facts, and made good use of them afterwards. For now comes "a severe letter from my Lords" to bring Raleigh up as speedily as his health will permit; and with it comes one Mannourie, a French quack, of whom honest King takes little note at the time, but who will make himself remembered.

And now begins a series of scenes most pitiable. Raleigh's brains are indeed broken. He is old, worn-out with the effects of his fever, lame, ruined, broken-hearted, and for the first time in his life, weak and silly. He takes into his head the paltriest notion that he can gain time to pacify the king by feigning himself sick. He puts implicit faith in the rogue Mannourie, whom he has never seen before. He sends forward Lady Raleigh to London—perhaps ashamed, (as who would not have been?) to play the fool in that sweet presence; and with her good Captain King, who is to engage one Cotterell, an old servant of Raleigh's, to find a ship wherein to escape, if the worst comes to the worst. Cotterell sends King to an old boatswain of his, who owns a ketch. She is to lie off Tilbury; and so King waits Raleigh's arrival. What passed in the next four or five days will never be truly known, for our only account comes from two self-convicted villains, Stukely and Mannourie. On these disgusting details we shall not enter. First, because we cannot trust a word of them; secondly, because no one will wish to hear them who feels, as we do, how pitiable and painful is the sight of a great heart and mind utterly broken. Neither shall we spend time on Stukely's villainous treatment of Raleigh, (for which he had a commission from James in writing,) his pretending to help him to escape, going down the Thames in a boat with him, trying in vain to make honest King as great a rogue as himself. Like most rascalities, Stukely's conduct, even as he himself states it, is very obscure. All that we can see is, that Cotterell told Stukely everything; that Stukely bade Cotterell carry on the deceit; that Stukely had orders from headquarters to incite Raleigh to say or do something which might form a fresh ground of accusal; that being a clumsy rogue, he failed, and fell back on abetting Raleigh's escape, as a last resource. Be it as it may, he throws off the mask as soon as Raleigh has done enough to prove an intent to escape; arrests him, and conducts him to the Tower.

There two shameful months are spent in trying to find out

some excuse for Raleigh's murder. Wilson is set over him as a spy ; his letters to his wife are intercepted. Every art is used to extort a confession of a great plot with France, and every art fails utterly—simply, it seems to us, because there was no plot. Raleigh writes an apology, letters of entreaty, self-justification, what not ; all, in our opinion, just and true enough ; but like his speech on the scaffold, weak, confused—the product of a “broken brain.” However, his head must come off ; and as a last resource, it must be taken off upon the sentence of fifteen years ago, and he who was condemned for plotting with Spain, must die for plotting against her. It is a pitiable business : but, as Osborne says, in a passage, (p. 108 of his *Memoirs of James*), for which we freely forgive him all his sins and lies, (and they are many,)—

“As the foolish idolaters were wont to sacrifice the choicest of their children to the devil, so our king gave up his incomparable jewel to the will of this monster of ambition, (the Spaniard,) under the pretence of a superannuated transgression, contrary to the opinion of the more honest sort of gownsmen, who maintained that his Majesty's pardon lay inclusively in the commission he gave him on his setting out to sea ; it being incongruous that he, who remained under the notion of one dead in the law, should as a general dispose of the lives of others, not being himself master of his own.”

But no matter. He must die. The Queen intercedes for him, as do all honest men : but in vain. He has twenty-four hours' notice to prepare for death ; eats a good breakfast, takes a cup of sack and a pipe ; makes a rambling speech, in which one notes only the intense belief that he is an honest man, and the intense desire to make others believe so, in the very smallest matters ; and then dies smilingly, as one weary of life. One makes no comment. Raleigh's life really ended on the day that poor Keymis returned from San Thomé.

And then ?

As we said, Truth is stranger than fiction. No dramatist dare invent a “poetic justice” more perfect than fell upon the traitor. It is not always so, no doubt. God reserves many a great sinner for that most awful of all punishments, impunity. But there are crises in a nation's life in which God makes terrible examples, to put before the most stupid and sensual the choice of Hercules, the upward road of life, the downward one which leads to the pit. Since the time of Pharaoh and the Red Sea host, history is full of such palpable, unmistakable revelations of the Divine Nemesis ; and in England, too, at that moment, the crisis was there ; and the judgment of God was revealed accordingly. Sir Lewis Stukely remained it seems at Court ; high in favour with James : but he found, nevertheless, that people

pile of moorstone, through which all the winds of heaven howl day and night.

In a chamber of that ruin died Sir Lewis Stukely, Lord of Afton, cursing God and man.

His family perished out of Devon.. His noble name is now absorbed in that of an ancient Virginian merchant of Bideford; and Afton, burned to the ground a few years after, mouldered to an ivied ruin, on whose dark arch the benighted peasant even now looks askance as on an evil place, and remembers the tale of "the wicked Sir Lewis," and the curse which fell on him and on his house.

These things are true. Said we not well that reality is stranger than romance?

But no Nemesis followed James.

The answer will depend much upon what readers consider to be a Nemesis. If to have found England one of the greatest countries in Europe, and to have left it one of the most considerable and despicable; if to be fooled by flatterers to the top of his vent, until he fancied himself all but a god, while he was not even a man, and could neither speak the truth, keep himself sober, or look on a drawn sword without shrinking; if, lastly, to have left behind him a son who, in spite of many chivalrous instincts, unknown to his father, had been so indoctrinated in that father's vices, as to find it impossible to speak the truth even when it served his purpose; if all these things be no Nemesis, then none fell on James Stuart.

But of that son, at least, the innocent blood was required. He, too, had his share in the sin. In Carew Raleigh's simple and manful petition to the Commons of England for the restoration of his inheritance, we find a significant fact, stated without one word of comment, bitter or otherwise. At Prince Henry's death, the Sherborne lands had been given again to Carr, Lord Somerset. To him, too, "the whilgig of time brought round its revenges," and he lost them when arraigned and condemned for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury. Then Sir John Digby, afterwards Earl of Bristol, begged Sherborne of the king, and had it. Pembroke (Shakspeare's Pembroke) brought young Carew to Court, hoping to move the tyrant's heart. James saw him and shuddered; perhaps conscience-stricken, perhaps of mere cowardice. "He looked like the ghost of his father," as he well might, to that guilty soul. Good Pembroke advised his young kinsman to travel, which he did till James's death in the next year. Then coming over, (this is his own story,) he asked of Parliament to be restored in blood, that he might inherit aught that might fall to him in England. His petition was read twice in the Lords. Whereon "King Charles sent Sir James Fullarton (then of

the bed-chamber) to Mr. Raleigh, to command him to come to him; and being brought in, the king, after using him with great civility, notwithstanding told him plainly, that when he was prince, he had promised the Earl of Bristol to secure his title to Sherborne against the heirs of Sir Walter Raleigh; whereon the earl had given him, then prince, ten thousand pounds; that now he was bound to make good his promise, being king; that, therefore, unless he would quit his right and title to Sherborne, he neither could or would pass his bill of restoration."

Young Raleigh, like a good Englishman, "urged," he says, "the justness of his cause; that he desired only the liberty of the subject, and to be left to the law, which was never denied any freeman." The king remained obstinate. His noble brother's love for the mighty dead weighed nothing with him, much less justice. Poor young Raleigh was forced to submit. The act for his restoration was past, reserving Sherborne for Lord Bristol, and Charles patched up the scoundrelly affair by allowing to Lady Raleigh and her son after her, a life pension of four hundred a year.

Young Carew tells his story simply, and without a note of bitterness; though he professes his intent to range himself and his two sons for the future under the banner of the Commons of England, he may be a royalist for any word beside. Even where he mentions the awful curse of his mother, he only alludes to its fulfilment by—"that which hath happened since to that royal family, is too sad and disastrous for me to repeat, and yet too visible not to be discerned." We can have no doubt that he tells the exact truth. Indeed the whole story fits Charles's character to the smallest details. The want of any real sense of justice, combined with the false notion of honour; the implacable obstinacy; the contempt for that law by which alone he held his crown; the combination of unkingly meanness in commanding a private interview, and shamelessness in confessing his own rascality—all these are true notes of the man who could attempt to imprison the five members, and yet organized the Irish rebellion; who gave up Stafford and Laud to death as his scapegoats; and yet pretended to die himself a martyr for that episcopacy which they brave, though insane, had defended to death long before. But he must have been a rogue early in life, and a needy rogue too. That ten thousand pounds of Lord Bristol's money should make many sentimentalists reconsider (if, indeed, sentimentalists can be made to consider, or even to consider, any thing) their notion of him as the incarnation of pious chivalry.

At least the ten thousand pounds cost Charles dear. The widow's curse followed him home. Naseby fight and the Whitehall scaffold were God's judgment of such deeds, whatever man's may be.

- ART. II.—1. *The Universities of Scotland, Past, Present, and Possible.* By JAMES LORIMER, JUN., Esq., Advocate. Edinburgh, 1854. *
2. *The Scottish University System Suited to the People: a Lecture.* By the Rev. PHILIP KEILLAND, M.A., F.R.S. London and Edinburgh, 1854.
3. *University Reform.* By JOHN S. BLACKIE, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1848.
4. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to Visit the Universities and Colleges of Scotland.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 7th October 1831.

THE present, our readers are aware, is not the first occasion, on which we have endeavoured to speak a seasonable word on the condition of our Scottish Universities. To the intelligent we need make no apology for placing the same matter a second time, but in a more full and practical form, before them. The recent changes, however inadequate in the sister institutions of England, and the new principle of examination already introduced into certain departments of our civil service, and impending in others, invest this subject now with a direct and primary interest that did not otherwise belong to it. On few subjects, moreover, we fear, does a greater amount of self-satisfied ignorance and easy indifference prevail. Universities are an affair, people are apt to think, that belongs to the learned; and the general public have as little to do with them as they have with the philology, theology, istology, palæontology, and other speculative merchandise in which they deal. But this is a mistake. The public alone in this country can improve or remodel public institutions; besides, learned men, in practical matters, are often "a feeble folk," and are sometimes no more able to improve their own learned institutions than they are to mend their own shoes. As little is it true that the public have no interest in the state of the highest institutions of learning in this country. A man has to do not only with the one cistern in his own house from which he draws his water, but with the far fountains in the hills from which the supply comes. If these are troubled or scanty, or if the system of pipes by which they are led and distributed is defective, the private cistern will soon cease to supply the householder with a full and liberal draught. We buckle ourselves, therefore, to this subject with a distinct feeling that we are about to deal practically with one of the most practical matters that affect the general wellbeing of the whole community, and

with the most honest-desire to look the whole truth in the face, and to weave over no point of rottenness with a rose-coloured tissue of fine phrases. Let our readers judge for themselves. They ought to have some reminiscences from their juvenile days, which will enable them to test the truth of our statements, and to judge of the soundness of our views. *

What is a university? A university is a sort of corporate Establishment instituted for the intellectual elevation of the community by means of publicly recognised teachers, in the same way that a church is such an Establishment existing for the sake of the moral elevation of the community. And as the Church is the highest and most accomplished engine which the state recognises for the religious training of the people, so a university exists for the purpose of training the people intellectually at that highest stage where education, strictly so called, ends, and the business of life begins. For unless we include this element of degree in our idea of a university, we shall have no means whereby to distinguish between this institution and a school; from which, however, universities are in popular language, and in practical effect, everywhere distinguished, just as much as a mighty mountain is from a little hill, or the sounding ocean from a quiet bay. And further, as that is the best church which teaches the most exalted religion with the widest comprehensiveness, and by the most dexterous appliances, so that is the best university which teaches science and learning, art and literature, at the highest point, to the widest extent, and by the most dexterous system of indoctrination.*

Starting from this definition we shall have no difficulty in gauging the character of academical institutions in Scotland; and the remarks which we may have to offer will, we have reason to believe, meet with a ready consideration in an age when the most important changes are taking place in the general ma-

* Obvious as is this distinction between the proper provinces of a university and a church, Dr. PUSEY, in the following notable passage, with the view of defending the manifest shortcomings of the English collegiate system, thus plausibly confounds them :—"The problem and special work of a university is not how to advance science, not how to make discoveries, not to form new schools of mental philosophy, nor to invent new modes of analysis, not to produce works in medicine, jurisprudence, or new theology; but to form minds religiously, morally, and intellectually, which shall discharge aright whatever duties God in his providence shall appoint to them. Acute and subtle intellects, even though well disciplined, are not needful for most offices in the body politic. The type of the best English intellectual character is sound study, thoughtful, patient, well disciplined judgment. It would be a perversion of our institutions to turn the university into a forcing house for intellect."—*Collegiate and Professorial Teaching*. London, 1854. P. 215. According to this definition, there is no difference between a university and a church; and in fact, Dr. Pusey, like the Jesuits, and all who believe in a divinely appointed infallible clergy, are quite consistent in arrogating to that clergy, as such, the complete monopoly of all education, moral and intellectual.

chinery for the extra academical diffusion of knowledge, and when it is impossible for any man with his eyes open to believe that our highest educational institutions, with an organization made to serve the needs of the sixteenth century, can, without very considerable expansion and modification, stand in the same commanding relation to the nineteenth.

We shall leave untouched the historical question, how far even the wise and influential men of the sixteenth century were in a condition to erect academical institutions so thoroughly furnished in all respects as to satisfy the highest intellectual wants of the age to which they belonged. It is much to be suspected that the religious lords of this country who helped King Harry, and those that came after, to drive the ignorant monks out of their lazy cloisters, were not equally solicitous to erect academic houses where monks of real learning might employ their leisure beneficially in teaching the young idea how to shoot to the top capacity of the time. But universities, such as they were then, certainly met the wants of the age to which they belonged much more completely than they can be expected to do now. Classical learning, for example, was then a great living power in the moral and intellectual world, not as one may now too frequently find it, an old curiosity shop in the hands of a bookish showman, or a venerable bauble carved with strange images in the hand of a pedant. Leaving such historical contrasts, however, we shall address ourselves directly to answer the question, how far the universities of Scotland, as they now stand, are suited to the wants of the people and the age to which they belong; and, in framing our reply, we shall measure existing academical institutions in this country by an ideal derived partly from the essential nature of the thing, partly from striking points of contrast presented by the universities of the sister country, and by that most academical of all European countries, Germany.

We shall commence with the first point mentioned in our definition, viz., that of grade or pitch. A university is to be regarded as in a normal and prosperous condition only while it maintains by a marked boundary visible to all eyes, the native difference between an academical institution and a school. A university is not an establishment for drilling boys and inculcating elements, but for stimulating, enlightening, directing, and elevating young men. If elements are sometimes taught in a university, it is only by an exceptional necessity, as in the case of Sanscrit, Chinese, or Arabic, and other subjects which do not belong to the curriculum even of the highest schools, and which, if taught at all, must be taught from their very starting-point at a university; taught however, be it observed, even in their elements, not to boys, but always to men, or to

youths verging on manhood; for these latter only form the proper population of a university as distinguished from a school. And generally we may say, that wherever teaching of a merely elementary nature is practised in a university, this takes place with subjects which never can in the common course of instruction fall within the compass of the puerile mind, or for the teaching of which no sufficient school organization exists. The simplest elements of botany and zoology, for instance, may be taught in a university, though the elements of these sciences are of a nature peculiarly fitted for the understandings of boys; but this, wherever it takes place, arises from the incompleteness of the school curriculum, and is always to be regarded as in so far a departure from the proper business and the peculiar function of a university.

The amount of merely elementary instruction communicated at any given university, may therefore be taken as a very fair index of the degree to which that institution answers its proper purpose, or of the degree to which by evil circumstances it is forced to condescend to the inferior function of mere schooling. Tried by this test, the Scotch universities, we must confess, are sadly and notoriously deficient. The mere character of the population of our academic halls in the faculty of arts, will, at a single glance, reveal to the eye of the stranger the glaring fact of our academic dwarfishness. The majority of those who frequent the classes of the first two or three years of a Scotch curriculum, display the faces and exhibit the manners of boys. We feel these little academicians in red gowns and velvet collars who dot the sober streets of remote Aberdeen from November to April, are altogether a different generation from either the heavy-booted swashbucklers of Bonn and Jena or the black-gowned square-capped proprietaries that mince along the pavements of clerical Oxford. It is in vain to shut our eyes to the fact that these pretended students are mere boys; and the institutions in which they receive instruction, are plainly performing the part which the upper classes of good schools play in England and Germany. Further proof is not necessary. But if an educational tourist fresh from the prelections of Boeckh and Lobeck in Germany, were to enter any of the Greek and Latin classes in any of the Scotch universities, he would see things done and taught there which he might justly consider as very far from creditable to the countrymen of George Buchanan and Arthur Johnston. If in Edinburgh, he might learn that the most zealous patrons of academical learning in that city are the shopkeepers and the men of business in the municipal corporation,—men who, some three years ago, made no small sensation in the academical world by enacting that the Alpha, Beta,

Gamma, of the Greek grammar, should no longer be publicly taught in the Greek classes of King James' University! and that measure was considered by not a few wise persons, as an extraordinary and a dangerous step in the learned progress of the country!! Nay, he might learn from some of the wiggled gentlemen of the Parliament House, learned in local law, that not many decads ago, a formal interdict was taken out by the Greek Professor in the university against the Head Master of the Burgh School, for the great offence of daring to teach the elements of Greek grammar in the highest classes of the school! If such things were done in the metropolis, what must have been the state of Greek learning in St. Andrews and Aberdeen! Let us not remove the veil further. The Scotch have manifestly failed in one great mission of a university. For what is called academic learning in other countries, they merely give an elementary school drill. They have made their colleges play the part of schools, and this part they have played, as might have been expected, indifferently enough. A good school is always better for boys, than a university toned down to the level of a school. The consequence has been, that every display of academic learning, from the small philologic discipline of editing a Greek play, to the large philosophic enterprise of constructing a church history such as that of Neander, is absent from the registered culture of the Scotch mind. If works are occasionally produced in Scotland of the highest style of scholarly merit, it is not by virtue of the system of learned training which exists in the Scotch universities, but in spite of it. Where so many seeds of scholarship are sown, on a soil however cold, and under a husbandry however lean, one among ten thousand plants may grow to a goodly tree without cause for special eulogy; and it is a remarkable fact in this view, that the two most notable achievements of recent scholarship in Scotland, have been performed by men entirely unconnected with the university system of the country: we mean the translation of the works of Hippocrates by Dr. Francis Adams of Banbury, and the history of Greek literature by Colonel Mure of Caldwell. Scotland, indeed, does not require first-class academical men to do the elementary sort of schooling that it is her habit to do in the principal classes of the curriculum of arts; and therefore if she gets such, it is only now and then, and by a happy accident. What, indeed, would a German Niebuhr with his Titanic excavations and his massive architecture of Cyclopean walls, find to do in a Scotch chair of humanity? The thunder of an Olympian Jupiter is not required to make music, when the village boys are assembled to dance at a harvest home. What need of a Napoleon, or other fighter of great battles, to marshal

the city police and lead, on a band of special constables at the call of the Sheriff to control a vulgar street mob? It is plain that if boys are sent to a university, when they should be in a school, the more completely the professor can metamorphose himself into a schoolmaster, so much the better for the students; and he will effect this necessary metamorphosis the more readily, the further removed he is naturally and by culture from the massive intellectual proportions of a Hermann and a Boeckh.*

We wish we could satisfy our conscience in this part of our review of the low state of the faculty of arts in the Scotch universities, by merely stating what all the world knows, that the Scotch are no scholars. But the evil does not stop here. Nothing in the world is isolated; one blunder necessitates another; and a fundamental mistake in the budding of the boy, will not remain without a visible influence in the bloom of the youth and the fruitage of the man. Lads who enter the Greek and Latin classes of the University at the premature age of fifteen or sixteen, will pass on at the age of sixteen and seventeen, in the second year of their academical course, to the study of the profound principles of logic and metaphysics! If ever there was an educational blunder committed of a gross kind, it is here. Such studies, according to the order of nature, come last, even in the case of perfectly firm and ripe young men just stepping into manhood; but in the case of smooth chinned boys, and hands fresh from marbles and peg-tops, to start a course of the highest academical training with the most difficult problems that ever vexed the mature minds of Aristotle and Plato, does appear very strange.† Self dissection is no easy work at any stage of existence, but it is doubly difficult when the self is not come but only coming, which in its first tender buddings is to experience the probings of this precocious anatomy. But on this particular point we would not here enlarge. Whether it be metaphysics or mathematics that is to occupy the premature undergraduate

* On the point insisted on in the above paragraph, Dr. CHALMERS was very distinct in his evidence before the Royal Commission in 1827. "I think the great defect which attaches to the whole of our Scotch system is, that the scholastic course is terminated too soon—the college course too soon entered on. (Compare his discourse on Literary and Ecclesiastical Endowments, chap. ii, § 6.) In point of fact, I consider that the professors of the learned languages have gradually, during the last hundred years, become more of schoolmasters than they were originally. I think a broad line of demarcation ought to be drawn between the work of a schoolmaster and the work of a professor."

† "I became every day more and more convinced that the subjects on which I lectured, logic and metaphysics, were not adapted to the age, the capacity, and the previous attainments of my pupils."—Professor JARDINE, *Outlines of Philosophical Education*, p. 27; and again at p. 29, "to require the regular attendance of very young men for six months at a stretch, on lectures which they cannot understand, has a tendency to produce habits of negligence, indifference, and inattention, which frequently terminate in a positive aversion to study of every kind."

in the second year of his academical progress, whether moral or mechanical forces are to be submitted to his calculation in the third and fourth year, a certain puerile tone and crude character will remain attached to every step in the stage of the academical progress; a certain wavering indecision will belong to the indoctrination of the professor, and an uncomfortable feeling proceeding from the simultaneous desire of rising to the highest duty of a professor, and the necessity of condescending to the lower functions of an inculcator of elements; and the result of the whole will be the nondescript likeness of a building towered up on the plan of a mighty palace, with materials of turf, and mud, and logs, fit only for the hutting of soldiers miserably in a winter campaign.

So far, therefore, the position of the Scotch universities is clear. They start with the fundamental mistake of confounding the functions of a college and a school, and while they perform the proper duty of a school very inefficiently as may easily be supposed,* and, what is worse, they are necessarily compelled to omit altogether a great part of that highest sort of teaching which belongs to a university as distinguished from a school; and thus, as the great Dr. Chalmers, with his earnest honesty, and his direct clear-sightedness, long ago expressed it, "the whole higher education of the country is weak throughout because weak radically." The strength of the educational system in Scotland, even in its best days, did not lie indeed in the universities or in the upper schools, but in the parochial system, which last was, for a long time, a sufficient cause for no moderate self-congratulation to a people by no means deficient in local self-esteem; and even the universities, with all their confessed puerility and dwarfishness, in certain departments were justly looked upon with pride as resting upon a more broad and natural basis, and ventilated by a freer breath of speculation than the artificial forcing houses of trite philology and bloodless mathematics, which were the favourite haunts of an idle and exclusive aristocracy in England. But these days are gone; not only are good schools now common in every parish in England, but even Oxford, which Dr. Arnold looked upon as past hope, is beginning to look up from its eternal Greek grammars and tragic choruses, and to suspect that there may be many valuable and notable things in God's world worthy of being looked into by British young men in this nineteenth century, which are not mentioned by Aristotle either in the *Nicomachian Ethics*, in the *Rhetoric*, in the *Analytics*, or even in the *Politics*. More than

* "All the vigour and vigilance that can possibly be put forth from the academic chair never will replace the incessant task-work, the close and daily examinations of the school-room."—*DR. CHALMERS ON ENDOWMENTS*, Part I. chap. 2. The quotation from the same writer in the text is from the same admirable discourse.

this, Germany has now become a mighty power in the learned world ; and not a few of our young men in Scotland who, though poor, can travel far with little money, are yearly going over to Bonn, Heidelberg, and Berlin, and bringing home notions of what a university ought to be, very far removed from that puerile pattern in the curriculum of arts which had so long served the vulgar purposes of a people too intensely practical to care for much Greek, and a clergy too earnestly busy to use what little they might possess. The consequence of all this has been, that amid much indifference and an apathy very natural to a hard-working, money-making people, a certain feeling of discomfort has begun to stir the self-satisfied heart of Scotland with regard to her whole educational position, and specially with respect to her universities. Various individuals, by no means deficient either in practical knowledge or in patriotic feeling, have at different times within the last twenty or thirty years, with more or less of public approbation, declared that there is something in the condition of these institutions fundamentally wrong. How far this holds good of the Faculty of Arts we have just stated, and the further prosecution of our inquiry leads us now to cast a glance at the three high Faculties of Theology, Law, and Medicine, and to test their condition by a similar standard.

Now with regard to these, the first evil that strikes us as a necessary consequence of the low state of the Faculty of Arts is, that the great majority of Scotch students of Law, Medicine, and Theology, commence their professional studies at too early an age, and then not always with the help of the common preliminary education in the arts, such as it is, but not seldom even without this aid, just as the regulations of the various learned bodies, or the wish of poor, ignorant, or capricious parents may dictate.*

In medicine particularly, it is notorious that crude lads of sixteen and seventeen, utterly destitute of any solid substructure of scientific acquirement, full of windy conceit, rush at once into the anatomist's lecture hall and begin to peep about amid dead bones and putrid flesh, and to soil the virgin wings of their scarcely opening souls with the vile pollution of the dissecting table. This is altogether contrary to nature, and in many cases we fear morally pernicious. No professional studies of any kind, much less of a purely material and physical kind, should be allowed to engross the minds of ingenuous youth at that period

* Dr. Chalmers had finished his studies in arts, and was already a young theologian when he was only twenty years of age. Of course he never knew what scholarship meant, and to his deep sense of his own deficiencies in this respect, we are to attribute the glowing zeal which he afterwards displayed for educational reform and academical elevation in Scotland.

when they ought rather to be flapping the wings of beautiful fancy, and soaring through the blue welkin of wide human speculation. Taking eighteen as the proper age when a youth ought to leave the highest classes of the gymnasium and to enter college, one period of three years might then be assigned for such general historical, philosophical, philological, literary, and scientific culture, as might best consort either with his individual genius, or his professional views, or both ;* and such a period of preliminary human culture should be made imperative on the aspirants to all the learned professions. Three more years of strictly professional study would bring the future Hippocrates, Cicero, or Chrysostom to the age of twenty-four, an age young enough, if not still a little too young, for the heavy responsibilities that attach to the practice of medicine, law, and theology. From such a well ordered course† of preliminary and professional study for these high vocations, the Scotch have always been and are at the present moment very far removed. If a committee composed of Aberdeen and Glasgow shopkeepers, and Haddington farmers had made the regulations for the preliminary training of young men destined for the learned professions, with the sole view of getting their sons into a money-making position as soon as possible without positive indecency, they could scarcely have made these regulations in most respects more loose than they now are. Up to a very recent period the Presbyterian churches were the only corporate bodies in the country which insisted on even the form of a certain academical attendance before the commencement of the professional studies ; but these good intentions of the ecclesiastical corporations were frustrated in their principal effect, partly by the beggarly style in which Greek was taught all over the country, partly by the very meagre equipment of their whole theological faculty, partly also, no doubt, by the extremely low standard of academic learning with which a Presbyterian and democratic body is naturally content. The consequence of this has been practically, that despite the apparently laborious substructure of a four years curriculum of arts, the faculty of theology in our Scotch universities stands at a lower ebb even than in England, where theology is either not taught at all in the universities or taught in a much more per-

* The present curriculum of arts in Scotland extends over four years ; but this protracted period of preliminary study arises from the insufficient organization of the upper schools, and the necessity of supplementing school work at the universities.

† Within the last few months the Faculty of Advocates have, we understand, passed a regulation that future entrants to their body shall either possess the degree of A.M. of some university, or be examined on certain departments of literature and science by a special board of examiners. This certainly is looking in the right direction.

functory style than in the lowest of the Scotch colleges. In fact, as Greek is the great right hand of theology, it may easily happen, as in England, that a first rate classical scholar, to whom the language of the early Christian Church is as familiar as English, may, in the course of five weeks, acquire a great deal more of what is really valuable in theology, than a poor unclassical Scotchman can, in as many years; for in theology, as in all other sciences, depending on erudite investigation, the most thorough way is, in the long run, the shortest way, viz., to go direct to the fountain head. The real good effect discernible in Scotland from the varied course of preparatory university training through which students of theology pass, is not at all, as might have been expected, the production of a higher theology in the universities, but simply the diffusion of a certain creditable amount of general knowledge and intelligence among the clergy. This is what an ecclesiastical democracy mainly requires; and this is what they have obtained. But a select battalion of the highest and the best trained intellects consecrated to the service of God, in the work of the highest theological education, they certainly have not obtained. This is manifest, without further proof, from the single mention of two notorious facts; *first*, that Principal Campbell of Aberdeen is almost the single biblical scholar ever produced in Scotland, whose name is known beyond the ridge of the Cheviot Hills; *second*, that it was only in the year 1846, that such a thing as a professor of biblical criticism was known even in the University of Edinburgh! After this, no man need wonder at the strange uncritical manner in which Scotch preachers will often quote Scripture. With men so crudely trained, or so utterly without training in accurate hermeneutics, a pious conceit, however puerile, is always of more value than a learned reason.

On the state of legal studies in the Scotch universities, a few words may suffice. The Edinburgh bar has always been fertile in talent, and that not only of a high legal order as in Glenlee, Jeffrey, and Rutherford, but of every most various description, as the names of Sir Walter Scott, Sir William Hamilton, and John Wilson, testify to all the world. The law, in fact, is by way of eminence the learned profession in Scotland, just as the church is in England; and as it is, or was very recently the fashion, south of the Tweed, for ambitious young churchmen to put themselves on the list of candidates for a coming bishopric, by weeding from unseemly corruptions the text of some hoary Greek tragedy, so, among the race of notable Scotch barristers, of whom almost the last has now departed, it was no uncommon spectacle, after a week of harsh forensic jangling, to find the disrobed and unwigged orator stretched at ease in the arbour of

some old castellated suburban retreat, with an Ariosto or an Aristophanes in his hand. Such was the tasteful fashion of ancient Cicero in his Tusculan and other villas; and long may his stern-faced brethren in modern Scotland be able to boast that they indulge in such elegant recreations! But it is one of the strange contradictions of which our British land is so full, that this body of able and accomplished men has never cared to assert or maintain for the noble science which it practises, any high and commanding position in the universities of the country. There are, indeed, three professors of law in the University of Edinburgh, and the names of the men who fill, or have filled these chairs, are not unknown to the learned world even beyond the narrow boundary within which their activity is in the first place necessarily confined; but if we will be honest, we must confess that a grand and complete representation of the science of law in its highest, most philosophical, and strictly academical branches, does not exist in Scotland.*

The Scotch lawyers make a boast of their respect for civil law; but they have never produced a Savigny. The great names in the most recent legal literature of Scotland are all extremely local in their tendency and habit. We find little or nothing of a large historical survey, or of a various and subtle philosophical analysis. That fondness for speculation which the Scotch mind exhibits in regions of metaphysical abstraction and theological theory, has not asserted itself very prominently, certainly does not assert itself now with any marked distinctness in the domain of historical, comparative, and philosophical jurisprudence. In fact, here also, as in the province of theology, the want of a proper foundation of academic learning is visible under a different aspect. Though the philosophical study of law does not require a knowledge of Greek, but only of Latin, which it may reasonably be supposed that every member of the Scotch bar possesses, yet such are the habits of mind induced by the crudity and insufficiency of their early training, that the passion for really learned investigation and thorough philosophical discussion, as it exists in the German universities, is seldom or never generated even amongst the most able members of the bar in Scotland. Other and more practical interests seize and thoroughly overmaster the most aspiring and ambitious minds; the advocate's profession assumes too much the aspect and complexion of a mere trade for making money; and as for anything beyond what is

* Mr. Lorimer has done excellent service to the cause of university education in Scotland, by appending to his book at full length the admirable report of the Faculty of Advocates on "the qualification of entrants," which contains materials for a comparative view of the state of legal education in all the principal countries of Europe.

strictly professional as a condition of advancement to the highest legal honours, a telling speech on a political platform, or a zealous activity at the registration courts, will be found to be of more service to a man than the most thorough and well digested knowledge of the *principum placita*, the *magistratum edicta* and the *responsa prudentum*. In a word, though the Faculty of Advocates is a very able and highly accomplished body, it seems to be a fact to which only the most narrow local conceit can remain blind, that the study of the history and the philosophy of law, as it should be pursued at a university, does not stand very far above zero even in Edinburgh, and of course, without any want of charity, it may be supposed to stand several degrees below zero in Aberdeen.

The low state of the legal and theological schools of Scotland, may indeed be most readily understood by contrasting them with the state of very high vigour and lustihood-which has long distinguished the Medical School in the Metropolitan University. We have already alluded to what this faculty suffers in common with the other two faculties, for want of anything like a broad and firm basis of solid academical learning on which to raise the professional superstructure. This original defect, of course, cannot fail to show itself in various ways, especially in a general disregard of the history and the philosophy of medicine, as distinguished from the mere fashionable notions and habits of investigation prevalent at the present hour; but notwithstanding this great defect, from causes, which it is not our business here to detail, the staff of medical professors in Edinburgh stands out with a front of manly vigour and activity which may continually remind the nation what the other faculties may and ought to be. For, in the first place, the medical faculty presents a very large and various array of professors, in all the different departments of the science, more like the heavy armed ranks of erudite *ὀπλίται* seen in Berlin and Bonn than the very meagre complement of chairs which generally makes up what is called a faculty in a Scotch university. In the next place, the professors are all active and energetic men, handling, with equal activity and dexterity, the scalpel and the goose quill. In the third place, students flock to the Edinburgh Medical School, from the east and from the west, and from the north, and even from far South Araby and Ethiopia, as queens did of old to hear the wisdom of Solomon.* This, certainly, can in no wise be said of our schools of theology and law. Of one thing, therefore, we have reason to be proud: the Medical School of the Modern

* As an illustration of this, it may be mentioned that in the year 1853, the first prize in the botany class was gained by a Chinese student named Wang-Tang.

Athens exhibits every sign of a high and generous vitality. With a little old fashioned Greek and a little cosmopolite philosophy, and with a comprehensive medical bill to arrange its relations to various therapeutic corporations, it would be a four-square thing and complete, "a wonder to mortals," as rare old Homer used to phrase it, and an object of delectable contemplation even to the strong mailed and full panoplied *eruditissimi* of Deutschland.

So much for the mere comparative elevation or stature which the Scotch Universities have been able to reach. Let us now look at the extent of literary and scientific ground which their action embraces, and see whether it be in any degree commensurate with the wants of the present age. Now, when at this point of the review a patriotic Scotchman directs his eye to the nearest object of comparison and contrast—the English Universities—he certainly finds not a little with which to gratify his intense feeling of nationality. For though it be quite true that an English University occupies the academical ground with an array of professorships, fellowships, and other offices, in comparison of which the Scotch institutions appear only as a few homely shops set against a magnificent and omnigenous bazaar, yet, as all the world knows, the English professorships exist merely for the sake of the professors, and little, or not at all, for the benefit of the students; while of the numerous array of fellows, some are altogether idle, and others insist on teaching only a certain narrow range of subjects according to certain narrow and somewhat pedantic formulas; so that, instead of that large and free range of catholic culture which Establishments so vast and so nobly endowed might reasonably have been expected to embrace, a tyrannical routine of scholastic study has been sanctioned, and with a stupid obstinacy maintained as an academical ideal, which along, no doubt, with an admirable minute accuracy in certain departments, has produced an amount of narrow-mindedness, pedantry, and bigotry, that has made Oxford a very proverb amongst the nations. Contrasted with such a pretentious system of dry verbalism and uninspired formulas, the Scotch Universities, though on a lower and humbler platform, seemed to present the spectacle of a large liberality and a rich variety on which the eye of the nation might rest with a just pride and a not unwarranted satisfaction. If the Scotch could not boast much Greek either within the walls of the universities or without them, they did not commit the mistake of imagining that there was nothing in the world worth doing but that perpetual nibbling at the long and short syllables of some illegible old chorus to which a famous school of English scholarship was long so ingloriously confined. If they did not attempt to scale the grey

heaven of grammarians and mathematicians, they could say that they walked over God's green earth with an elasticity of step and a freedom of range unknown to the first-class Oxonian who had marched up to honours under the full harness of Aristotle's Rhetoric and Porson's Four Plays. On this subject Mr. Lorimer, in his well timed and high-toned little work, looking to the possibility of Scotchmen, from the operation of various causes, being more and more induced to seek their highest education in England, has the following excellent remarks:—

“ We are perhaps more free from anti-English prejudices than some of the more patriotic of our countrymen might think desirable ; but we do confess that we could not see without regret the whole youth of Scotland thus cast in the mould of the English Universities. We are persuaded that these institutions, from their very completeness, exercise on second-rate minds an influence unfavourable to originality and freedom of thought. Such, as it seems to us, is peculiarly the case with Oxford. Her pupils are struck, as it were, with one mental die ; and on every subject which is presented to them, the opinions to which they give utterance, in place of being the results of their own individual thinking, are too frequently nothing more than an expression of Oxford views. But if there be one peculiarity in the intellectual character of our countrymen, as developed in their native academical institutions that we specially prize, it is that openness and freshness of mind which is ready to receive new truth, whosoever it may come. Of this, many instances, past and present, might be mentioned. The philosophy of Newton was taught in the universities of Scotland long before it was substituted for the Cartesian hypothesis in Newton's own university of Cambridge. In the present century, the modern philosophical opinions which originated with Kant, Coleridge endeavoured to introduce into England in vain ; but even at his hands they were received without prejudice in a country, the national peculiarities of which, during his whole life, had been the favourite subject of his ridicule ; and it is through Scottish channels that they are now daily influencing English thought. We have already mentioned the claim which Scotland has to the origin of these economical doctrines which, during the last fifty years, have been slowly working their way into England ; and to the same source is to be attributed, not only the mechanical inventions which signalized the commencement of the present century, but the medical and even the legal reforms which are now running riot among our English neighbours. * How greatly, too, is the systematic and scientific agriculture of the age indebted to the free experimental research of Scotland during the present century.”

Now all this encomium is very true, but the day for resting with an idle satisfaction on this phase of the subject is gone by ; for the English Universities have at length been made to feel the strong breath of public opinion, and when thoroughly reformed in the direction of the late changes, will no longer serve as a

foil by which to set off the liberality of the sister institutions in Scotland. It will soon become evident, if the English university men do themselves justice, that in Oxford and Cambridge, an education is to be obtained, not only of the highest grade in certain favourite departments, but more wide, broad, and free, in all departments than anything that the best provided Scotch curriculum presents. For how narrow and insufficient this curriculum is, a single glance at the ordinary roll of Scotch professorships in the Arts will shew.

This roll exhibits,—

1. A Professorship of Latin.
2. “ Greek.
3. “ Mathematics.
4. “ Logic and Metaphysics.
5. “ Moral Philosophy.
6. “ Mechanical Philosophy.

This is literally the whole extent of the domain of literature and science over which the regular curriculum of Arts in Scotland, or, as they call it in Germany, the Philosophical Faculty, extends. In the individual colleges, there are some varieties, of which we may mention the following. In Edinburgh, but in Edinburgh only, there exists a class of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres; and attendance on this class is necessary for attaining an academical degree. In Aberdeen again, where English Literature and polite letters of every kind are utterly ignored, some compensation is found in the fact, that in Marischal College, Natural History, and in King's College, Chemistry, has been introduced as a prominent and indispensable part of the curriculum. In some of the other universities also, the chemistry classes are recognised as necessary to the academical degree; and in all the universities, either Natural History or Chemistry, partly from their connexion with Medical Science, partly from their manifest utility, have attained a certain creditable degree of prosperity quite independent of any academical favour. But when we have said this, we have said all. When we look more closely into the matter, the exceeding inadequacy of the provision for the academical teaching of the few subjects taught, is only surpassed by the important catalogue of subjects that are not taught at all. Take, for instance, the Natural Sciences, which to a practical and utilitarian people like the Scotch, might justly seem to be of supreme importance. In St. Andrews, the Civil History Chair, (by some arrangement or other with the grounds of which we are unacquainted,) was recently changed into a Natural History Chair; but we have not yet learned that the knowledge of the green and living world without them forms any part of the course of study pursued by the undergraduates

in the "East Neuk," or, indeed, that a *Natural History Class* is taught at all. Again, in King's College, Aberdeen, there is no Chair of Natural History; and though there may be one at a mile's walk farther south, in Marischal College, this can serve them no purpose, because the members of these two separate and rival Establishments have no larger dealings with one another than the Samaritans of old had with the Jews. But let us ask this question also—How is it possible that in the present advanced state of the Natural Sciences, they can be represented adequately in the National Universities, by a single chair in each? The capacious and philosophic intellect of a Forbes may, indeed, embrace the whole range of organized nature in his ken, from the star-fish that floats in the deepest sea, to the star-flower that blooms amid everlasting snows; but such men are rare; and at this time of day, no university can look upon itself as possessed of the complement of necessary workmen in the department of Natural Science, unless it has at least three professors—one of Botany, another of Zoology, and a third of Mineralogy and Geology. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, by some happy chance, a Professorship of Botany does exist; but in St. Andrews and Aberdeen, nothing of the kind—much less the luxury of a Botanic Garden—though both these universities grant medical degrees! Take now the Moral Sciences. In the original curriculum of the Scotch Universities, there were two classes expressly dedicated to Mental Science—the one now generally known as the Logic Chair, occurring in the second year of the curriculum; the other called the Moral Philosophy Chair, taken by the students in the third year. Now, considering that, according to the same original scheme, the natural sciences were represented only by readings from certain books of Aristotle, with commentary, mental philosophy must be acknowledged to have received full justice. But the result of this rich provision for the highest sciences, as the classes are actually worked, has proved somewhat meagre. We have already remarked upon the absurdity of forcing a troop of unripe boys, in the second year of their academical progress, to anatomize their own minds, and attempt a complete systematic analysis of the laws of thought, before they have learned by experiment what thinking means. Professor Jardine, therefore, found it preferable to sacrifice the propriety of his Chair to the convenience of his students, and turned the Logic Class with great practical success into a sort of school of literary gymnastics, a "miscellaneous practical kind of instruction," where essays were written on all sorts of concrete subjects, with which it was possible that the opening mind of boys of fifteen or sixteen might sympathize. By a course of this kind the Glasgow professor, whom we have

just named, gained a high reputation as an educationist. Finding himself placed as a professor in the midst of an element essentially puerile, he made the most of his boys, and as little as possible of his logic. Others, with less practical tact, turned the Logic Chair into a Chair of Analytic Mental Philosophy, after the manner of Reid and Stewart, which might have been all very well for a make-shift, had not the professor of moral philosophy, instead of teaching pure and applied Ethics generally, considered it his duty to go over pretty much the same ground—a confusion of academical spheres of activity which still prevails more or less in our Universities, with certain variations, according to the humour of the professional incumbent. Sir William Hamilton, we believe, is the only professor of “Logic and Metaphysics” who gives a double course of strict Logic and strict Metaphysics, according to the highest academical type which those studies have reached in the present age; but it will always remain a matter of serious doubt with practical educationists, whether his course of lectures be not a great deal too good for the mass of his juvenile auditors, and whether, for the prosperity of the Scotch Universities, it be not absolutely necessary that the abstract sciences should be moved up summarily to the fourth year of the course.* This, at least, was the decided conviction of certain shrewd academical men in the north, who, so early as the year 1756, made that remarkable academical reform of the academical curriculum in the two Universities of Aberdeen, whereby Logic and Moral Philosophy being thrown into one Chair, were advanced into the last year of the course, while the place formerly occupied by Logic as the study of a distinct year, was assigned to “Natural and Civil History” and Mathematics. This arrangement, however, while it placed the mental sciences at their natural stage in the progress of the youthful mind, unfortunately also cut off one of their academical representatives; and, accordingly, the so-called “moral philosopher” in the Northern Universities had handed over to his single charge a huddled mass of everything not physical and not mathematical, out of which he might select and arrange whatever most suited his own genius or that of his pupils. Logic proper, General Logic, Metaphysics proper, General Anthropology, Philosophy of Taste, Philosophy of Language, Ethics, and Natural Theology—for the academical

* This is the opinion of Sir William Hamilton himself; and Dr. Chalmers, when professor of Moral Philosophy of St. Andrews, gave his evidence to the same effect before the Royal Commission in 1827. “As to the order in which the classes should be attended, the Aberdeen arrangement is the best. Moral Philosophy should be the last subject in the course.” We may add, that Aristotle himself says so in his introduction to the *Nicomachian Ethics*.

teaching of all these branches of mental science, the munificence of the Northern Universities provides one professor—passing rich, with £350 a-year of income, fees included !

This is a fair specimen of the furniture of a Scotch University, in every department, save the Medical School of Edinburgh. Instead of the confused nondescript conglomerate, in the domain of the moral sciences, just described, a well equipped University would contain, at least, six distinct Chairs, as follows :—

1. A Chair of Logic and Metaphysics.
2. " of Ethics and Natural Theology.
3. " of Political Philosophy.
4. " of Political Economy.
5. " of Civil History.
6. " of the Philosophy of the Beautiful, and the Theory
 and History of the Fine Arts.

No man can say that all these are not most important subjects of academical instruction ; but where are they found in the Universities of Scotland ? Civil History, it might be thought, is a subject of all others the most interesting and necessary to a nation, so practical, and performing so important a part on the stage of the world as Great Britain ; but such has been the predominance of scholastic pedantry in the rich English Universities, and such the scantiness of academical furniture in the poorer Scotch ones, that an itinerant student would find infinitely better means of historical instruction provided for him in Athens, in the beggarly kingdom of Bavarian Otho, than he can find in the richest Universities of England, or in the proud metropolitan establishment of educated Scotland. Civil History, indeed, as an academical study in Scotland, may be said not to exist. The Civil History Chair in St. Andrews, as we already stated, was converted into a Natural History Chair which exists only in name ; the strange union of Natural and Civil History in the commission of Professor Nicol of Aberdeen, has ended, as such unions always do, in the swallowing up of the one element by the other ; and in this case, as at St. Andrews, the birds and beasts and creeping things have swallowed up the kings and queens, and the mighty hunters before the Lord. All this is a speaking proof of the state of neglect into which the Scotch people have allowed the Universities to fall. Surely the nation was asleep when these things took place, or overbusy with matters which they considered of superior importance. No person, as Mr. Lorimer (p. 29) forcibly points out, can assert that Scotland has not been advancing at a marvellous rate since the time that the last of its Universities was founded. The armies of tall chimneys and long streets and busy steamboats in Glasgow, tell

a tale of the most extraordinary progress; but if muslins and calicoes are good for the body, philosophy and science are good for the soul. Why should there be so much fatness and splendour there, with so much leanness and poverty here? Scotland, who loves to speak of herself as well educated, should blush to think how little she has done to create and to maintain a staff of men, who, as the educators of the educator, must necessarily determine both the quantity and the quality of that intelligence which circulates among the masses, and intellectualizes the mob. May we hope that we are now at the beginning of better things, or shall we sit down contentedly in our academical rags, and allow the ghost of Napoleon Buonaparte to call us a nation of shopkeepers?

To make the extreme insufficiency of our University furnishing yet more evident, we shall follow the example of Mr. Lorimer, and borrow a cross light from Germany. In a programme, now before us, of lectures delivered in the University of Halle—a second rate Prussian University—we have no fewer than fourteen different lecturers on various branches of Christian literature and philosophy; of these, eight bear the title of “Ordinary Professor,” one of “Honorary Professor,” three of “Extraordinary Professor,” and two of “Privatim docentes,” which last, interpreted into English, would signify authorized intra-mural lecturers. Now, whatever Scotchmen may think of German theology, there is evidence enough here of a degree of intellectual activity, in the theological department, to which no British University can present any parallel; and if the learned German theologians do indulge in various speculative vagaries very far removed from what we esteem sound doctrine, is it not most humiliating to think that these “intellectual moles,” as the brilliant French lady called them, are so much more zealous in mining the dark passages of heresy, than we are in paving and lighting those great highways of orthodoxy of which we vaunt so loudly? Is it not strange, and of ominous import, that a German rationalist, William Gesenius, should, in his masterly Hebrew dictionary, have prepared a palace for all the Biblical scholars of Europe, while the ultra-orthodox Scotch divines were living in mud cabins and old smoke-begrimed huts? But to pass on to another department. In the philosophical faculty, corresponding to the arts in Scotland, we have in Halle thirty-eight different lecturers, a number by seven greater than the whole professors of Edinburgh put together, which yet contains more than double the number of professional Chairs that belong to any Normal Scotch University, and that solely by reason of the extraordinary prosperity of its Medical School. Among the subjects in which this accomplished body of intel-

lectual gladiators exercise themselves, we find the following :— Greek literature, Greek archæology, Greek philosophy, with lectures on various works of Demosthenes, Plato, Sophocles, Cicero, Lucretius, Horace, by eight different lecturers in what we call the classical department; again, in the region where law rises into philosophy—a perfect blank in Scotch Universities—we have lectures on political science, on the public law of England, on European statistics; also, on the history of Germany, on the history of the Middle Ages, and on modern history generally; then, in the philological department beyond the domain of Greek and Latin, we have lectures on Oriental literature, on the Semitic languages, on Persic, Sanscrit, and even Chinese, on Molière's comedies, Shakspeare's plays, Goethe's Faust, and the Lay of the Niebelungen; not to mention optics, astronomy, electricity, chemistry, geology, palæontology, helminthology, anthropology, botany, zoology, and all sorts of pure and mixed mathematics, all by separate professors. The very announcement of these facts, so foreign to Scotch ideas, will no doubt be apt to produce in minds of a utilitarian character, as Mr. Lorimer well expresses it, "an amount of foolish bewilderment, which proves too conclusively the contracted conceptions which are prevalent in the north country, both as to the capabilities of the professorial system and the functions of a University." It will be easy, also, to laugh at such an array of learned names, as a mere vain display of German pedantry, which the shrewd and practical sons of Caledonia are too sensible to imitate, and too wise to require; but the melancholy fact will remain, that while the German Universities furnish first-rate instruction in every department of human knowledge, Scotch Universities leave many important departments a complete blank, and in others dribble out drops of diluted nutriment in the scantiest measure, and (like certain popular catechisms) "adapted for the meanest capacities." Vainly, also, will it be said by some stout defenders of things as they are in Scotland, that the Germans, with all their learning are children in politics, and that German students drink beer, smoke tobacco, and clatter along the streets in huge boots, and slash one another's faces inordinately. All this we know well. The faults of the Germans, whatever they be, in the Political world, can never excuse our delinquencies in the Academical; and the juvenile extravagances of a few gay-capped students on the banks of the Saale or the Rhine can never justify the people of Scotland in keeping teachers of the highest branches of learning on a starvation allowance, and dwarfing her academical professors, as much as may be, down to the dimensions of an elementary schoolmaster.

We come now to the third element in our definition of a

University, by which we proposed to test the value of the existing academical institutions of Scotland. We said that was the best university which, along with the highest degree and the widest extent of learning properly academic, possessed the best system of indoctrination or academical instruction. But before passing on to the consideration of this very important point, we may remark that the special function of teaching the youth is not by any means necessary to the idea of a University as contained in our definition. For the intellectual elevation of the community may be attained so far by the mere separation of a body of learned and ingenious men from the rest of the community, with leisure to devote themselves to their favourite pursuits, and make public the results of their study by books or otherwise, for the benefit of others. Nay, the studies of some learned men may be of such a nature as not to find a direct market in the common curriculum even of the highest education. Such, for instance, are palæography, numismatics, and all the less usual languages and more recondite fields of learning and science. How little this has been considered by the Scotch is manifest from the fact, that, in their Universities, the chairs are either not endowed at all, or endowed so poorly that it is impossible for the professor to make a livelihood without dealing in learning as a mere marketable commodity.* Indeed, there are many Scotchmen, especially in those towns where the Mercantile overpowers the Academical interest, who have no idea of a professor, except as a teacher out of whom, for so much money, they get so much work for the benefit of their sons. That a professor should be a high-priest of science, and have an eye to the general intellectual reputation of his country, not merely to the special drill of this stupid tyro or that, is a conception very far above the utilitarian level of such persons. The consequence of the prevalence of these low ideas has been, that no branches of learning have flourished in the Scotch Universities, except those which can be turned to immediate practical account, or are protected by some time-honoured precedent; and the professors of all branches of learning are obliged to confine their attention exclusively to what is called for by the immediate professional demand, however low, and however partial that may happen to be. In fact, the over-riding of Academical institutions by one-sided practical views and professional interests has had a tendency to vulgarize the whole tone of Academical instruction in Scotland, and to turn the temple of the virgin

* "It is certainly desirable that a professor should be placed above the reach of a temptation so humiliating as that of stepping down from a higher to a lower walk in science, for the purpose of there meeting with a proper number of students."—*DR. CHALMERS.*

Athena into a market-place for worldly merchandise. Here, again, "infidel" and "rationalist" Germany might teach religious and orthodox Scotland a useful lesson, if Scotland be not too conceited to learn. The German professors teach as laboriously, and with as much manifest success as the Scotch; but the king of Prussia, whatever his faults be as a politician, has wisdom enough as an educated gentleman to know that there are men in the world of letters and science able to do good service to a University in various ways, though they are not eminent as mere teachers. Such men he has the sense and the generosity to attach to the bright staff of his academical legions in Bonn and Berlin; and verily he has his reward; a reward which Scotland can never look for, so long as it does not see that the provision of a learned leisure for a learned class is a duty which every society owes to itself, independently of the mere amount of cerebral labour to be got from this Academical man or the other, and which may be remunerated according to the standard of trade, by a certain material equivalent in pounds, shillings, and pence. But, to proceed. We willingly grant that a learned class being maintained by the State or by the public, or, what we think best, partly by both, the possessors of learning should, in the general case, be called upon to contribute to the intellectual elevation of the nation, not merely by publishing the results of their investigations in the form of books or otherwise, but specially and particularly by taking a prominent part in the highest education of the youths attending the national Universities. All the world knows by what an extraordinary inversion of the poles of academical propriety a whole army of professors came to exist in Oxford and Cambridge, without having any recognised function as academical instructors; the function of teaching having been handed over (not by the professors, but by certain heads of lodging-houses) to an inferior class of instructors, called college tutors, and to a few very clever, but extra-academic adventurers, called private tutors. This abuse of abuses, which the recent Oxford Reform Bill has scarcely touched, no one will dream of finding in poor Scotland, where, indeed, a university is practically identical with a college, and the mass of the people never imagine that the two things may be distinct, much less that the prerogatives of the superior corporation—that is, the University—may anywhere be usurped by the subordinate one—that is, the college. In Scotland all professors are working men, and not a few of them labour as hard in their vocation as any the best employed "coaches" on the banks of the Cam. How, then, do these professors teach? Merely by lectures, as professors generally are supposed to teach, or by personal examination and individual drill, according

to the much-trumpeted model method of the English colleges and private tutors? The answer is, the Scotch professors teach *both* ways, but according to no fixed law, in such a fashion, that while in some cases the professorial or lecturing element predominates, in other cases the tutorial or catechetical method, as Dr. Pusey calls it, gives the tone, or perhaps altogether swallows up and annihilates the professorial element. This is a point in the practical conduct of Scotch academical instruction of the utmost consequence to be distinctly understood; the more so, that in England a general impression seems to prevail, that in Scotland academical instruction is carried on, as in Germany, merely or mainly by public exhibitions of talking.* This is a great mistake, arising, no doubt, from a superficial view, taken by strangers of the character of those public lectures by which certain of the more notable classes in the metropolis are visibly taught, when contrasted with the so-called private lectures of the English college tutors. Neither is it to be denied that there have been, and that there may be, even now, some professors in the Scotch Universities who communicate instruction by public lectures only; but the important and characteristic fact is, that the great majority of the effective classes are taught by a combination of general lecture and individual drill, while in not a few, the lecture performs a very subordinate part, and in some cases, does not exist at all.† Let us test this by Dr. Pusey's definition of the English tutorial system of which he is such a sturdy, but one-sided and bigoted advocate. "By the collegiate system I mean that by which the mind of the young man is brought into direct contact with the mind of his instructor intellectually by the catechetical form of imparting knowledge wherein the mind of the young man, having been previously employed on some solid text book, has its thoughts directed, expanded, developed, and enlarged by one of more maturer mind and thought, who also brings to bear on the subject knowledge and reflection, which the pupil cannot be supposed to have." Now taking this definition as expressing the ideal of the English tutorial system, according to one of its

* Dr. Pusey, in his work already quoted, takes his model of the purely professorial system from "Infidel Germany"—a very convenient method to serve a party purpose, and assist a popular cry among ignorant and timid people; but had he been honestly anxious to shew what the professorial system practically means, he might have condescended to cast a side glance at institutions nearer home, and see what Sir William Hamilton and other famous professors actually were doing in religious Scotland.

† In the medical school the tutorial part of the system is exhibited in the experimental classes attached to the classes of anatomy and chemistry, and in the clinical lectures. Of the great importance attached to these last by the founders of the Scottish Medical School in the middle of the last century, an instructive account will be found in *Thompson's Life of Cullen*, Vol. i., p. 101.

most prominent and able champions, it is a curious fact that it contains a literal description of the method of teaching which prevails in the most notable of the Scotch classes, where according to a vulgar misconception the professorial system only prevails. All Scotch professors, as we have said, do not teach on the same system; but we make bold to say that the "purely professorial system," so much dreaded by Dr. Pusey, exists in very few Scotch University classes, in none certainly of those which are generally attended by the great mass of Scotch undergraduates. In the Scotch classes for Greek and Latin, lectures are delivered only occasionally, once a week perhaps, and sometimes not so frequently. The "solid book" of which Dr. Pusey makes so much is the only solid part of the feast. In the mathematical classes likewise, where lecturing would be a wordy absurdity, the whole teaching is done by individual drill, and in the classes of mental philosophy, the professor either divides his public teaching between lecturing and examining, or if he devotes all his public hours to lecturing, prescribes a certain number of exercises to be performed by the students,* in the private revision of which he performs the functions of a tutor by "correcting, expanding, developing, enlarging" the crude attempts of his band of juvenile philosophers. What shall we say then?—is the method of imparting instruction in the Scotch Universities perfect? does it combine all the excellencies of the German professorial, and the English tutorial method, the powerful stimulus of the one, and the painstaking inculcation of the other? The answer lies in the facts already stated, and in a few more which we will now state. In some classes of some of the universities we have no doubt that the combination of the professorial and the tutorial system exists in as perfect a state as is possible, where the two functions are performed by the same person. Where a class, for instance (as is the case with all the principal classes according to the original type), meets two or even three hours a day,† it is plain that when the professor in the first of these hours delivers a lecture, and in the second, sits to "correct, develop, and ex-

* "There is no part of the system pursued in the university which is attended with more numerous and direct advantages than the practice of writing exercises on the subjects discussed by the professor."—JARDINE, 302.

† "When I was appointed Professor of Logic in the year 1774, the lectures were delivered at an early hour in the morning, and in the forenoon the students were again assembled, *one hour every day for the purpose of examination*; in addition to which, two or three themes not very closely connected with the subjects discussed by the professor in public, were usually prescribed by him as private exercises, at certain intervals during the session."—*Outlines of Philosophical Education*, by Professor GEORGE JARDINE, 2d edition, Glasgow, 1825, p. 23; but afterwards, p. 280, he states that in order to do justice to his students he found it necessary "while one hour is employed in lecturing to devote two hours each day to examinations and exercises!"

pand" ideas eliminated from the student, either by the Socratic method of question and answer, or by written exercises—in this case a most accomplished type of combined professorial and tutorial activity is exhibited. But in the Scotch academical system many circumstances combine to mar the completeness of this most desirable consummation. In the first place, all classes do not meet two hours a day, (in Edinburgh two hours is the rare exception) and in these classes it will be evident that either the lecturing or the examining must be greatly curtailed; and in either case the perfect equipoise of the system is destroyed. In the second place, the number of students in the larger universities is often so great, that in the best attended classes the nice individual action which the tutorial system implies, can be carried out only very inadequately, especially where, as in Edinburgh, most of the classes meet only one hour a day.* In the third place, the functions of a first-rate professor, and of a good tutor, are so different that the attempt to unite the two characters in one person will often fail; and it requires no great discernment to perceive, that herein lies one great weakness of the Scotch system. When between two and three hundred youths are placed under one educational superintendent, it is manifest that if a complete exhibition of high professorial, combined with the lowest tutorial agency be demanded, too much work is expected from one man, work too of very different kinds, the capacity for which may often not co-exist in the same person. The practical result of this is plain; either the so-called professor will sink altogether into a tutor, which occurs to a greater extent than is imagined, or he will keep the eagle wings of his professorial function floating at a due altitude, in which region, however, a number of creeping souls will find it difficult to derive any benefit from his gyrations; or he will go on swaying the best way he can between professor and tutor, doing full justice to neither, if his classes be very numerous, or excelling in both functions, if the number of his hearers be small and his tact in teaching great. It is plain, therefore, that from the operation of all these circumstances, the Scotch system of academical instruction as a whole, is very far from an ideal; in fact, where details are narrowly looked into, it will be found that Mr. Lorimer has not exaggerated the matter when he says, p. 42, that "as teaching establishments our universities are scandalously defective." For

* Dr. Chalmers, who was a great advocate of the Socratic or catechetical method of professorial teaching, expressly told the Commission, that for want of a separate hour for examination, he could only do the most meagre justice to his students, not being able even with the comparatively small classes of St. Andrews, "to come over the class in the way of exercises more than three or four times in the course of a session."—Evidence, p. 77.

in order to gauge properly the teaching power of the system, we must bear in mind that fundamental mistake, from which the Scotch Universities start—the confusion of the separate provinces of university and school. No man can form a correct estimate of the manner in which the Scotch system works, without keeping prominently before his mind the fact, that the great majority of Scotch students are either town boys with unripe minds, or grown country lads without training; and the peculiar difficulty of dealing with this aggregate continually raises the most perplexing educational problems which, with the existing teaching machinery of Scotland, are not likely to be solved. It is this state of things which has a constant tendency to lower the tone of the university teaching of Scotland down to the level of mere school work, so that in many cases he is the most useful professor who most completely denudes himself of his highest professorial functions, and doggedly sets himself with a stern, precise, and unostentatious perseverance to perform on a higher platform the work which should have been performed by the schoolmaster. In the smaller universities this often succeeds tolerably well. The utilitarian Scotchman has found “a good teacher” for his son, one whose charges are extremely moderate, and who bears the respectable title of professor. The degree of A.M. too, conferred often at the age of eighteen or nineteen, sometimes even earlier, crowns the reputable process. The literary ambition of vulgar citizenship is satisfied; but no one cares to remember, that by these puerile proceedings the academical character of Scotland is sacrificed, and the stunted stature of her professors made a by-word among the nations.

There is only one other feature in the Scotch Universities, which, as it materially affects both the style and the results of teaching, deserves a separate mention. We allude to the condition and character of the students, especially as contrasted with the elegantly gowned and capped aspirants who bear the same name in the sister country. English students are for the most part gentlemen, and come to college, many of them, with no definite purpose, certainly not with the purpose of studying. Of Scotch students, the majority are the sons of the lower and middle classes; occasionally a slight admixture of the higher classes may be discerned; but this is foreign to the atmosphere. The Scotch Universities are characteristically and essentially plebeian; plebeian in their population, plebeian in their standard, plebeian in their rewards. The aristocracy cares not to acknowledge them. Those who pique themselves upon their pure blood and high connexions will not be eager to send their sons to sit on the same benches with the sons of tradesmen and artisans. This thorough exclusion of the aristocratic element, though un-

fortunate in some views, has been on the whole wonderfully favourable to good teaching. The sons of working men come to the university for the sake of working. They take to the book as their fathers took to the desk, the counter, or the spade, because they must. They are all reading men because reading is the acknowledged business of the university, and as for riding, an exercise so familiar to many gowned Cantabs, it is, to the most of Scotch students, a chivalrous fancy of the middle ages, with which, in these pedestrian times, we can have no concern. No doubt, congregations of young men will trifle occasionally and seize all natural occasions to throw off the harness; but so great is the general desire of Scotch youth to profit by learned opportunity, and so potent the spur of poverty, that if in any class of a Scotch university, general idleness and inattention prevail, the fault is always in the professor or in the curriculum, never in the students. This honest laboriousness of disposition, and close intellectual tenacity, is the alone cause why, with such an inadequate staff of teachers, and with such a sad want of the requisite preparatory training, so much substantial work is nevertheless performed by Scotch students: work of which doubtless more notable results would be known in the world, were it not the peculiar academic policy of Scotland to send many of her sons to learning, only that learning may teach them with a greater dignity to starve. We must add also here, that the high-trumpeted virtue of collegiate life in England to keep the morals of the students free from contamination, has little or no significance to the ear of the Scotch University Reformer; for two-thirds of the students in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and new Aberdeen, live either in their parents' houses, or with friends to whose care they have been intrusted, while the remaining third is too poor to dream of those "gentlemanly vices," of which money is the condition and idleness the occasion. One great advantage only, the English collegiate life has, over the scattered lodgment of the students in such populous towns as Edinburgh and Glasgow. The English students, like the religious societies in the Romish Church, are a brotherhood, and pride themselves on the badges of their fraternity; so also in Germany, the Burschen; but in Edinburgh, the student displays no symbol, and flaunts with no "picturesque habiliments," constitutes no club, and rejoices in no organization. In the other universities, indeed, a red gown is worn, and somewhat of a feeling of academical community is cherished; but the bond is weak where strongest; at college the Scotch student belongs to his family and to himself only; when he leaves college he belongs to the world; and Alma Mater is a name, which raises certain not unpleasant feelings upon occasions and serves to

adorn a post-prandial speech with juvenile reminiscences once or twice in a lifetime it may be—nothing more.

We have now completed our measurement of the universities of Scotland according to the three parts of the definition with which we started. Tried by this standard, it seems quite plain that these institutions in many essential parts are found wanting. What, then, must Professor Kelland mean when he says, in an academical discourse, of which the title is prefixed, that,—“The Scotch universities are suited to the Scotch people”? If he means only to rejoice publicly in the well-known fact, that the gates of learning in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews, are thrown liberally open to all and sundry, without any invidious and ungenerous distinctions of rank, wealth or creed, then we are willing also to take up the boast, and glory in the fact as one of the most valuable and most characteristic of Scottish nationality. But if he goes further, and seems to proclaim that, because the confessedly low standard of learning in these institutions has hitherto worked in wonderful harmony with the confessedly low ideas of the people to whom they belong, therefore no attempt is to be made to elevate and improve them; these are notions which every true friend of educated Scotland is bound with a most fervent protest to disclaim. As to the fact, however, we are constrained to agree with him. The Scotch universities, doubtless, own not a few great names; one half the literature of Scotland, Dr. Chalmers says, is professorial; Scotchmen have many causes to be proud of these institutions; nevertheless, when narrowly viewed, as we have seen, they do not present an organization to be much boasted of. They have produced men notable in science and literature, because they afforded the only retreats of comparative leisure in the country, where such men could find a refuge; but it does not in any wise appear that the provision made in them for men of learning is anything but niggardly, or the educational machinery anything but clumsy. With all this, Mr. Kelland says, that they are suited to the genius of the people, and herein lies a somewhat sad truth. It is not to be denied that the current ideas of Scotchmen in regard to the standard of university education are remarkably low. It is an idea, for instance, all but universal in Scotland, in conformity with the state of academical training already explained, that the Professors of Latin and Greek exist for the purpose of receiving certain small fees, from the parents of certain little boys, as a remuneration for teaching these boys the Latin and Greek languages; whereas in Germany these languages are taught in the preparatory schools, and the academical professors start with the assumption, or rather with the proven fact, that these languages are for all practical purposes

already known, and commence forthwith the recognised proper business of classical professors, by expounding and applying all that literature, science, philosophy, philology, and history of which these languages are the record. It is, therefore, perfectly true, that the low standard of classical teaching which prevails in the Scotch universities squares exactly with the low ideas of the majority of the Scotch people with regard to what that teaching should be. So also with regard to mathematics, and the other branches of academical teaching; the current notion of people in Scotland is that the academical teaching of all these sciences may, with all propriety, be as elementary as possible. And not only so, but the extreme meagreness of the provision for men of learning in Scotland finds part of its explanation in "the prevalence of a certain vulgar democratic jealousy and mercantile spirit," to which, Dr. Chalmers, in a well-known discourse, has pointedly alluded. But more than this. There exists in Scotland a peculiar cause naturally generative of these ideas, to which nothing similar or rather something exactly contrary exists in England. We mean the Presbyterian Church. Of this peculiar form of Christian association the grand principle and boast is parity, a principle which, when consistently carried out, produces not merely what is generally understood by the term, equality of outward rank and dignity, but equality of intellectual culture and accomplishment, so far as nature has not, by certain radical indwelling forces established an inequality. Learning implies leisure just as much as poetry does; and as it is quite certain, that if every individual in society were constantly strained with necessary external labour, there never could be such a thing as an epic poem, scarcely even a good song, so a Church whose exclusive boast it is to have a "working clergy," is by its very constitution precluded from having a learned clergy. A certain amount of learning, no doubt, the Presbyterian ministers do require, that is to say, as much scientific and literary culture as to place them on an intellectual vantage ground, above the mere man of business, money maker, and trader, as much also as may enable them to look not altogether blank when a subtle Unitarian or Rationalist quotes Greek; but beyond this, scholarship is superfluous and philosophy may be even dangerous. There are three ways in which an enterprising young theologian may rise to distinction in Scotland, and shape out for himself a noble sphere of activity. He may wield a fiery and a plastic power over the hearts of thousands by the weekly ministrations of the pulpit; he may rule with quick shrewdness and with wise decision the grave but sometimes turbulent deliberations of his brother presbyters in council assembled; or he may walk out into the larger arena of social life, and from the

political platform or the lecturer's chair in this lecturing age, impress a sacred character on every great movement for the intellectual, moral, and social character of the people. But none of these functions, which the Scotch clergy perform with admirable zeal and diligence, have anything to do with a deep foundation of that sort of learning, in which it might be expected that a Christian churchman should excel; the first demanding only the warmth and the illustrative power of a popular speaker, the second, the coolness and tact of a man of business, and the third, the energy and the perseverance of a popular agitator. The consequence has been, that at the present moment Scotland has no theological or ecclesiastical literature of any moment, but is beholden to English Episcopalians and to German professors for that very small equipment of theological learning, which she thinks it decent to require. No man, of course, blames the church for this deficiency. She acts in obedience to the law of her own extreme democratic constitution, of which one necessary result is, that no clergyman with a conscience can afford to be a scholar or a philosopher. How this acts on the universities is plain. It is from the church and from the school, hitherto a mere arm of the church, that the greatest number of the raw recruits are gathered, that yearly add a fresh population to our academic halls; and to meet the wants of these recruits, the teaching of the professor must be adapted. What the church wants from the professor of Greek is, that he should drill a certain number of raw undisciplined lads, by any operation however superficial, into so much Greek as will enable him to pass the "presbytery examination," which has hitherto been, as might have been expected, a very simple affair, and the learned gentleman must even be content to descend from his Platonic or Aristotelian elevation, and gather his fees by doling out those slender rations of grammatical black bread, which his employers require; but for profound views of Greek philosophy, for learned discussions on open questions of Greek literature, history, philology, and criticism, the Scotch Church cares nothing. Why should she? she has no market for that article. The result is what we see. The low mercantile ideas of a practical people, the low scholarly standard of a church engrossed with the daily details of ministerial business, have worked together to create and to maintain a low standard of learning in the halls of highest national instruction; and thus in one sense, what Professor Kelland says is perfectly true, that the Scotch Universities meet the wants of the people with a most admirable congruity.

So much for the evils of the system. These we have exposed freely and without disguise. Not that we are blind to the real good effected by the Scotch Universities, in diffusing the

elements of a liberal education among the body of the people, but that we consider the common practice of national self-mirroring and self-laudation, as both puerile and pernicious; and because in the social body, as in the individual, all future improvements can proceed only from an honest recognition, and a public profession of past insufficiency. We shall now conclude by pointing out the nature of the remedies that the chronic disease of the Scotch University system imperatively calls for; remedies most distinct, most certain, and most efficacious—if the national self-esteem will but at length assert itself manfully in a region where it has long been dormant, and the national mind apply itself as strongly to academical reform as it has done to corn-bills, railroads, and ragged schools.

The first thing to be done, as the best qualified voices have declared again and again, is to raise the preparatory education, at the principal provincial burgh schools, to such a height, as that the more advanced school boys may find there that elementary education in Greek, Mathematics, and other subjects, adapted to their years, which it has hitherto been their habit to seek in the Universities.* In Edinburgh, the upper classes of the schools are now so admirably conducted under men of the highest talent and tact, that no youth educated in the metropolis would think of entering the Elementary Greek Class, where such authors as Xenophon, Cebes, Æsop, &c., are read. So far, therefore, as they are concerned, this class which, even after the recent violent extrusion of the Grammar, is much below the proper level of University education, might be abolished. But there are still a great number of poor lads, from the distant provinces, from whom, till very recently, not even the slightest knowledge of the Greek Grammar was demanded as a condition of their starting on an academical course. To put these on a par with boys educated in Edinburgh, the first plain step is to provide as good a preparatory education in Wick, Tain, Inverness, Montrose, Perth, Stirling, Dundee, Oban, Dumbarton, and half-a-dozen other principal towns in remote situations, as already exists in the metropolis. This can only be done in one way, by giving up the present almost universal custom of underpaying and overworking the head-masters of the burgh schools. Let them be remunerated at the same rate as the Sheriff-Substitutes are; let them be treated not like “dominies,” but like

* “I think that the greatest reformation which could take place in our College system would be, to devise some method by which we might secure a higher preparatory scholarship on the part of those who are admitted as students.”—*DR. CHALMERS'S EVIDENCE*; with which compare the testimony of the Ven. Archdeacon Williams, late of the Edinburgh Academy, likewise given before the Royal Commission.

men and like gentlemen ; and the Universities will soon receive a body of recruits very different from that unkempt and awkward company on whose elementary drill the most learned professors in the land are now expected to expend their strength.

Simultaneously with the better appointment of these preliminary schools, there ought to be exacted in all the Universities a reasonable system of entrance examination, which shall prevent ill-trained and unqualified lads from being admitted as students. A system of this kind already exists partially in some of the Universities, and only requires the hearty co-operation of all to ensure, even with the present very imperfect machinery, a decided advance in the general character of academical entrants. In England, where so many idle young gentlemen go to the University merely as a fashion, such a regulation could scarcely be carried out with efficiency in all the Colleges ; but in Scotland, where, as we have said, working is the habit, and idleness the exception, both among professors and students, there could not be the slightest difficulty. As to any evils that might ensue from the enforcement of such a measure, the occasional exclusion of one or two young men of untrained talent would be amply compensated by the general elevation of the tone of the whole academical classes, and by the quickening impulse which such an examination would impart to all the preparatory schools of the kingdom.

But we must go a step further. The habit which the Scotch people have acquired of sending their sons to College at a premature age is so inveterate, that the above precautions, though they may palliate, will certainly not eradicate the evil. To meet this evil, and that other to which we have also alluded, of too large classes, it seems absolutely necessary, at least in the larger Universities, that the classes now taught by a single professor should be taught by two professors, one of whom might take charge of the juniors, and the other of such as are more ripe in years, and more accomplished in attainment. At present, the utter want of anything like classification among some hundred or more young men, attending the same class, under the same professor, is a very great evil ; and the evil is greater still when the same professor has to teach two or three such classes ; teaching three or four hours a day, and dealing forth some decent show of pedagogic attention to all. Every practical man knows what must be the result of such a confused system as this. The more advanced students will of course come into the foreground, and shew an eager zeal to follow the leading of the most adventurous professor ; but it will be a very difficult, and in most cases an impossible task, to do anything more than exert a very superficial influence over the majority ; while many

a safe and slow man will lag behind, and many a lame man will stumble unregarded. Meanwhile the professor, instead of pushing forward with the regularly trained students on the keen scent of philosophical investigation, (which is his proper business,) feels his powers distracted, and his talents wasted in the fretful attempt to keep together an army of stragglers too undisciplined for his high captainship, and too numerous for individual control. Thus, with a lumbering attempt to do everything at the smallest possible expense of teaching power, nothing is done as it ought to be done. But let there be a liberal appointment of academical workmen, and a wise distribution of academical work, and forthwith all this bungling will cease. Hitherto, it is but too plain, that we mismanage our Universities, as the lives of the lieges are imperilled on the railways by the fatal economy of having too few men to watch the stations, or too little steam to impel the train.

The remarks we have just made, the intelligent reader will perceive, go a great way to settle the question which has been lately mooted, how far it is desirable to introduce the English system of tutorship into the Scotch Universities. The great necessity for some measure of this kind arises, doubtless, from the practical inadequacy of *one* professorial teacher to meet the intellectual wants of some one or two, or even three hundred, young men, of every possible variety of capacity and preparation. This difficulty our proposal of a double professorship, say one with the gross emolument of £500, and the other £800, in a great measure meets; and in so far as this arrangement might not be altogether sufficient, we have no objection to the attachment of a few tutorships or working fellowships to each class, to do such subordinate work as might be convenient under the direction of the professor; but a formal separation of the offices of tutor and professor, according to the English fashion, would be altogether out of place in Scotland, where, as we have seen, it has been the constant practice of Dr. Chalmers, and others of our most eminent men, to teach by the catechetical method, as well as by that of prelections. In such matters, however, there should be no compulsion; for "some professors," to use the words of the truly great man just named, "might be most valuable as lecturers, and yet may not have a talent for that sort of extemporaneous treatment of the students, that coming to close encounter with the juvenile mind, which the examina-tional system requires." One thing only is perfectly plain, that wherever the number of students in a class is so great, and the number of classes superintended by a professor so many, that he is practically prevented from coming over his men individually, so as to keep them in active training, then either a breaking up

of the professorship into two or three, or the appointment of a tutorship, or in certain circumstances both, will be indispensable.

The fourth thing necessary to put the Scotch Universities on a respectable footing is to increase the very small salaries of the existing professors, especially of those who are most scantily endowed, so as to place the educational profession altogether upon an equality with the most favoured of the learned professions. There is no mystery in the low state of all the highest branches of learning in Scotland. Dahlias do not grow in the open moor, with the purple heather, nor in the poor man's garden, like the green cabbage, but require a special nurture and training from the accomplished seedsman; and so it is also with the best kinds of learning and scholarship, properly academic. "*Honos alit artes, omnesque incenduntur ad studia gloria, jacentque ea semper quae apud quosque improbantur,*" says Cicero, in a familiar passage. Arts never prosper where they are not honoured, and academic studies must pine and wither in a country where they encounter general neglect and lead to certain starvation. If any person feel moved to express astonishment that in a religious and theological country, like Scotland, Hebrew, Arabic, and other Oriental languages, the source of all sound Biblical criticism, are so generally neglected, let him be informed that there is only one professor of all these languages (including Persian, Sanscrit, and Hindostanee!) in the metropolitan University of Edinburgh, and the whole emoluments that this learned individual derives from his office, salary and fees included, are £250 annually!! This is only a fair specimen of the sort of treatment which all scholarship of a high order must expect to meet with in Scotland. There is no want of talent, of perseverance, or of ambition among our young men; but a man of talent cannot afford to work where poverty stares him in the face; a man of the most iron perseverance must flinch when a wife and family are crying out for bread. A young man of talent and ambition, with literary sympathies or scientific capacities, in Scotland, will infallibly point to the bar, or throw himself into the wide sea of periodical writing, but he will never dream of a professorship, much less of a head-mastership in a burgh-school. At the bar the chances are many that a young man, with nothing but a strong head, an unimpeded tongue, and invincible perseverance, may, after a few years of subordinate toil, mount up to the highest seats of judiciousness and honour; at all events, with fair talents and an average amount of tact, the way to a sheriffship is sufficiently open; or he may pick up one of those hundred-and-one snug little places, with moderate work and very respectable pay, which

belong peculiarly to the profession of the law. But a young scholar, with academic tendencies, and academic ambition, after he has worked his way to the empty honour of an A.M., by years of quiet privation, finds, when he lifts his eyes up, that he looks out on a waste howling wilderness, where no track of a social foot is visible, and no curl of hospitable smoke is rising. The highest scholarly education that the most accomplished Scotch professor can help an indefatigable Scotch student to acquire, can lead only to £200 or £300 a year in some burgh-school, with the slavish drudgery of elementary teaching for life, unless the extraordinary accident of a professorship should be thrown in his way to turn that £200 into £400 or £500. This is a state of things manifestly, in which learning never can prosper; the schoolmaster ought to find a satisfactory field of gentlemanly ambition within the bounds of his own profession, as he often does in England; and the professorships ought to be an object of ambition, not only to half-starved and over-worked teachers and low beneficed clergymen who can read Cicero, but to the most fresh and vigorous young minds in the country. That they are so at present, no man who knows the truth, and who cares to speak it will assert: and in fact they never can be so, till the army of public instructors, both in school and college, be treated by the public with something of that liberality which is the natural due of men belonging to the most highly educated professions. It would be difficult to show why a sound scholar and a great instructor should be held in less estimation by a wise nation than a thorough lawyer and a just judge.

These observations of course apply also not merely to the present professors, but to those additional representatives of now neglected branches of science and literature that must be added to the existing academical staff. With regard to these we have nothing further to say, except that unless they be handsomely endowed, they had better not be created at all; for if they do not possess such attractions in the way of learned leisure and social dignity, as to draw into their circle that large amount of first-rate talent, now scattered loosely through the literary world, they are sure to be jobbed into the hands of inferior men for whom the smallest salary is too much. These new changes, we must add also, ought to be created with a large view both to the patronage, of which literary and scientific men in Scotland stand so sadly in need, and to the intellectual wants of society at large in the present age of widely diffused knowledge and quick-eared inquiry. Whether certain professorships would secure a large audience of the common order of routine students, is a question altogether beneath the mark. The extension of the academical staff here proposed, aims at the creation of an

entirely new order of students, by a class of professors at the farthest possible remove from schoolmasters, who can afford to be altogether independent of the fees of those mercenary recruits of science who read books only that they may eat bread.

But it is not the professorial chairs alone, however much extended and however well appointed, that will serve as a sufficient spur to the studious youth of Scotland. To the great majority even of the more ambitious, the prospect of a professorship will be too distant and too uncertain to act as an immediate incentive to erudite energy. Something more immediate and more directly within the grasp of a young man of nineteen years of age must be held forth; otherwise vulgar powers will rule, and the gravitating force of an empty stomach will bring the young fledgling to the ground. The students must have leisure to study, and this can only be afforded by the institution of Fellowships. The small bursaries at present existing in the Scotch Universities, and which are specially abundant in the north, are utterly ineffective to produce those results of a truly academic scholarship, which Universities exist for the purpose of achieving. They are given to boys at the entrance of their academical course, and are withdrawn as soon as the fourth year of the curriculum has been completed. They have proved extremely useful in enabling the sons of poor men and ill-beneficed clergymen to attain the elements of a liberal education free of expense; but the important object of providing first-class graduates with a few years' leisure, in order to perfect themselves in their favourite branches of science, at that age when real manly study, as distinguished from boyish inculcation, properly commences, seems never to have been within their view. We therefore propose that one or two Fellowships, worth not more than £100 a year, should be attached to all the principal classes in the Universities, to be held for three years. Such a provision, whether made by the State or by the wisdom of benevolent testators, would, in a very few years, work a marvellous change in the character and stature of our Scotch students. Instead of being driven, as now, by half-yearly fits from one subject to another, in such a fashion as to be unable to make decided progress in any, they would then be put in a condition to erect upon a broad and ample foundation of general knowledge, a firm and well compacted edifice of special attainment, such as is now nowhere found. These Fellowships, also, besides the necessary leisure to the student, might be made to furnish the professors with that assistance in the minor details of their tutorial work, which they must at present either provide for themselves secretly, at their own expense, or dispense with altogether.

In the next place, so soon as any attempt shall be made to place the Universities on a more respectable footing, something must be done to give a proper value and dignity to the academical degrees. Our present limits forbid us to enter into the details of this matter. Suffice it to state, that, till the recent regulation of the Faculty of Advocates, there was actually no learned body in Scotland that held out any inducement to a Scotch student to take an academical degree. This distinction, therefore, is now, except by a sort of salutary custom in Aberdeen, taken only by a very small minority of the whole students—an irregularity which cannot fail to have the worst effects upon the attainments of the mass of the academical population, as well as on the discipline of the classes. If the Universities would have the good sense to agree to some general scheme of University degrees, for the whole of Scotland, we think that the various churches might easily be induced to make the possession of an academical degree an indispensable qualification for all students enrolling their names in the books of the Theological Faculty. A general Medical Reform Bill, also, will easily be followed by some regulation of the same kind, now so much wanted, in reference to students of medicine; and, with such co-operation, it will be the fault of the Universities themselves, if all their degrees do not then stand as high with the educated public, as they are now, for the most part, disregarded and ignored.

Another point of no small practical importance in the teaching machinery of the universities remains to be noticed. At present there is no such thing known within the academical walls as the principle of free competition. Each professor has exclusive command of his chair and his subject, with which no other professor can interfere; and the student who will not be taught by the appointed teacher, must even remain untaught, or remove to another university, which for various reasons may be inconvenient. The consequence is, that however dull the routine may be into which a somnolent professor may fall, he does not find the number of his students or of his fees, sensibly diminished; while, on the other hand, whatever enthusiasm an enterprising lecturer may put forth, he will in many cases utterly fail to attract a single additional hearer into his hall. For, in the Scotch universities, except in a few more active departments, or on the impulse of an extraordinary genius, such as Dr. Chalmers, a merely territorial principle seems to prevail. The students living within a certain district are as certainly doomed to the training of certain professors, however stupid, as the fish in a certain pool necessarily pass into the cunningly thrown net of the nearest fisherman. Now this sleepy and mechanical system

would be at once put an end to by giving to two, three, or more professors in a certain faculty, the general right to lecture on any subject within the range of that faculty. Instead, for instance, of two classical professors, according to the present niggardly equipment, one specially confined to Greek and the other to Latin, a university with a free pulsation of vigorous blood, would have four or half-a-dozen classical professorships, leaving each professor free to walk over the whole domain of Greek or Roman literature, and to choose that region of it best suited to his humor and capacity. Upon this system, while the necessity of presenting attractions to students, would force each professor to bring things out of his treasury, both new and old, and thus exhaust by degrees the whole teachable material of his province, the student would not be compelled to hear a dull lecture on Homer, from the Hellenist, when the Latinist on the other side of the quadrangle was in the most lively and brilliant manner expounding Plato. In the matter of education, surely students have rights as well as professors; and if by the fault of a jobbing or careless patron, a learned but lifeless and ineffective man be put into the chair of a lecture-room, where, if the audience be not specially stimulated into attention, they had much better stay at home and read a good book—in such a case is a good student to have no redress? Shall there be only one man in all Edinburgh worthy to be heard on that subject, and that man worse than nobody? This is a point which has hitherto been left altogether out of view. To a very small extent, indeed, in the Medical School, *extra-mural* competition has been allowed by the Town Council of Edinburgh, who are a body endowed, by special decision of the House of Lords, with the highest powers in reference to the academical curriculum of the metropolis. But what we call for is, a free *intra-mural* competition on a large scale, and that not only among the professors, strictly so called, but also among the graduates, in whose favour we propose to revive the old right of public teaching, which was one of the privileges originally attaching to the doctorate. In the German universities this old privilege is still recognised; and the graduates who, within the walls of the university, exercise the right of public lecturing along-side of the professor, are called by the peculiar title of *privatim Docentes*. To this right of lecturing they are admitted on special petition, and after shewing, by scholarly performances of the very highest order, that they are men into whose hands the University may safely commit the work of public education. We know no change which would act more beneficially than this on the close, dull, confined system of professorial monopoly at present universal in Scotland. Young men of talent, who have now no field in which

to display their academic capacities, would be advantageously brought forward; indifferent and self-satisfied professors would be forced to keep always advancing with the most recent advances of their particular science, lest, in spite of their superior title and position, they should be pushed aside by the ambitious enterprise of their youthful competitors.

Of course, this system supposes that the professor should have some sort of a salary to fall back on, in case the *privatim docens* should succeed in attracting to his pocket all the fees. A result of this kind, however, as the experience of the German universities shews, would rarely take place; for under the operation of so healthy and bracing a law, the race of careless, indifferent, and dull professors would altogether cease, and a professor of thirty years' standing would often display more freshness, vigour, and variety in his prelections than one of three years does now.*

Such are the measures suggested by the circumstances, and conceived in a purely practical spirit, which are necessary to raise the Scotch Universities from that level of puerility and mediocrity into which they have been allowed to sink. Directly calculated as these remedies are to meet the existing evils, we know of no objections which can be made to them except one—they will cost money. Unquestionably every thing that is done in the world costs money; and things that are well done cost more money than things that are ill done. No man expects railroads to start out of the ground, or cypress trees to grow on Arthur Seat where they are not native and where they have not been planted. If the Scotch wish to have good universities, they must pay for them, just as they pay for street lamps and for water-pipes. At present, certainly no man can allege that

* Since writing the above, we have received a paper issued by the Association of Graduates of the University of Edinburgh, containing a statement of certain rights and claims, for the attainment of which the Association has been formed. Without going into the details of this matter, the proposal made in the text, and the general tone of our whole remarks, will, we hope, make it sufficiently evident how warmly we sympathize with every movement, the tendency of which is to make the Scottish Universities less exclusively professorial, and more popular than they have hitherto been. It is the interest of the professors themselves to keep as large a body of the educated population in as close connexion with the Universities as may be; and that this is not done by the present state of perfect abeyance into which the rights of the graduates have fallen, is plain. There is no real friend of the Scottish Universities that can be unfavourable to any such changes in the constitution of these bodies, as will cause their influence to be felt more extensively beyond the narrow sphere of a juvenile scholastic routine. Changes of this nature were contemplated in certain recent schemes for effecting a union between the two Universities in Aberdeen; but we are sorry to say, that all projects for the attainment of so desirable an object seem likely to be frustrated by the prevalence of those narrow views which are always ready to sacrifice large national interests to petty local advantages.

the public exchequer or the private purse of the lieges is called upon to make any very remarkable sacrifices for the support of national learning in the universities. Glasgow is the only one of these institutions which from old foundation property, possesses anything like a respectable endowment. Money, therefore, as the outward symbol of external encouragement and support, is almost the one thing needful for the reform of the Scottish Universities at present. When a child has been dwindling away under a long process of slow and systematic starvation, there is no need of calling in a learned physician with stethoscope and other apparatus to make a curious diagnosis of its condition; you must feed and clothe the unfortunate, that is all. A very simple case this of the Scottish Universities, if people would only approach it; very different, and much more easy certainly, than that of Oxford and Cambridge, which is a case of plethora, hypertrophy, and general cachexy, of a very complex and obstinate character. The Scotch people, therefore, who are proud of their national institutions, if they can be brought to look on this matter without the mist of vain self-delusion, have here a glorious opportunity of doing justice to Scotland. They have a cause to plead which they are sure to gain, if it is not marred by want of earnestness and energy in the pleader. Time waits to see whether the aspirations of those who aim at what is best, or the apathy of those who are content with what is common, shall prevail.

ART. III.—JOANNIS SCOTI *Opera quæ supersunt omnia, ad fidem Italicorum, Germanicorum, Belgicorum, Franco-Gallicorum, Britannicorum Codicum, partim primus dedit, partim recognovit* HENRICUS JOSEPHUS FLOSS, S.S. Theol. et Phil. Dr., etc. Paris, 1853.

THE industry and erudition of Dr. Floss have facilitated our researches into the character of a remote, obscure, and long neglected province in the history of speculation and speculative theology. His recent publication has the merit of supplying a collection of nearly all the extant works of John Scotus Erigena, —several of them being thus brought within our reach for the first time; and we are in justice bound to add, that the important task of superintending this edition has fallen into practised and pains-taking, if not always sympathetic, hands. Some ultramontane critics are scandalized on finding that an author, whose chief production has been long pilloried in the Roman Index, is to have a place in Migne's *Patrologiæ Cursus Completus*, one of them asking contemptuously, "Is Saul among the prophets?" For our own part we cannot but congratulate both publisher and editor upon the freedom which, as Roman Catholics, they manifest in putting forth the present work, and still more upon the valuable service thereby rendered to theology, philosophy, and general literature.

Indeed it is impossible to single out a writer of the Carolingian period, or of almost any period in the Middle Ages, who, in proportion to the interest which his works continue to command, has been so strangely misrepresented, and so seldom understood. On the revival of letters in the fifteenth century, controversialists of every hue, Romanising, Platonising, and Reforming, claimed John Scotus for their own. There was the charm of mystery about him; he lived in a secluded corner by himself; he was not easily accessible, and when approached was hard to master. Unlike his namesake, John Duns Scotus, he had left behind him no train of followers, who rejoiced to simplify his disquisitions, to write his life, or to collect his literary relics. All that men knew of him was accordingly for a long while derived from loose and garbled extracts, or from cursory notices of chroniclers who moved in such a different world, that even had they heard his lectures or perused his treatises, they would for the most part have been dazzled rather than enlightened, and more bewildered than informed. It is true that the publication in the seventeenth century, of two extensive works of his, the first under the editorship of Mauguin, and the second of Thomas

Gale, ought to have dissipated much of the uncertainty connected with him ; but notwithstanding this, we constantly encounter learned notes and essays advocating the most incompatible views of Scotus and his tendencies, at one time representing him as a mirror of orthodoxy, at a second as some mediæval compound of Plotinus and Spinoza, at a third as a "reformer before the Reformation," at a fourth as a latent member of the Greek communion, possibly in league with Photius and the worthless Cæsar Bardas ; while, to crown the paradox, a noted professor of divinity at Louvain identified him with a western saint immortalized in the Roman martyrology.

And although the time has come at length, when persons of ordinary intelligence are able to determine pretty accurately what Germans call the "richtung" of this many-sided author, it must be acknowledged that the more familiar our acquaintance with his writings, the more easily we understand why he perplexed our distant forefathers. He was, considering when and where he lived, a riddle and a prodigy. All ages, doubtless, will give birth to such ; but their abnormal shape and aspect, the titanic power or the grotesque proportions rise most clearly into view, and form the sharpest contrasts, when the crowd about them is all grovelling, tame, or commonplace. What Gerbert was among the brotherhood of Aurillac, when he returned from Cordova enriched with metaphysical and scientific spoils, which he had taken from the Moors ; what Roger Bacon was among the narrow-minded friars of Oxford, when he pointed to the triumphs of his laboratory, and pushed his principle of free inquiry into almost every sphere of human thought, the same must Scotus have appeared to the great mass of his contemporaries. He astonished them not only by the novelties which he propounded, but by the diversity of his endowments and the feverish independence of his mind ; while in the power of springing far beyond the age in which he lived, and of anticipating the conclusions of far later times, he stands without an equal in the Mediæval period. Of his health, strength, or physical conformation we know next to nothing ; a few gleams of light are thrown upon the last point only by a ludicrous anecdote preserved in Roger de Hoveden.* It makes him quite a pigmy, extremely short and slender ("perexilis"),—a mere minnow among sharks, when brought into comparison with tall and corpulent ecclesiastics. But however fragile or diminutive the earthly tenement, the tenant was an intellectual giant. In Scotus we find a layman (for such in all probability he was) outshining the most brilliant clerics, and directing an important literary institution ; a

* *Annales*, p. 419, Francof. 1601.

“barbarian” (so his only eulogist expresses it) emerging “from the ends of the earth,” to move with freedom in the foremost court of Europe; a devoted student of profane learning in the age when classics had been generally thrown upon the shelf, exhibiting a fair knowledge both of pagan and patristic Greek, translating largely from that language, and even perpetrating Greek hexameters; a philosopher, bewildering his audience and himself with subtle speculations, some of which are strikingly akin to dogmas of the Sankhyan school of India, others to the dreams of modern pantheists in Germany; a schoolman, handling the edged weapons of the dialectician with no common dexterity, and that two centuries before scholasticism (according to the current view) was cradled in the Norman monastery of Bec; a biblical critic, venturing to disparage the claims of tradition in a period when tradition was almost everything, resorting to the original Scriptures, and impugning the infallibility of the Latin Vulgate, after it received the imprimatur of Pope Gregory the Great; a polemical divine, betraying on most subjects a strong leaning to the eastern as distinguished from the western modes of thought, accused on one side of Origenism, and on another of Pelagianism, and while denouncing tenets commonly associated with the name of Calvin, anticipating the conclusions of a second Swiss reformer, Zwingli, on the subject of the Eucharist; and lastly, the father, or at least an early representative, of that spirit-searching mysticism, which, in spite of all its aberrations and extravagancies, was, when filtered, a powerful medium for exploding the exhausted subtleties of the schools, and aiding in the purification of Latin Christendom.

On all these several accounts, it is desirable to bring together what can now be ascertained respecting the circumstances, spirit, and teaching of John Scotus. Whence came he? What were the initial impulses that moved him to accumulate his store of learning? What had predisposed him to adopt the Eastern side of theological discussions? To what sources and what channels may we trace his speculative opinions? What were the salient points in his general system of belief?

Unfortunately, in the case of Scotus, all the earlier pages of his biography are blank. When he comes upon the stage of history, he has the bearing and reputation of a full-grown scholar. For a period of about eighteen years, we track him with difficulty, either by the light of his own writings or the clouds of dust which controversy stirred about his path. The remainder of his life, how long or short we cannot say, is wrapt in darkness. That he was by race a Scot, is obvious from his name; yet as the “Scoti” then existed not only in “Scotia” or Ireland; their native settlement, but also in the north of Scotland, and upon the bor-

ders of Wales, the country of his birth is so far rendered doubtful. The most probable view is that which has been commonly received. Prudentius of Troyes, who says expressly that he once "knew Scotus well and liked him much," alludes ironically, after they had quarrelled, to his Hibernian origin. While Scotus, therefore, indicates his race, the epithet *Erigena*, which is not found appended till a comparatively recent date, preserves the old tradition respecting the country of his birth: and thus John Scotus is no Scotchman but a genuine child of Erin.

Reckoning backwards from the period when he grew distinguished as a scholar and philosopher, we should say that he can hardly have been born later than the first decennium of the ninth century, probably about 805. It must be remembered that Ireland, as times went, was then a highly intellectual country; it was enjoying the last rays of an illumination which extended in the same degree to no other part of Europe. From the middle of the sixth century to the close of the eighth,—an interval during which the oscillations of the human understanding reached their very lowest point, that island, whose whole history abounds in mental and moral paradoxes, was studded over with conventual schools, in which the learning of the Western world had taken refuge.

As Ireland rose in intellectual culture, many of her scholars had betrayed the ordinary, if not natural signs and symptoms of that progress. They became more curious, speculative and scholastic. Satisfied no longer with hereditary statements of their creed, they sought to ascertain the grounds on which it rested: they investigated the possibility of an alliance between faith and logic, revelation and philosophy. A passage has been pointed out in a letter of Benedict of Aniane, the reformer of the Frankish monasteries in the time of Louis-le-Débonnaire, in which it is affirmed that dialectics were then cultivated with especial eagerness among the Irish ("maxime apud Scotos,") and by them applied to the investigation of the most mysterious doctrines, including that of the holy Trinity. And, if we mistake not, other traces of this tendency exist in contemporary documents. When Boniface, the ardent Anglo-Saxon missionary, was engaged in evangelizing the Germanic nations, he had to encounter numerous priests, and even prelates, who had set themselves in absolute antagonism to "the tradition of the Roman see." They formed a Protestant, or anti-Roman, party in Thuringia, in Bavaria, in Alemannia, and other regions which he traversed. Some of them are called "British adventurers" by Gregory III. in a manifesto* he despatched to certain bishops

* Bonifacii Opp. i. 96. Ed. Giles.

of those parts ; but on considering the unmigratory habits of the Welsh in the eighth century, we are justified in suspecting that the Papal ethnography was here at fault, particularly when it is remembered that the adversaries of Boniface who have been mentioned by name were all of them Irishmen, or had at least been educated in Irish schools. Most happens to be known of one Bishop Clement, who, upon the motion of his Anglo-Saxon rival, was excommunicated by a Roman synod in 745. The charges brought against him indicate the very speculative tendencies of these later scholars. Clement appears to have imbibed a considerable knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, but withal evinced on many questions a most rationalistic latitude of thought. "He spurned the writings of the Fathers," one count of the indictment* runs, "and made light of every synodal decision." He was also taxed with holding many "horrible" opinions on predestination, and even with contending that Christ, by the descent to *hades*, had delivered all persons there detained, without the least regard to moral pre-conditions or the nature of their creed,—a germ, as it appears to us, of what was afterwards propounded with so much boldness and consistency in more than one treatise of Erigena.

We can, therefore, hardly question that the mental atmosphere in which our author had received his elementary training was calculated to foster his predispositions on the side of philosophical theology. The scene of that training we are unable even to conjecture. It was most likely, judging from the usage of the period, some religious house,—although there is no trustworthy evidence which leads us to conclude that Scotus was himself a monk, and still less that he was meant to be a candidate for holy orders. Nor is this any matter for surprise. We find the greatest luminary of the former age, our English Alcuin, giving utterance to his joy when he observed that sacred studies were beginning to flourish again, not only among the clerics but the pious laymen of his day. And such was probably the case in Ireland more than other countries. This, at least, is well established, that John Scotus was imbued with love and reverence for the Scriptures in early life, and that the form in which he apprehended their meaning was determined very much by his preference of Greek literature, especially of one single writer, known as Dionysius the Areopagite, and supposed to be identical with a Christian convert mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles.

It is true that other means have been suggested to account for these Hellenizing tendencies. Roger Bacon, for example,

* Bonifacii Epist. lvii.

is thought to have preserved* a passage of Scotus, in which he declares that he had visited the haunts of the old philosophers, and sought out all persons likely to give him information respecting their works. But even were the genuineness of this extract unimpeachable, it would hardly, if we bear in mind the figurative style then fashionable, prove more than the entire devotion of Erigena to philosophic studies. In one of the Latin poems† attributed to him, he speaks in like manner of his "Attic weapons," and pours out in honour of his patron what is termed

Hanc libam, sacro Græcorum nectare fartam :

but none of these allusions are conclusive in favour of a late tradition, which gives out that he went to school at Athens—long after Athens had lost every trace of its former intellectual greatness. And, indeed, his Greek scholarship renders the account of his Athenian education still more improbable. He composes and translates with all the want of ease and naturalness which characterizes English or Irish school-boys at the present day, when they are learning to handle a dead language.

The date of the landing of Scotus in France, where he is said to have gone to seek protection during the disastrous inroads of the Danish and Norwegian pirates, was probably 845. If he emigrated for refuge from the troubles of the times he was disappointed, as on the Easter Eve of that very year the Danish vikings fought their way to Paris. The king of Northern France, or Neustria, was then Charles-le-Chauve, the grandson of Charlemagne, himself a scholar, and, indeed, the last of the Carlovingians who inherited the princely love of letters. Already in his twenty-second year, he was remarkable not only for his amiability and personal accomplishments, but also for his lofty intellectual forehead, and the pleasure which he found in the society of disputants and other highly cultivated men. A learned stranger would be therefore likely to receive a cordial welcome from the literati who were clustering round the brightest spot of Western Christendom, and more especially from Charles-le-Chauve,‡ and from his gentle consort Ermentruda.§

* In Wood's *Hist. Univers. Oxon.*, i. 15. Ed. 1674.

† Not, however, contained in Floss's edition. See Wright's *Biograph. Britan. Lit.*, i. 421.

‡ The very familiar terms on which he lived with the king, whom he sometimes called "meus Carolus," are illustrated by a well-known anecdote, also preserved in Roger de Hoveden. When Charles, sitting on the opposite side of the table, once asked him in jest, "How far is it from Scotus to solus, from a Scot to a fool?" the philosopher assumed the part of an uncourtly *bel-esprit*, and answered, "Only a table's breadth."

§ To her Scotus addressed an eulogistic poem. (Floss, col. 1227.)

The same year in which Scotus seems to have crossed over into Neustria, had witnessed the elevation of Hincmar to the archiepiscopal throne of Rheims, the mother-city of the district. Hincmar was then thirty-nine years of age, a famous preacher, the spiritual director of the court, and the constant guest of Charles. With him, therefore, Scotus would have frequent opportunities of intercourse; and, as M. Guizot observes in his well-known *Lectures*, the two prevailing modes of thought, the traditional and philosophical, the practical and speculative, would thus stand confronted in their ablest representatives. On one side was the zealous, haughty, politic, and temporizing prelate, living in and for the world of facts, a very Roman in the art of government, a scholar, too, and no contemptible logician, but exhibiting at every turn the flexibility of mind, the sharp and penetrating common sense, which goes so far to constitute the thriving politician and the practicable man of business.* On the other side we recognise the child and devotee of ancient philosophy, the joyous, simple-hearted, unambitious man, but half fanatic theorist, a very Greek in speculation, and in "searching after wisdom," soaring high into the airy tracts of the ideal, till he often lost his way among the clouds. They both, indeed, were gifted theologians, according to the standard of their age: yet here again, if we inspect them narrowly, the contrast is emphatic and complete. The old traditionists, of whom Archbishop Hincmar may be taken as the type, received the verdict of the general councils with a ready acquiescence and unreasoning belief. Assured that certain principles were already found in Holy Scripture, and developed in the writings of the Latin doctors, more especially of St. Augustine, their great master, they tranquilly reposed on this assurance; or if controversy ever chanced to break their slumber, were content with drawing inferences, according to the special nature of the case, from the established authorities, and so crushing all new-fangled notions in the bud. Scotus, on the other hand, approached religious questions from a different side, and in a very different spirit. He read the Bible, which he prized above all ordinary books, and St. Augustine, whom he honoured as the greatest of the Latin Fathers; but, half-unconsciously to himself, religion in his system was subordinated to rational intuition and a transcendental philosophy, of which he thought it was no more than the earthly adaptation; and as for authority of any kind, he held that in

* It is curious to observe how Scotus himself speaks of Hincmar towards the close of his life, (Flores, col. 1239 :)

Λαμπρότατος κήρυξ στίλβων κηρύγματας ἀρεῶν
 Ἱγνατίου ζήσαν φθίνοντος καὶ ἀξιδύνατος
 Εὐμαχίας Ἰσάαθ Θεοῦ ζώντος τοῦ στίματος ἔχον.

every class of questions it must bow to paramount demands of reason, on which only it can ever be legitimately based.*

The arena where the influence of Scotus as a teacher and a disputant was peculiarly felt was the famous School of the Palace. Animated by the zeal of Charlemagne, and directed by a president like Alcuin, and a secretary like Angilbert, that institution had speedily grown up into a kind of public school, or rather model training-college for the Carlovingian empire.

"The two kinds of erudition," as the Council of Savonières expressed it in 859, "the Divine and human," were now generally cultivated, and from the well-known predilections of the sovereign, we feel quite justified in saying, that literature, and more especially the old philosophy, engaged the interest of the Gallo-Frankish students in a measure which had no parallel in former times. How much of this superiority is due to John Scotus Erigena, we gather from the circumstance, that he was long the head and heart of the palatial institution. It would be interesting, could we ascertain the authors then embraced in the academical curriculum. But, unfortunately, a treatise of his own, containing his exposition of a work on the seven liberal arts by an African writer of the fifth century, Marcianus Capella, is not comprised in the edition of Dr. Floss; nor is a copy of it now accessible to English scholars† Alcuin, it is true, who had preceded him in the School of the Palace, left us an account of his own well-stocked library, and thus supplied the means of judging what was commonly regarded as the standard authors of the day. But it is almost certain that Scotus, while retaining very many of these works, had made considerable additions to the list. The Areopagite, Maximus, Origen, Basil, and the Gregories, were his greatest favourites (always excepting the inspired penmen). To them he joined a good assortment of Latin writers, embracing Cicero, Virgil, Pliny, and Boethius; while among the Greek classics he numbered both Plato and Aristotle; the former being, in his view, "the greatest philosopher in the world,"‡ the latter "the most acute among the Greeks as an investigator of differences in natural things."§

* See, for instance, the remarkable passage in the *De Divisione Naturæ*, lib. i. 569.

† The learned Benedictine, Dom Pitra, has the unique MS. in his possession, and promises to give us an extract from it in the second volume of his *Spicilegium Solesmense*. In the mean time, some idea of the way in which Scotus would handle such topics may be gathered from the *De Divisione Naturæ*, lib. ii. sec. 27; lib. v. 54.

‡ *De Divisione Naturæ*, i. 31, where he adds a quotation from the *Timæus*.

§ *Ibid.*, i. 14. Cousin is of opinion that portions of Aristotle were read in the West at this period, only through the Latin version of Boethius; but all we know of Scotus tends to throw a doubt on this hypothesis.

Scotus seems to have been already president of this thriving institution when the fame of St. Dionysius, far extended by the recent eulogies of abbot Hilduin, had produced a stronger wish to be acquainted with his writings. They existed, we are told, in the library of the palace, and nothing, therefore, was more natural than to call upon a great admirer* of the Areopagite for a literal translation of them. Scotus gladly undertook the task. In dedicating the first-fruits of his labour, his version of the *Celestial Hierarchy*, to Charles, "the most glorious of catholic kings," he praises the love of inquiry manifested by his royal patron, and especially rejoices that, "for increased edification in the catholic faith," he was desirous of forming an acquaintance with the Greek Fathers, as well as with the Latin. It is now universally admitted that the works here mentioned are spurious and not older than the fifth century: but Scotus must not therefore be charged with giving his deliberate sanction to a fraud. He was himself deceived like his neighbours. The works had long passed current in the Eastern Church: they were esteemed highly by one whom East and West united in revering,—by Maximus the Confessor, who had died an exile in the Caucasus, for fighting at the side of Pope Martin I. in the Monothelite controversy. On their own account, perhaps, we should not recommend a perusal of these Pseudo-Dionysian writings, either in the original, or in the "verbum e verbo" translation of Scotus: but considered in reference to his philosophical speculations, they must always fill an important place. So very ardent was his admiration of them, that we find him writing a panegyrical commentary on the *Hierarchy Cœlestis*, and glosses on the *Mystica Theologia*.

What, then, are the main characteristics of those Dionysian treatises? They consist of two different, and, as it appears on a sufficient analysis, of two diverse elements, one of which is due to Christianity and the second to Neo-Platonism. Now, to pass by other startling principles of their system, the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria were pantheists to a man. Instead of holding with the sacred writers that God is a Person, eternally and essentially distinct from matter and from all created being, they confounded the Maker and the made, the Governor and the governed; either, in those cases where a tendency to speculative deism predominated, reducing God to a kind of neuter abstract, an impersonal It, or, where the mystical tendency was stronger, *transubstantiating* the whole universe into God (making Him the essence, it the accidents.) They also held—indeed the one

* Cf. his Greek verses addressed "Ad Carolum Calvum de Dionysio Areopagita." (Flores, col. 1240.)

opinion runs into the other—that as God is the only true Being, from which all other being emanates, our individual life is neither real nor permanent, but only transitory and phenomenal, and therefore will eventually be reabsorbed into its parent source and reunited to the great essential Spirit. We need not say that Christianity differs *toto cælo* from this view: nor do we charge Erigena with yielding to it in its nude and simple form. The Areopagite his master, and Maximus his fellow-disciple, had already sought to occupy an intermediate place. They still, indeed, affirmed that God alone truly exists, and consequently that the existence of created things, so far as it is real, is theirs only “in virtue of what remains in them of divinity:” but several of the pantheistic consequences, logically derivable from this premiss, were so traversed by Christian principles and spiritual agencies that Scotus never lost his faith entirely, either in the personality of God or in the supernatural teaching of the Bible. His standing-ground was probably a consciousness that whatever may be our absolute and ultimate relations to the Divine Being, Christianity, as then developed in the Church, was well adapted to enlighten, raise, and educate the human family,—so long as they were gifted with no higher powers and continued in the present phase of their existence. ●

But we must give some account of the theological discussions in which Scotus was engaged, since these enable us to measure him more accurately. Amid the intellectual fermentation that had been excited by the Carlovingian movement, we observe the reawakening of religious controversies. The insoluble problem, which aspires to bring the truth of God's foreknowledge into harmony with the parallel fact of human freedom, has been generally attempted with peculiar eagerness in the midst of such ecclesiastical agitation. It occupied the master-spirit of Augustine when he wrestled year by year with Manes and Pelagius: the Schoolmen took it as a frequent thesis for their dialectic tournaments, and often brooded anxiously over it in their closets: it was vehemently discussed by martyrs of the Reformation-period, while the stake at which upon the morrow they were going to be sacrificed was hewn for their reception. A revival of the same interminable controversy in the time of Scotus was due to a Frankish monk, named Gottskalk,* formerly attached to Fulda, but then to Orbais, in the diocese of Soissons, and therefore under the jurisdiction of Archbishop Hincmar. While returning from a Transalpine tour, or, in the language of 847,

* We prefer this orthography to many others in use, on the ground that it preserves the ancient form of the word (*Gottskalk*=God's servant.)

"a pilgrimage to Italy," Gottskalk had disclosed his views to Notting, bishop of Verona. He there advocated the most rigorous theory of predestination, stating it in such a way as to impair and even to abolish the doctrine of moral responsibility, by questioning the voluntariness of sin, and by ascribing its direct causality to God. Notting, startled by this novelty, reported the conversation to Rabanus Maurus, once the superior of Gottskalk at Fulda, but now archbishop of Mayence. Rabanus lost no time, according to the usage of the period, in bringing the new "heresy" before a synod of his comprovincials, whom he called together at the metropolis. Thither Gottskalk also hastened, though not amenable to the censures of the prelates, and there he defended and explained his theory with unflinching sternness. He vehemently asserted that the benefits of the death of Christ were not, in the Divine counsels, ever meant to reach beyond a certain favoured class,—the class who are eventually saved, while all the remnant, or the non-elected, are of necessity and by a fiat of Almighty God consigned to irreversible perdition.

It is not our purpose to examine the merits or demerits of the controversialists who took the field on this occasion. Suffice it to say, that Gottskalk was condemned at Mayence (848,) and in the following year at Kiersey-sur-Oise; the synod of the latter place being called together by Hincmar, who was forced to move in the matter as the ecclesiastical superior of the accused. Gottskalk was then flogged, in virtue of a Benedictine rule, which the archbishop dexterously laid hold of, pleading that his victim was a troubler of the Church, and intermeddled with politics. The hapless monk was finally shut up in a conventual prison at Hautvilliers, where his censors hoped that the excitement he had caused would soon be buried with him. But in this they were bitterly disappointed. Several theologians, more or less embracing his opinions, now appeared in his behalf, among the rest Prudentius of Troyes and Ratramnus, whom we shall hereafter meet with in a different connexion. The archbishop of Rheims beheld the formidable combination with embarrassment approaching to dismay. He had perhaps at no time been a thorough master of polemical theology, or, at the best, the arguments he had picked up while he attended the lectures of Hilduin, at St. Denis, were somewhat rusty, through the lapse of time and his intense devotion to public business. He therefore turned in this emergency for help to what he deemed a citadel of scholarship and orthodoxy, the palatial school, or rather to Erigena, its able president,—calculating, it may be, that by enlisting him, he could make sure of the co-operation of his *alter ego*, Charles-le-Chauve. In this way, then, the Irish

philosophical theologian was ultimately dragged from his retirement, to be plunged into the angry vortex of polemics. Hitherto we may conclude that he enjoyed the reputation of being what was then thought "a safe man;" for otherwise, it is not likely that a clear-headed and eminently judicious prelate, such as Hincmar, would have run the risk of compromising himself or his party, by securing an equivocal auxiliary. Yet, on the other hand, we may at once detect in Scotus a suspicion, if not perfect consciousness, that the line of argument he was going to adopt diverged at numerous points from the received opinions. The famous treatise, *De Prædestinatione*,* appeared in 851. It was dedicated to Hincmar and to Pardulus, bishop of Laon, whom the writer thus addresses, touching the general character of his production, "Whatsoever you esteem true, hold fast and ascribe it to the Catholic Church: whatsoever you esteem false, reject, while pardoning me upon the ground that I am human: whatsoever you esteem doubtful, believe [*i.e.* accept as probable,] until authority decide that it is either false or true or something that must always be treated as matter of belief" [*i.e.* of simple probability.] And well might he enter such a plea as this upon the threshold of the work; for, as the editor justly remarks in a monition to the reader, Scotus could not have embarked on a more perilous task than when he undertook to resolve an arduous and most obscure question of Theology by means of dialectic and philosophical arguments. Instead of handling it in the approved manner, citing in the foreground the authority of Holy Scripture and the witness of the Latin Fathers, he struck off at once into a devious pathway of his own, involving a discussion of first principles, both in religion and ethics. We must keep in view the main position he was striving to demolish. It consisted in the dogma, that the predestination of God is *twofold*, as well as absolute, extending to the wicked and the good, to the elect and reprobate, *in precisely the same unconditional and irreversible way*, constraining the one to eternal blessedness and the other to eternal misery. The line of the assailant or respondent was as follows. He maintained, while pouring acrimonious censures on the head of the unfortunate monk, that a twofold predestination is altogether inconsistent with right views of the Divine unity. It implies, according to Scotus, a contradiction in God, and is therefore irreconcilable with all we know of the simplicity of His essence. He then contends that the prescience of God and His predestination are identical, for that we can in fact attribute neither property to Him, except in a lax and anthropo-

* First edited by Manguin in a collection of treatises on the Predestinarian controversy. Paris, 1650.

pathic phraseology : "before" and "after", being things of time, and consequently not predicable of One who by His nature is removed entirely from the sphere of all such limited relations. Next, however, Scotus falls into a train of thought, which many of his readers must have found more intelligible. He determines that as sin can never be produced by the direct causality of God, so neither can it be foreknown by Him. Sin, or moral evil, in his theory, is barely negative and privative : it has no existence for the Divine Being, (it is the $\mu\eta\ \delta\upsilon\nu$ of the Neo-Platonist,) and on this account we cannot say, except with a figurative license, that God ever punishes sin. Strictly speaking, sin punishes itself—partly in the present life, completely in the future ; and it does this by estranging its unhappy subject from the contemplation of the highest good, and violating the laws and order of the universe. Hence it follows, that the place of torment which had been allotted to unhappy men and fallen angels, was no longer what the Church had represented ; it was in the system of Scotus transmuted into a fourth element of the world—a sort of universal purgatory where the saints were to be ultimately invested in new bodies of "ethereal" texture, and the rest with what he calls "aerial" bodies. The nature of both classes, as distinguished from their *wills*, must be restored (he argues) by this purgatorial process, because God must always continue to exhibit what He has himself created ; but wherever the antagonistic will remains, the subject of it is so far and so long incorrigible, an enemy of God, and therefore destined to torment himself indefinitely.

The reception which this work of Scotus met with in the middle of the ninth century, is worthy of notice. A host of theologians, who could not, or who would not, follow the erratic author while he haunted the impalpable region of metaphysics, were thunder-struck on feeling the force of his speculations when applied to morals and anthropology. The primate even, sensible of the mistakes which he had made, resolved in future to keep clear of "nauseous Irish broth or water-gruel" (*Scotorum pultes puritati fidei nauseam inferentes*), and betook himself for more salutary food to the neglected folios of his library. But, meanwhile, Scotus was not suffered to escape from the encounter on such easy terms as these. The other theologians, more opposed to him on the particular controversy, and, it may be owing to their distance, less restrained by deference for the northern court, indulged in the most noisy fulminations, and conspired to hunt him down. His old acquaintance, Prudentius of Troyes, was of the number, branding him as the reviver of the worst heresies, not only it is said of Pelagius, but also of Origen and the Collyriani. "I trembled," he adds, "and was horror-

stricken when I saw so many ancient errors, which had gone to rest as we were hoping with their parents, budding out afresh in our own times." He further asks, in language which appears to indicate that our author was no ecclesiastic: "Who can bear to listen while a barbarian like Scotus, distinguished by no church honours, is railing against (oblatrantem) Pope Gregory?" A fresh antagonist, the Deacon Florus of Lyons, next put forth a treatise entitled *Contra Joh. Scoti erroneas definitiones*, no more measured in its language. He allows, indeed, that Scotus had been held in admiration as a great scholastic and a learned man, but in the name of orthodoxy hastens to denounce him as an empty-headed ranter, and for setting up his own fantastic ravings instead of bowing with humility to the "Divine Scriptures and the authorities of the Fathers." The heaviest condemnation, however, is that which emanated from two Gallican councils, one held at Valence in 855, the other at Langres in 859. The treatise on *Predestination* is here characterised as "commentum diaboli potius quam argumentum aliquod fidei:" it is reprobated as a tissue of absurd quiddities and old wives' fables: the proud boast of those who looked upon it as a "master-piece of philosophy," is indignantly repelled, and even the perusal of it is universally interdicted. One single manuscript, preserved at Paris, testifies to the unsparing vigilance with which the mandate of those censors was enforced in the following period. Copies, it is true, of that and other works of Scotus found their way to Oxford, where he afterwards rose to high repute from his alleged connexion with the planting of the university under Ælfred the Great; but even there we have good reason to conclude, that he fared no better in the long-run.*

This, however, was not the only controversy of his day in which Erigena was called to mingle. The general activity of mind that brought the subject of Predestination to the surface of the Gallo-Frankish church, compelled her rulers at a somewhat earlier date (for the chronology of these events is not without its difficulties,) to pronounce a judgment on the doctrine of the Lord's Supper. The question was now mooted by Paschasius Radbert. "He," says Cardinal Bellarmine, "was the first who wrote formally and at large (serio et copiose,) touching the truth of the Lord's body and blood in the Eucharist." A

* The confusion of his name and works with those of John Duns Scotus, would expose him to the cross-fire of the Royal Commissioners sent down by Henry VIII., whom we hear acknowledging that they felt a special satisfaction in cutting up the treatises of Duns, and in beholding them converted into "sewelles and blauncheres,"—a kind of scare-crows for frightening deer.

scholar and divine of some standing, Radbert was already theological lecturer in the famous Benedictine monastery of Corbey, where his class consisted of many able, ardent, and inquiring neophytes, one of whom we afterwards recognise in Anskar, "The Apostle of the North." To guide and satisfy these pupils, Radbert had composed a treatise on "the Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ," as early as 831. In it he laboured to establish, that the elements are *physically* changed at consecration into the actual flesh and blood in which our Lord was crucified; these being, as the necessary consequence, objectively present to every communicant, and really partaken of by all, though not with saving benefit in cases where, owing to a lack of faith, the soul has forfeited its proper receptivity. In other words, Paschasius Radbert, by substituting a perpetual *miracle* in the place of that *mystery* which had been always associated with the presence in the Eucharist, reduced the doctrine far more easily within the apprehension of a sensuous and corporealizing age. In the year preceding the arrival of Scotus at the court of Neustria, (844,) a second and revised edition of this work had been presented by the author to Charles-le-Chauve, whose interest in such questions was already known to all his subjects. Actuated either by his own disapprobation of the views there advocated, or his wish to hear what could be urged upon the other side of a dispute which had excited no small stir among the Frankish theologians, Charles instructed two of his favourites to review the work of Radbert. These were, Ratramn, a brother-monk at Corbey, and John Scotus Erigena. Of Ratramn, nothing need be added here, except that he was destined to produce a very strong impression on our English theology, first by influencing the Anglo-Saxon worthy, Ælfric, who adopted his conclusions almost to the letter, and next by the important change he wrought in Bishop Ridley, under the name of Bertram.* His production was then thrown into the Roman Index of 1559, although Mabillon and other Benedictines argue, for the credit of their order, that his eccentricities do not amount to actual heresy. The answer of the second champion, Scotus, if ever published, shared the fate of those unanswerable writings which were found distasteful to the book-consuming zealots instigated by the Court of Rome.

The absence of a second treatise has indeed suggested the hypothesis, that only one was written, either by Scotus or by Ratramn, posterity ascribing it through some confusion of their names to each of these scholars in his turn. Now, with regard to one branch of this supposition, it appears to us incredible that

* A depraved form of Be. [Beatus.] Ratramn.

any one acquainted with the spirit or the extant speculations of Scotus, can regard him as the author of the work that has come down to us. His notions, doubtless, would be reconcilable with those parts of it which are levelled at the materialistic theory of Radbert, but on several other points there handled, no such harmony can be established. We saw Ratramn and himself employed on opposite sides of the predestinarian controversy,—the former showing that he was a genuine follower of Augustine and the ancient Latin Church—Scotus standing quite alone. We know in like manner, from a different source, that Scotus, owing to his philosophical bias, had been driven to singular conclusions touching the Saviour's glorified humanity. He argued that the body of Christ is no longer reducible to the conditions either of time or space, and therefore could not possibly have thought it capable of becoming associated, as the author of the work in question certainly did in some way or other, with the eucharistic symbols. A second hypothesis to the effect that Scotus never wrote a *separate* treatise on the Eucharist has found more numerous and intelligent supporters. Dr. Floss, we grant, has added much to its tenability, by proving that the chief passage quoted in the eleventh century, as from a work of Scotus, and as evidence against his orthodoxy, is really contained in the answer of Ratramn. But it should be remembered, on the other side, that Berengarius, who perpetuated this opposition to the carnal views of Radbert, was agreed with all the councils that condemned him in attributing to Scotus a peculiar doctrine of the Eucharist, and also in professing to have read it in a book of his. Confusion, it is true, may have arisen afterwards, some passages from Ratramn being here and there affiliated on Scotus; but we cannot, therefore, go the length of Dr. Floss, and those who, with him, would deny that our philosopher played any part in the Radbertian controversy. We are somewhat strengthened in our judgment, though not so fortified as to esteem it absolutely true, by noticing that Ilincmar,* not later than 863, has specified among the failings of his old ally, some aberrations on this very subject. He says that Scotus held "the sacrament of the altar to be not the true body and blood of the Lord, but only a memorial of them (*tantum memoria*.)" And, supposing him to be rigorously self-consistent, such must of necessity have always been the character of his teaching, as we gather not only from his speculations touching our Lord's humanity, but also from clear statements in his extant works. While Ratramn,

* In his own treatise *On Predestination*, c. xxxi. D'Achery has also published an opusculum, by Adrewald, taking the view of Radbert, and directed against the "ineptius" of John Scotus. (Spicileg. i., 150.)

with regard to this particular discussion, was the Ridley of the ninth century, Scotus, with no less propriety, may be esteemed the Zwingli. Thus, to give the reader only one passage from his *Exposition of the Celestial Hierarchy*. Dionysius had been speaking of the participation of Christ, on which his commentator adds:—"Behold how beautifully, how expressly he asserts that this visible Eucharist which the priests of the Church daily fashion at the altar out of the sensible matter of bread and wine, and which, when made and sanctified, they receive in a bodily manner, is a typical similitude of the spiritual participation of Jesus, whom we taste by faith ('fideliter,') with the intellect alone, that is, whom we understand and take into the inner viscera of our nature, in order to promote our salvation, our spiritual growth, and our ineffable deification."*

It is now time to proceed to a consideration of the greatest work of Scotus when he comes before us in his true capacity, as a professor of ontology and metaphysical theology. It is entitled, *De Divisione Naturæ*, or, as he himself loves to call it, *Περὶ φύσεως μερισμοῦ*.† The form of it is one which had the sanction of respected predecessors: it is a dialogue, between himself ("Magister,") and one of his pupils ("Discipulus,") whom he would fain initiate into his profoundest theories respecting Being in the abstract and the wonderful phenomena of created nature. But although the plan and method of the treatise far excel in regularity all kindred compositions of the Middle Ages, the first perusal of it is disappointing to a student of the present day: He takes it up expecting to find a series of dissertations on the material universe, a "Cosmos" of the ninth century; instead of which he is immediately plunged into a labyrinth of disquisitions having reference not so much to what we call "nature," as to the essential being and the attributes of God. This characteristic is, in truth, so prominent in all the work, that one of the more intelligent readers of it in the twelfth century (Richard of St. Victor,) has denominated Scotus the father or inventor of "theology," properly so called. And, if we only bear in mind the standing-ground of Erigena, this vast preponderance of the "theological" element will no more occasion us surprise. His principles, we have remarked, were quasi-pantheistic, and therefore the relations of God and the world

* Floss, col. 140. The editor tries to explain this passage in what he would consider an orthodox sense; but it is too strong for him. He afterwards gives up a kindred passage, (col. 311,) very justly comparing it with the revolting and capernaïtic text afterwards applied to Borengarius: Cf. also the Latin Poem, *De Paschate*, col. 1226.

† First edited at Oxford by Thomas Gale in 1681, and in 1685 thrown into the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum"

must have been to his mind peculiarly intimate. God is regarded as the *whole*, of which the several parts or members, in so far as they can claim a true existence, are the varying forms of created being. The great universal Essence (so to speak,) has analysed itself, and the result of that self-analysis has been displayed in all the intellectual orders from the Logos downwards, and in the formation of the visible world. In like manner, and by what he deemed a *necessary* process, every order of derived being is ultimately to revert into the original or archetypal being. The essence which has been diffused is hereafter to disengage itself from the infinite diversity of phenomenal beings with which it is now associated: it is to be reconcentrated in that simple unity which "comprises all things, which is in God and is God, so that God is everything and everything is God."

Being, then, in this its most extended acceptation, may (so Scotus teaches in the very outset of his work,) be viewed under four aspects, or, in other words, as *divided* into four kinds of being. The first is that which creates but is not created: the second, that which is created and creates: the third, that which is created and does not create (thus forming a direct contrast with the first): the fourth, that which neither creates nor is created (a direct contrast with the second.) Strange to say, this quadripartite sub-division, though no parallel has yet been pointed out in earlier writers of the West, was found by our great Sanskrit scholar, Colebrooke, to be almost literally coincident with one that constitutes the basis of the most abstruse scholasticism of India.* We are, however, at a loss to suggest any link by which Erigena may even probably have been brought into communication with the Sankhyan philosophers. We are disposed to view the fact as one of those extraordinary coincidences which occur from time to time in the history of opinion, where men of equal powers and like temperament work out identical conclusions by independent processes.

Scotus was soon arrested by misgivings of his pupil with regard to the intelligibility of the last of his divisions. This compelled him to explain a fundamental point of his idealism,—the distinction between existence and non-existence. According to him, an order of beings can only be said to exist at all, when it is *known* to itself or to other intellectual beings, and therefore, in the highest and truest meaning of the word, existence is predicable only of the Divine Being, and of those eternal energies, or causes, which subsist in Him. Everything else is to be treated as *barely* phenomenal, as "non-existent," as simply a negation of the Divine. He afterwards (lib. ii. sec. 2,) explains that the *first* and *fourth* of his varieties eventually coincide, or rather that

* The affinity is also noticed by Ritter, *Gesch. der christlichen Philosophie*, iii. 215, Hamburg, 1844.

they always, in philosophy, are reducible to one. They both refer to God himself,—the first to God as the origin and root of all creative power, and the other to God, the Absolute, the Unapproachable. If you contemplate Him under one aspect, God creates; if under the second, He is all in all, and therefore does not create. And the latter proposition is that which embodies the exact truth; for what an unphilosophical mind would by a figure term “creation,” Scotus judged to be a mere “theophany,” an emanation of God by which He made himself symbolically known under the forms of the finite and the temporal. In the *third* division of his work, Scotus treats of such emanations, of things as they are generated and exist under the conditions of time and space; or, in different phraseology, the world of effects: while the *second* of his varieties, “that which is created and creates,” is the ideal world of Scotus, embracing all the series of divine patterns, “primordial causes,” prototypes and the rest, which being themselves derived from the One Cause of all things, or “coeternally created,” serve as models on which creaturely existences are fashioned, links between the Absolute and the finite, intermediate agents which produce the lower forms of being, such as man and things with which mankind are conversant. The great Idea of Ideas, the creative power in which the whole cycle of “primordial causes” is summed up as in a head, is the eternal Logos, the Word or Son of God.

It is of course, impossible for us, with our present limits, to supply a formal analysis of this extraordinary work; but one or two additional remarks are offered with the hope of facilitating a thorough study of it. Scotus had already expressed a belief, in the first chapter of the treatise on Predestination, that “true philosophy is true religion, and conversely that true religion is true philosophy.” In his larger treatise this position seems to have been constantly before his mind. Very few, however, will be ready to confess that he succeeded in establishing it. While employing the most sacred watchwords of Christianity and fighting in its ranks, he has too often pierced its heart and compassed its dishonour. Revelation issues from his crucible, not merely as one of the philosophies, but a philosophy that occupies an humble and inferior place. If you veil the true philosophy of the Absolute in the form of tradition or church-doctrine, you obtain what men denominate Religion: if you, on the other hand, unveil religion from the forms of tradition by applying the results of rational inquiry, you arrive at Philosophy. It is doubtless possible that most of the symbolic drapery in which the revelation of God presented supernatural truths to man, was absolutely necessary in order to bring them within the cognizance of ordinary minds. Scotus may be justified in laying stress upon this principle. But it is far more certain that he has exaggerated

the symbolical character of revelation so indefinitely, that the faith of many of his readers would be shaken to its base; they would have nothing positive to hold by, or at best would be strongly tempted to etherealize, after his own fashion, the residuum he had left. Persuaded that we can know nothing about things as they are in themselves, but only as they *appear to us* under the transitory conditions of time and space, he felt that all the plainest intimations of religious truth which God has made to Christians, were no more than paths that opened towards the understanding of what we cannot apprehend, denominations of that which is ineffable, steps in the direction of that which cannot possibly be reached, forms of that which has no form. Here, we say, he ran the risk of forgetting altogether, that imperfect as the vehicle of language is for making us acquainted with the Divine nature and operations, the very object of a revelation would be frustrated, unless the representations it contained were at least *analogous* to facts of the supernatural world which God intended to reveal,—unless our present knowledge even of the highest matters be *as far as it goes*, a true approximation; unless the insight there communicated into the relations of the human and Divine have some objective basis, resting upon something more than shadows which will vanish with the present life. We know besides, from several disquisitions in this work of Scotus, that the attributes of God, His love, His anger, and the like, were so evacuated as to lose all definite or even intelligible meaning; that the three Divine Personalities were reduced into bare names or figures, meaning no more than the truth of God metaphorically represented; that moral evil was regarded as a mere antithesis of good, a necessary element in the present constitution of the universe, nay, even as a point of departure for the carrying out of that restorative process which excited the imagination of Scotus so profoundly, and filled so many of his chapters. It is true that in his practical teaching on these points the man was better than the philosopher. He often manifested symptoms of embarrassment, as we may gather from the forcible objections which he puts into the mouth of his interlocutor. He could not help feeling that the letter of the Bible, which he loved and wished to reverence, ran directly counter to his favourite conclusions. Yet in almost every case his difficulties were at length relieved either by falling back upon abstract principles, as arbitrary as they were unfounded, or else by trusting to “that dangerous and deluding art” of spiritual interpretation, which as Hooker saw good reason to complain, “maketh of any thing what it listeth, and bringeth in the end all things to nothing.”

It is a marked feature of the age in which he lived, that speculations of this startling character, enunciated as they were with bold and rugged eloquence, and pressed by Scotus to their

logical results, should have created very slight sensation. Even William of Malmesbury, writing afterwards and in a more enlightened atmosphere, complacently describes the work as "very useful in solving certain perplexed questions, provided only we pardon a few divergencies where the writer started off from the track of the Latins and eagerly turned his eye towards the Greeks."* He adds, however, that some reputed the author a heretic on this account, and therefore we are not surprised to find that at the opening of the thirteenth century, when the *Division of Nature* had begun to make its way into the French monasteries, and was stimulating the mystic tendencies of one class of schoolmen, it fell under the heavy lash of the University of Paris (1209). Pope Honorius III. then launched a bull against it, denouncing the whole production as heretical ("tot scatens vermibus hæreticæ pravitatis"), and commanding all good christians to destroy it under pain of excommunication.

Interspersed throughout his works are abundant illustrations of the biblical scholarship of Scotus. He shews himself acquainted with at least the elements of Hebrew, though the application of his learning to the exposition of the sacred Text is nearly always infelicitous. His Greek was of a somewhat higher order, and occasionally serves him better. The original of the New Testament he seems to have kept continually before him, comparing one codex with another; and in cases where the Latin version he employed was either vague or positively incorrect, he felt no scruple in modifying it so as to reduce it into more exact accordance with the Greek. Thus in citing 1 Cor. xv. 51, he notices that "many and almost all have translated this passage of the apostle" in the manner still preserved by the Latin Vulgate, ("we shall all sleep, but we shall not all be changed;") yet he states his preference for the true version—that which the original, as now adopted in editions of the Greek Testament, obviously required. This freedom in departing from the recognised translation of the Roman Church he probably had learned in his native country. For it is now well established that Ireland possessed for ages a peculiar Latin version of her own, which through her missionaries gained a further currency in Northumbria, where it lingered till the eighth century, another proof of the comparative independence that survived in those branches of the Western Church. Until some scholar is induced to edit this Hiberno-Latin version, we cannot say positively whether Scotus carried it with him into France; or whether he translated the majority of his quotations as they

* Alluding perhaps more especially to the language of Scotus respecting the Procession of the Holy Spirit (ii. 83, 84), where he manifests, though somewhat cautiously, his leaning to the Greek view.

came to hand. Judging from a few examples where comparison is possible, we are inclined to take the latter view ; and such would be quite in harmony with what we know of his self-asserting spirit.

But however great he might have been, as a verbal critic, under more genial circumstances, he could never have attained a high position as an interpreter of Holy Scripture. That he was not destitute of reverence for the sacred Text, we may infer from his strong expressions touching its inspiration, and his fervent prayers for guidance as he laboured to attain what he esteemed the best reward of scholarship, "a pure and perfect understanding" of the Bible (*e.g.*, Floss, col. 1010.) His works, indeed, are full of references to it, and appeals to its authority. And yet a careful reader, after being for a time misled by these abundant indications of respect, is driven to admit eventually, that such professions in the mouth of Scotus have little worth. So free, elastic, and accommodating, are his principles of exegesis, that without sacrificing one of his weakest foibles or withdrawing one of his extreme positions, he is able to preserve a deferential attitude in speaking of the Word of God. Nor may we characterize this laxity as the resource of a dishonest man who has resolved to fetch his teaching from the Bible by hook or by crook. It was a vice inherent not so much in him as in his whole philosophy of religion. The disclosures of the sacred writers were to Scotus not the plain and positive revelations of the supernatural, and *expressions* of the truth of God, but mere *symbols* apt to stimulate our "rude and infantile perceptions," while bearing no fundamental analogy to what the saint will know hereafter. Hence those writers might occasionally make use of contradictory epithets in reference to the same thing, and hence their commentator felt himself at liberty to choose that meaning of their language which accorded best with his present object. In extreme cases he resorts to the licentious figure of *ὑπέρων πρότερον*, and once, in order to evade an inconvenient passage, he does not hesitate to argue that spirit means flesh, and flesh spirit, (iii. § 29.)

The only formal treatise which he seems to have devoted to the interpretation of the Scriptures, is a commentary on the Gospel according to St. John. It is now a mere fragment, owing probably to the pious horror of the scribe, who, on approaching the chapter where Scotus had explained the doctrine of the Eucharist, appears to have abandoned his work. The predilection of all mystics for that gospel has been often noticed : Erigena, an early instance, is inclined to rank St. John in his capacity of teacher at the head of the Apostles, on the ground that he was privileged "to penetrate the hidden mysteries of the highest good." St. Peter was a type of faith and action—St. John of

contemplation and intuitive knowledge. Both, it is suggested,* ran to the sepulchre ("ad monumentum;") which as being the monument of Christ, denotes Holy Scripture, where the mysteries of His divinity and humanity are safely guarded as His body was in the rock. John, however, outran Peter; the virtue of contemplation, already purified, evincing quicker faculties than that of action, whose purification was not perfect. Still, as Peter entered first into the sepulchre, according to the evangelic narrative, he next comes forward on the page of Scotus a symbol of faith, contrasted with St. John a symbol of ripened understanding; the philosopher adhering on this point to the dictum of Augustine, that "fides" shews the way which "intellectus" follows. The last, however, is really the first; for though St. Peter is gifted with illumination enabling him to recognise the temporal and eternal as they stand united in the Christ, he was inferior to his brother apostle, the representative of contemplation: St. John introducing us to a knowledge of the eternal nature of the Lord, in all its abstract purity, unmingled with the things of time. •

This commentary, as we might anticipate, has thrown a powerful light upon the struggle which was then proceeding in the mind of Scotus between Religion and Philosophy—between the speculative tendencies he was indulging and the simplicity of Christian faith. Upon the whole, it leads us to acknowledge, that amid the wildest aberrations of his *intellect*, his *heart* continued sound. The holy influences of childhood, the affectionate lessons of some gentle teacher, or the prayers and tears, it may be, of an Irish Monica had never been forgotten: they still guided, softened, and restrained him where he seems to totter on the brink of unbelief. And even if this judgment be too lenient, none who reads his works in an impartial spirit will refuse at least to entertain the palliating plea, that he was anxious to be right and thoroughly in earnest. "I am not," he says on one occasion,† "so terrified by authority, and do not so shrink before the violence of less capacious minds, that I shall ever feel ashamed to avow with open forehead what true reason plainly gathers and undoubtingly defines." And it is satisfactory to mention that his worst opponent never charged him either with dissimulation or with any lack of personal piety. Indeed, as if to add one more anomaly, the only panegyric of him has proceeded from a quarter where his memory in after-times was held in execration. A "bibliothecarius" of the Roman Church in writing to Charles-le-Chauve, pronounces him a man of great humility; and even a perfect saint ("per omnia sanctum.")

* Floss, col. 284. Those who wish to see another remarkable instance of "spiritual" interpretation, may consult the *De Divisione Naturæ*, lib. v. § 6.

† *De Divisione Naturæ*, lib. i. § 67.

How or when this subtle and adventurous spirit was delivered from the burden of the flesh remains to be considered.

An epistle of Anastasius in which he is referred to in the past tense, seems to intimate, that in the year 875, when it was written, Scotus was already numbered with the dead. In 862, we find him still occupying his position at court. Some Greek verses have enabled us to trace him in the Frankish kingdom as late as 872. If, therefore, we are justified in the inference we draw from the language of Anastasius, Scotus must have died between 872 and 875, in all the freshness of old age. We know, however, that before this period he had rendered his position in the Frankish court less tenable by kindling the displeasure of the haughty pontiff, Nicholas I. Writers are not wanting who maintain, but without foundation, that when he had incurred the wrath of Nicholas I., Erigena was forced to quit the shelter of the palace and the land of his adoption. Others have gone further still, contending, that on his banishment he was welcomed at the court of our own Ælfred, where he soon became a vigorous promoter of general literature. We give the narrative as it emerges for the first time in chronicles of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. "John Scotus," is the substance of it, "owing to a summons or invitation of King Ælfred, left the court of France, became a monk of Malmesbury, and there expired in 891. His end was singularly tragical. A class of good-for-nothing schoolboys, whom he undertook to educate, assailed him with their writing-instruments or styles, and punctured him to death." It turns out, however, on a critical examination of the evidence, that the authority of greatest worth* is William of Malmesbury, who lived three centuries after the occurrence of these events. Jealous for the reputation of his own religious house, he easily confounded John Scotus Erigena with a second but less noted scholar of the name of John, who *did* assist King Ælfred in his noble efforts to advance the intellectual culture of his subjects. The reality of such confusion is indisputable. Asser, one of the native scholars who took part in this resuscitation of literature, has mentioned John the foreigner† in terms which render it impossible to identify him with John Scotus.

As for Scotus, therefore, we lose sight of him entirely in 872. He disappears as he had come into the field of view; indeed, as best befitted one whose course had been so dubious and eccentric, buried in thick wreaths of mist, and with a hazy nimbus round his head.

* That his account was not derived from older documentary evidence is shown by his language in the outset: "*Hoc tempore creditur fuisse Johannes Scotus, vir perspicacis ingenii et multæ facundia.*" . . . —P. 45, Ed. Francof. 1601.

† Apud *Monum. Britan.*, i. 493. Ed. Petrie.

- ART. IV.—1. *Papers relating to the Re-organization of the Civil Service.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1855.
2. *The Regulations for the Examination of Candidates for Appointments to the Civil Service of the East India Company; with an Appendix containing two Reports to the Commissioners for the Affairs of India.* London, 1855.
3. *The One Thing Needful.* By W. R. GREG. London, 1855.

ACCORDING to the census of 1851, the number of persons then holding what are called *Government situations* in the United Kingdom was 53,678. The following table exhibits the proportions in which they were distributed through the various departments of the service :—

I. OFFICIALS CONNECTED WITH THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,	172
II. OFFICIALS SERVING ON ONE OR TWO ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONS,	39
III. OFFICIALS IN THE CIVIL DEPARTMENT OF THE EXECUTIVE GOVERNMENT,—	
(1.) <i>For Administrative or Special Purposes</i> : as in the Treasury, the Home Office, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, the Privy Council, the Board of Trade, the Woods and Forests, and all the other well known offices located in London, in and around Downing Street,	1,628
(2.) <i>Finance and Account</i> : as in the Audit Office, the National Debt Office, the Paymaster-General's Office, and one or two others, also located in London,	284
(3.) <i>Revenue and Post Office</i> : including the three great Departments of the Customs (11,803), the Inland Revenue Department (6,188), and the Post Office (15,775)—these three departments having their centres in London, but extending their ramifications over the whole country,	33,776
	<hr/> 35,678
IV. OFFICIALS DISCHARGING CIVIL DUTIES IN THE MILITARY AND NAVAL DEPARTMENTS,—	
(1.) <i>Army Offices</i> : as the War Office, Commander-in-Chief's Office, Quartermaster-General's Office, &c., all in London,	255
(2.) <i>Ordnance Office</i> : having its centre in London, but with ramifications over the country,	3,934
(3.) <i>Navy Offices</i> : chiefly the Admiralty, which has its centre in London, but includes the Government Dockyards and other Establishments over the country,	13,600
	<hr/> 17,789
TOTAL,	<hr/> 53,678

This table, it is to be observed, refers only to what may, in general terms, be called the CIVIL SERVICE of the country. All properly military, naval, and ecclesiastical offices are excluded from it—only the *civil* offices connected with the military, naval, and ecclesiastical departments being taken into the reckoning. There are likewise excluded from the table all ambassadors, consuls, and others on diplomatic service abroad, as well as all judges and other functionaries of law courts. On the other hand, it does not include all that might properly be included in the Home Civil Service. The Metropolitan Police force, for example, as well as a number of persons in the employment of the Woods and Forests throughout the country, are omitted from the computation; from which also are designedly omitted a few offices in Scotland and Ireland not represented by any central office in the Metropolis, as well as some hundreds of offices held by females. Allowing for these omissions, the number of persons holding situations in the Government Civil Service of this country in the year 1851, may be estimated in round numbers at upwards of 60,000—giving about one official person out of every 460 in the entire population; and, though some alterations have been made in the arrangements of the service since that time, by the amalgamation, the separation, and the extension of offices, the number still probably remains about the same.

A classification of the 53,678 persons included in the foregoing table, according to their degrees of rank and responsibility, gives the following result:—

Heads of Public Departments,	105
Secretaries and Chief Clerks,	190
Officers of importance employed in special capacities, as Inspectors, Professional Advisers, &c.,	378
Heads of Subordinate Divisions of Establishments, Accountants, Librarians, &c.,	1,898
Clerks, permanent and temporary, or extra,	3,982
Others, not being Clerks, employed in special duties,	11,267
Office-keepers, Messengers, and Porters,	3,867
Inferior Revenue Officers, Postmen, and Letter Carriers,	17,165
Artificers and Labourers in Dockyards, Arsenals, &c.,	14,531
	<hr/>
	53,678

In the matter of the salaries enjoyed by each of the above classes of Government officers, we can give but an approximate and average estimate. The salaries of those styled “Heads of Departments,” may be said to range from £1000 to £5000 per annum—salaries so low as £1000 being rare; those between £1000 and £2500 being most numerous; while those between £2500 and £5000 are reserved for the highest ministerial

offices. The salaries of "Secretaries and Chief Clerks," range from about £1000 to about £2000 per annum—touching the latter sum, or overpassing it, only in a few instances, such as those of the Under Secretaries of State. The officials ranking as "Officers of importance employed in special capacities," receive salaries ranging from £500 to £2000 per annum, according to the nature of their employments—the Solicitor to the Treasury, who, however, ranks as one of the "Heads of Departments," receiving £2850. Those classed as "Heads of Subordinate Divisions, &c.," have salaries of from £500 to £1500, varying also with the nature of their occupations. The great body of the "Clerks" in the Public Service might be distributed into clerks of the first, second, third, and fourth classes—the usual commencing salary of a clerk of the lowest class throughout the Service being £80 or £90, while some of the highest class of clerks receive as much as £500 or £600, or even £700 or £800 per annum. Of the large and motley body of persons ranking nearly on a level with the clerks, but described as "persons, not being clerks, employed on special duties," the salaries, roughly speaking, may be said to range over nearly the same extent of variation—from £90 or £100 to £600 or £800. Of the "Office-keepers, Messengers, and Porters," some receive salaries as low as £50—others as high as £150 a-year; excluding from this class the Chief Doorkeepers and Messengers of the Houses of Parliament, who have salaries ranging from £150 to £400, or more. Lastly, the salaries of those classed as "Inferior Revenue Officers, Postmen, and Letter Carriers," and of those classed as "Artificers and Labourers in Dockyards, Arsenals, &c.," range from £150 a-year downwards to under a pound a-week.

Such is a summary of the Statistics of the Civil Service. After one has looked at this mechanism in a general way from the outside—after one has sufficiently figured to the mind's eye this mass of 53,678 persons who, duly classified and distributed, compose our Civil Service—it naturally occurs to ask on what principle these persons are selected from the rest of the community, and by what system of arrangements among themselves, after they are selected, their mutual positions are regulated.

Here one immediately meets a well known but most important distinction between two portions of the service—a small portion, which may be called the *Ministerial portion*, consisting of a select number of high offices, occupied, according to a prescriptive right, by members of that parliamentary party which chances to be in the ascendant for the time being, and necessarily vacated by them whenever a parliamentary crisis brings their political opponents into power; and, as stationary beneath this

shifting surface, the great *Permanent body* of the service. The following list exhibits the extent of the ministerial or shifting ingredient in the various departments of the civil service, as it is usually constituted.

- The Treasury : 7 Ministerial Officers, viz., The First Lord, who is generally also Premier or Head of the Government (£5000); the Chancellor of the Exchequer (£5000); three Junior Lords (£1000 each); and the two Joint Secretaries, who are men-of-all-work to the Government (£2000 each).
- The Home Office : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The Chief Secretary (£5000), and one of the two Under Secretaries (£2000).
- The Foreign Office : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The Chief Secretary (£5000), and one of the two Under Secretaries (£2000).
- The Colonial Office : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The Chief Secretary (£5000), and one of the two Under Secretaries (£2000).
- The Privy Council : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Lord President of the Council (£2000).
- The Board of Trade : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The President (£2000), and the Vice-President (this official, acting also as Paymaster-General of the Forces, and Treasurer of the Navy, receives £2000).
- The Privy Seal Office : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Lord Privy Seal (£2000).
- The Duchy of Lancaster : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Chancellor of the Duchy (£4000).
- The India Board : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The President (£3500), and one of the Secretaries (£1500).
- The Office of Works and Buildings : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Chief Commissioner (£2000).
- The Poor Law Board : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The President (£2000), and one of the Secretaries (£1500).
- The Paymaster-General's Office : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Paymaster-General (see "Board of Trade").
- The Post-Office : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Postmaster-General (£2500).
- The Commander-in-Chief's Office : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Commander-in-Chief (£3460). This office, though of a military nature, has generally been held by ministerial tenure.
- The War Office : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The Secretary of War (£5000), and Secretary at War (£2486). At present the "War Secretary" and the "Secretary at War" are independent offices. Most probably they will be combined, and the "Secretary at War" will become "Under War Secretary," so as to consolidate all the war business into one office, taking equal rank with the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Offices.
- The Judge-Advocate-General's Office : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Judge-Advocate-General (£2000).
- The Ordnance Office : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The Master-General (£3000), and the Clerk of the Ordnance (£1200).

The Admiralty : 4 Ministerial Officers, viz., The First Lord (£4500), two of the five Junior Lords (£1000 each), and the Secretary (£2000).

The Government of Ireland : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The Lord-Lieutenant (£20,000), and the Chief Secretary for Ireland (£4000).

If we add to the thirty-seven officers in the Civil Service here named, the chief officers of the Royal Household, and the chief law officers of the crown in England, Ireland, and Scotland, we have what is called the "Ministry" or "Administration" for the time being ;—of which body again a select portion, never exceeding a third of the whole number, forms that paramount, and yet in point of law non-existing body in the state, called "the Cabinet."* This "Ministry" then, consisting of some fifty of the chiefs and sub-chiefs of departments, is a shifting portion of the service—a kind of head screwed on to the permanent bulk of the executive machinery, and capable of being detached from it for alteration as occasion requires. The ministerial or removable portion in each department, it ought also to be observed, is small as compared with what is permanent. Thus, in the Treasury, where the ministerial element is largest, all below the junior lords and the joint secretaries is permanent. In each of the three great departments of state—the Home, the Foreign, and the Colonial—all below the chief secretary and the first under-secretary is permanent ; there being in each of these offices one permanent under-secretary, who remains when his colleague goes, and carries on the routine of the office. So in the other offices—the removable portion of the Admiralty machinery being small, indeed, in proportion to its bulk, and that of the Post-office still less ; while in the great departments of the Customs, the Excise, the Stamps and Taxes, and in many of the smaller offices, there is no removable portion at all.

It might well be made a question by those who wish to perfect the theory of our government, whether the ministerial or removable element is at present as fairly distributed through the various departments of the administration as it might be, and whether it would not be more consistent with the abstract principles of representative government to make the amount of

* "Although this select council has now been regarded during several generations as an essential part of our polity, yet it still continues to be unknown to the law. The names of the noblemen and gentlemen who compose it are never officially announced to the public. No record is kept of its resolutions or meetings, nor has its existence ever been recognised by any Act of Parliament."—*Dod's Parliamentary Companion*. The Cabinet is, in fact, a self-appointed sub-committee of the Ministry, deliberating secretly, and imposing its decisions on the rest. Sometimes, indeed, this sub-committee "adds to its number," by admitting to a seat in it a man who holds no office.

the removable or Parliamentary element in each department of the service as nearly as possible proportional to the importance of that department, as measured either by its bulk, or by the quantity of discretionary power involved in it. We will not go into this question, however; which is, after all, one rather of speculative intricacy than of practical moment. What we wish to point out is simply the fact, that the Civil Service does consist of *two* portions—the body of it which is permanent; and the ministerial or Parliamentary portion, which can be screwed on and off, like a moveable head. One may observe also the relative proportions of the two parts. There being but about 40 *ministerial* functionaries, at the utmost, out of the 53,678 who constitute the entire Civil Service, the numerical proportion of the ministerial ingredient in the whole service is but about 1-13th per cent.*

The principle on which the ministerial portion of the service is admitted to office is plain enough. It is that of Parliamentary vicissitude. The community, or those of them who have the suffrage, send the men they choose into one House of Parliament, according to the plan of majority of votes; and in the other House sit the peers of the realm. Certain individuals in both Houses, by their abilities, their moral weight, their wealth, the influence of their connexions, and, above all, by their skill as speakers, gradually attain eminence, and become recognised as leaders. As by a universal law of human nature, or, at all events, of British history, political movement is possible only in the guise of a continual struggle between two great parties, these Parliamentary leaders resolve themselves into two opposed bands or factions; and the rule is, that the leaders of the majority for the time being are the ministers of the Sovereign, and share the ministerial offices in the service. The Ministry of Great Britain for the time being, then, may be defined as that particular combination of the materials, both hereditary and representative, already independently collected into Parliament, which the circumstances of the time, and the

* We observe that the question of the number and distribution of ministerial or Parliamentary heads of departments has been raised in the House of Lords in connexion with the institution of the new Secretaryship of War. By the present law, not more than *two* Under-Secretaries of State can sit in the House of Commons; and, for the behoof of the new Secretaryship, it is proposed to allow *three* to sit. In the remarks made in the House on this question, the principle of having some one to speak in the House, and answer questions on certain branches of business, seemed to be that mainly attended to. It was inconvenient, for example, that the Lord President of the Council should have to answer questions on so many various subjects! Little allusion was made to the other principle hinted at in the text, as making it natural or the reverse for an office to have a ministerial or Parliamentary head—the principle of the *quantity of discretionary power* involved in the office.

opinions, passions, and mutual jealousies, acting within Parliament, render most natural and most stable. The combination of the materials is a process accomplished by pretty free competition within Parliament itself; and if one desires to go back into any discussion as to the original quality of the materials, one must move the previous question, of the means by which the materials came into that place.

But as the *permanent* portion of the Civil Service far exceeds the ministerial portion in bulk, so it is probably of more consequence to know of what materials it is composed, than to know how ministries are formed. It would be absurd, indeed, to say that, because the ministerial ingredient constitutes numerically but 1-13th per cent. of the entire Civil Service, that is a fair measure of the extent of the action of any ministry for good or evil upon the condition of the country. It would be absurd to say that the ministry is nothing more to the machinery of the constitution than the hands and dial-plate of a watch are to the general works—indicating what the works do, but not helping them to do it. The ministry has also something of the functions of the spring and the regulator, setting the works agoing, and making them move fast or slow. The ministry dictates the policy which the operations of the Permanent Service are to be made to carry out; and the ministry also may infuse its own characteristic style and manner into these operations. Thus, to screw off one ministerial top and to screw on another to the great machine of the Public Service, is really a matter of some moment; and the British public is justified in the extraordinary interest it usually takes in the event called “a change of ministry.” A Chatham, when called to power, may in one month so infuse his own strictness and magnanimity into the administration of a country, that courage and enthusiasm may be revived all round him, and the pens may go faster in all the public offices, and the hammers clang the harder in all the arsenals and dockyards, and the supplies of arms and stores be more quickly forthcoming, and the very sailors that pace the decks of ships thousands of miles away may keep a more eager look out, and the redcoats on Canadian heights may dare more and achieve more, and so a country, from the depths of disaster, may rise once more to greatness and fame. Or take another case. Hear M. Thiers on his own conduct and achievements as Minister of France, as related by him in a conversation with Mr. Senior,—

“When I was minister I used constantly to find my orders forgotten, or neglected, or misinterpreted. As I have said often to you, men are naturally idle, false, timid, (*menteurs, lâches, paresseux.*) Whenever I found an employé supposed that, because an order had been given, it had been executed, or that, because he had been told a

thing, it was true—I gave him up as an imbecile. Buonaparte nearly lost the battle of Marengo by supposing that the Austrians had no bridge over the Bormida. Three generals assured him that they had carefully examined the river, and that there was none. It turned out that there were two, and our army was surprised. When I was preparing for war in 1840, I sat every day for eight hours with the ministers of war, of marine, and of the interior. I always began by ascertaining the state of the execution of our previous determinations. I never trusted to any assurances, if better evidence could be produced. If I was told that letters had been despatched, I required a certificate from the clerk who had posted them, or delivered them to the courier. If answers had been received I required their production. I punished inexorably every negligence, and even every delay. I kept my colleagues and my bureau at work all day, and almost all night. We were all of us half killed. At night my servants undressed me, took me by the feet and shoulders and placed me in bed, and I lay there like a corpse till the morning. Even my dreams, when I dreamt, were administrative. To do all this a man must have an iron will and an iron body, and, what is rarer than either, indifference to the likes and dislikes of those about him; for he is sure to be hated. There is only one exception, and that is the case of a general. A good military administrator is the idol of his troops, because they feel that their comfort, and even their safety, is the result of his care and of his energy. But the labours of the civilian are unknown to those who profit by them. The sailors of Toulon did not know that it was owing to me that their ships were well stored and victualled. My subordinates respected me, perhaps admired me; but they looked on me as a severe taskmaster, whose exigencies no exertions could satisfy."

This shews that an extraordinary importance may attach to the quality of that small thirteenth per cent. of ministerial or Parliamentary ingredient which lies on the top of our Civil Service. A mighty Chatham with his crutch, or even a small Thiers with his spectacles, forming a part of that thirteenth per cent., may send his influence through every vein and artery of the Service. That is a signal change, therefore, which places such a man in the ministry. Generally speaking, however, the effects of ministerial changes on the power and condition of a country are apt to be exaggerated. There may be a change of *ministry* without much change of *administration*. It was not in his Parliamentary or deliberative character—as a statesman dictating a policy to the country, that M. Thiers accomplished the results he speaks of; it was by becoming, himself and his colleagues, an actual and incessant part of the executive, and so carrying out his own orders before giving new ones; and, even then, the extent of his success depended on the quality of that permanent official machinery through which

his orders took shape. Had that been better he would have achieved as much with less labour, or he might have achieved more with the same labour. The quality of the fixed Civil Service of a country is, therefore, a momentous matter; and this resolves itself into a question of the mode in which men are appointed to it.

On what principle are persons appointed to posts in the fixed Civil Service of Great Britain? Here, again, we have to make a distinction. There are two kinds of offices in the fixed Civil Service. There are, first, what are called *Staff* or *Special Appointments*—that is, certain situations to which men are appointed at once, irrespective of any previous connexion with the service, and often without having been connected with it at all. The name, "Staff-appointments," in this sense is usually applied to those higher offices, such as Commissionerships, Under-secretaryships, and the like, which rank, in point of dignity and emolument, next to the ministerial offices, but differ from them in being held permanently. Thus, the permanent Under-secretaryships of the Home, Foreign, and Colonial departments, the Commissionerships of the Customs and Excise, the Secretaryship of the Post-office, the Mastership of the Mint, the Registrarship-general, and such like, are "Staff-appointments." According to custom and tradition, persons may be selected to fill these offices from the community at large; they are posts to which persons have no special claim by being already in the service, and which may be conferred at pleasure on any one. The same name, however, may very well be applied to a number of minor offices, such as engineering inspectorships, librarianships, special secretaryships, and even to lower offices still, such as those of doorkeepers, attendants, &c. Distinct from staff appointments in this wide sense, are what may be called *Graduated Appointments*, or those which are arranged in an ascending scale, so that one must enter at a particular stage, and pass through the lower to reach the higher. As a general rule, clerkships in all departments of the service are graduated appointments; whatever office one enters as a clerk, one begins as a clerk of the lowest grade, with £80 or £90 a year, and works one's way upwards. There are many kinds of employments besides clerkships, however, which admit of graduation. Thus, in the Police force, the order of service is as follows: constables, sergeants, inspectors, superintendents. In the General Post-office, there are three grades of letter-carriers, and various grades of sub-sorters and sorters of letters, as well as various grades of clerks. In the Customs, there are various classes of tide-waiters, various classes of lockers and weighers, various classes of landing-waiters, various classes of gaugers, and so on; and entrants in

each denomination begin in the lowest class. In the Excise, the business of collection is performed by officers rising above each other in rank and responsibility as follows: expectants, assistants, ordinary surveying officers, principal surveying officers, supervisors, and collectors; and one arrives at the higher ranks only by passing through the others.

With this distinction between staff or special appointments and graduated appointments in view, we are able to shape our present inquiry more precisely, by dividing it into two parts—viz., (1.) How are men at present admitted to staff appointments, and to commencing posts in the graduated portions of the service? and (2.) With reference to the graduated portions of the service only, what is the present system that regulates promotion from the lower ranks to the higher? In other words, how do men get into the service; and, when they are in it, how do they rise in it?

How do men get into the service, whether as nominees to staff appointments, or as beginners with a chance of promotion?

A very important part of this question is, Who appoints? Who are the Patrons who confer staff appointments, and who also nominate young men to clerkships and other commencing posts in the service? A detailed examination of the mode in which patronage is actually exercised at present makes it appear that, whenever the head of an office is one of the ministers, or at all events, whenever he is a Cabinet minister, the patronage of the office is left in his hands; but that, whenever this is not the case, the patronage either reverts to the Crown directly, or to the Treasury, as the supreme and controlling department of the Executive—in some cases, however, the heads of the offices being still allowed to select their subordinates. Thus, in point of fact, the patronage of the civil service is centred in the Ministry or Cabinet for the time being—the Premier, either in his capacity of First Minister of the Crown, or as First Lord of the Treasury, exercising by far the largest amount of this patronage, but the other ministers holding the appointments in their respective departments. One circumstance, accordingly, which enhances the consequence of the ministerial or shifting portion in relation to the permanent body of the service, is that, not only is the action of the permanent body determined and characterised for the time being by the ministry which lies atop of it, but this ministry has the power of so far altering the very substance and constitution of the permanent service by filling up vacancies occurring in it.

Hitherto, almost universally in the permanent civil service of this country, appointments have been made on one main principle, however variously modified in application—the principle of

what is roughly called *Favour*. The patrons of the various offices have conferred the appointments on whomsoever they liked, and without being called upon to assign any stronger reason, even if they had it, than that such was their liking. Of course, there are natural limits to the possible vagaries of favour in appointing to offices. As the government of Russia has been called a Despotism—tempered by assassination, so the system of appointments to civil office may be called a system of absolute favour—tempered by the fear of public opinion. A minister will not, in ordinary circumstances, appoint a donkey-boy to a colonial clerkship, or reward a distinguished theatre-clown with a high place in the customs, or make a Queen's messenger of a man with a wooden leg who plays the Pandean pipes. But within these ample limits the system of favour is absolute. Favour, however, is a vague word. When people favour their neighbours it is for certain reasons and in certain directions. Favour, therefore, assumes particular forms in particular circumstances; and the forms which it assumes in the bestowal of "government appointments" by those who have the patronage of them are, in the main, these two—Nepotism, and regard for Political Connexion.

Nepotism meant originally the natural desire of a man to provide for his "nephews"—that being the nearest relationship which the ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome, who were great masters of the arts of Nepotism, found it convenient to acknowledge. It means now the tendency of a man to provide for his sons, his brothers, his nephews, his grandsons, his brothers-in-law, his sons-in-law, the husbands of his nieces, and so on, through the whole list of his relations. This tendency is stronger in some nations and families than in others. The Scotch have it largely developed. In order to judge of the extent to which Nepotism has practically operated within our own times in appointments to office, one has only to take up any official Directory, Parliamentary Companion, or similar book of reference. One notices at once the prevalence of certain names; and in particular how many brothers and other near relatives of ministers or ex-ministers are imbedded in the *upper* ranks of the permanent service. We need not mention names; nor need we consider whether, as is often said, the Whigs are more liable to Nepotism than the Tories. The ramifying power of one or two great Whig families is certainly remarkable.

Nepotism pure, however, acts less extensively than the other form of favour we have mentioned—regard for political connexion. Indeed, Nepotism, in the nature of things, is seldom found acting purely—the relatives of a man in office generally adhering to him politically, so as to occasion no struggle be-

tween the claims of blood and the ties of party. But Party-interest extends wider and penetrates deeper than Nepotism either pure or in association with it. It is, as we have hinted, in the upper ranks of the service, among the golden staff-appointments of the metropolitan centre, that Nepotism is most rampant. But Party-interest pervades the system even to its extremities, and its lowest strata—makes itself felt in the Shetland Islands, and grasps at twenty shillings a week. The essence of this form of patronage is, that the ministry for the time being shall think themselves bound to confer vacant offices as they fall in, on persons belonging or professing to belong to their own political party; or, still more particularly and necessarily, on persons who have been useful, or who may be useful, to their party. Every one knows how this habit acts. High in the ranks of society, and most of all in Parliament itself, below the benches on which the ministers and the ministers expectant sit, are men who live and have their being in current politics, who toil for their party, vote for their party, and represent their party in the counties and boroughs during the recess. These men, of course, are to be rewarded; and when their Parliamentary chiefs come into office, they take the opportunity of rewarding them by giving them, should they wish to retire from Parliament, places in the permanent service. Mr. A, or Sir B. C, has sat in Parliament many years, has uniformly voted with the Whigs, and has most punctually taken his cue in all matters from the Whig Secretaries to the Treasury; but a reverse of fortune has cut short his Parliamentary career, and a provision for his old age is necessary. The lieutenant-governorship of some island, or some office of £500 a year nearer home, falls vacant; the Treasury has bowels, and the veteran gets it. The Tories, when they take their turn, proceed on the same principle; and thus Whigs and Tories are bedded into the service, so to speak, in alternate layers—the thickness of the layer depending on the time that the corresponding ministry has lasted, and on the rate of mortality in official circles during its tenure of power. There always are in Parliament a number of men who make the attainment of a permanent office the end of their political activity. We all remember Mr. Drummond's figure of the Treasury as a sow, perplexed in her maternal duties because her piglings outnumber her teats. From causes connected with our traditional habits and prescriptions, it is chiefly among Parliamentary members of the legal profession that the expectation of office is an evident motive. Not only does the judicial branch of the service contain many prizes peculiar to itself—judgeships and the like; but there are many offices in the Civil Service which can be held only by barristers of a certain standing.

For a similar reason, barristers and attorneys are among the most numerous expectants of place, out of Parliament. Their professional duties and interests are akin to politics, and lead them into politics. They are usually the most active men in local political meetings, and they manage county and borough electioneering. Thus they have a claim upon the patronage of their party. It is not necessary, however, that they, or that others not of their profession, who are similarly active in local politics, should solicit favour for themselves. They also are subject to Nepotism, and have relatives whom it is their aim to get into situations. Nay, beyond the circle of blood-relationship, each of these local notabilities—whether squire, attorney, or merchant—has his agents and *attachés* who are useful to him in private capacities, or even help him in electioneering. Here is a public-house keeper in whose house the committee of the Whig candidate met at last election; he has several sons, and would be glad to get one of them into the Customs. Here, again, is a swarthy shoemaker who is an obstinate Tory in a street of Radical weavers, and who not only voted for the Tory candidate himself among the jeers and threats of the adjacent democracy; but actually made the wives of three imbecile weavers compel them to go to the poll with him. Crispin is unmarried himself of course, but he is anxious to get a sister's son into the Post-office. And so down even below the level of the suffrage, the influence of political clientage circulates and pierces, connecting every corner of these islands with the great London centre. The member of Parliament for the county or borough is, of course the medium of communication. "To get the member to use his influence with Government;" such is the formula of hope wherever there are aspirants after Government situations or Government favour of any kind—a formula sometimes attenuated and elongated thus, "To get some one to speak or write to the member, asking him to use his influence with Government." Thus beset with applications from his constituency, the member, even if he is resolute against asking or receiving any favour for himself or his relatives, is often obliged to stand in the position of a solicitor in behalf of his political supporters and their clients. It is even understood that he must do so, and hence every member of Parliament is considered entitled, so long as his friends are in office, to some slice of the patronage that is going. Nay, the moderate use of this right is almost a duty to party; for how, except through the individual members, can the secretaries of the Treasury know how to apply patronage for the benefit of the concern? Supposing there were a Whig member for Caithness who would ask no favours, the result is that Whiggism in Caithness might die of inanition. During a Tory

ministry at Exeter have a Tory member who neglects his business, and Mr. Hayter will watch the growing disgust of Toryism round the Cathedral with pleasure, and will speculate at next election on having two Whigs for Exeter.

We cannot better indicate the popular impression as to the way in which Government offices are to be obtained, than by quoting a few sentences from a small publication entitled *Guide to Government Situations*, of which nine editions have been sold within a year or two by its London publisher, and the tenth, "revised and enlarged," seems also to be selling fast. The information the book contains is superficial enough, but it seems to satisfy the demand.

"In the First Lord of the Treasury, as the Prime Minister of the Crown and the chief of that department which more or less controls all the other public departments, is vested the largest amount of Government patronage. Some of the very best appointments in all the branches of the Civil Service are in his gift. He appoints mainly to the Customs, Audit Office, Stamp Office, &c., and a large number of the provincial situations in the Post Office are also in his gift. This patronage is dispensed by the Treasury secretaries, who dispose of it in the manner most likely to be of service to the existing ministry, chiefly through those members of the House of Commons who support them. The degree of attention paid to the recommendation of a member depends upon his value to the party he supports. One of the most zealous and powerful advocates of the ministerial measures proposed would therefore obtain the patronage of half a dozen vacancies, while the silent supporter who just wakes up in time to record his vote would be disregarded. This should be borne in mind by those who are fortunate enough to have a choice in their selection of a patron. The influence of members of Parliament is not confined to those offices in which the appointments are made by the Treasury; but extends more or less to most of the Government situations, the patronage in the hands of those ministers who are temporary heads of departments, being dispensed with an equal regard to parliamentary support. . . . It is as well to observe here, that the greater the number of applications on behalf of one individual that can be brought to bear upon the dispenser of patronage, the better. Unless the one supporter be a member of unusual influence, one will hardly procure an appointment. There seems to be almost a rule now adopted, that each applicant for public employment should have a proposer and seconder; but, of course, every additional application beyond this will serve to strengthen the case. . . . In soliciting an appointment, the applicant must not be too certain that he has gained his end when the member or minister puts his name down upon his list, and promises to do his best for him; nor, indeed, when he may receive an official note from the Treasury, or the private secretary of the head of a department, informing him that his application "has been received, and will be considered." These are often merely the

official modes of quieting or getting rid of applications. If the member really intend to serve you, he will have to make vigorous application at the proper quarter, where, as before stated, his success will depend upon his influence, and he may even have to be importunate in your behalf. . . . Again, if the person applying has not sufficient influence to admit of his naming some particular office or class, he should not be *too easy* in accepting anything that may be offered to him, or it is not unlikely he will find himself installed in the situation of a tide-waiter, or some one *equally valuable*. . . . The permanency and security of the situations in government offices, and in such public offices as the East India House, the Bank of England, &c., no doubt contribute greatly to the avidity with which such situations are sought. In several of the government offices, the salaries are not equal to those usually given in merchants' and other counting-houses; but security is undoubtedly of great importance, as the clerks are in no danger of dismissal without receiving an adequate compensation, unless, indeed, their conduct should be grossly improper."

We have hitherto spoken only of those forms of patronage by favour which, according to general opinion, are honest and respectable. So far is nepotism from being thought wrong, that even if the Archbishop of Canterbury used his influence to get a nephew or a son-in-law appointed to an office, it would be no stain on his character. And patronage for political purposes is also, within certain limits, considered perfectly fair. There are abuses, however, in the system of patronage by favour, at which even ordinary morality is shocked. Patronage for political purposes when carried beyond a certain point, becomes what is called political corruption. Offices are sometimes conferred to bribe a man, or to silence and paralyze him, or to reward him for apostasy; and those who know the official world well, are somewhat liberal in their estimates of the amount of patronage laid out in this way. Then, lower still, there is—facts will not permit the most charitable to deny it—actual political simony, the actual sale of offices for money. For many years Britain has not been disgraced by having any minister, or head of a department, to whom the suspicion of such baseness could, by possibility, be attached. But that among those who have influence with ministers and heads of departments, or who have influence with those who have influence with them, there are persons of both sexes who convert their opportunities of assisting men to offices into hard cash, is but too surely proved. What else can those advertisements mean, offering *douceurs* of £500, £100, or £50, or of the first year's salary, to any lady or gentleman who will "legally" procure for the advertiser a situation under government, or in some public office?

On the other hand, as we rejoice to admit, much virtue of

the truest kind has flourished under the system of patronage by favour. It is impossible to speak too highly of such "virtue under difficulties," as some eminent men now in office have exhibited in the use of their right to make appointments. Free to choose whom they liked, some ministers and heads of departments have voluntarily acted on the principle of seeking for men of ascertained merit, independently either of family or of political connexion. Probably appointments, solely with a view to merit and fitness, are most numerous in those cases where the patron is directly and closely interested in the success of the appointment, as when the working Heads of Departments appoint their immediate subordinates. An abstract and unflinching determination, beyond this sphere of personal interest, to appoint only fit men, and to appoint the right men to the right places, is a higher virtue, hardly to be expected of any except the very best official human nature. Sometimes, however, the force of public opinion, or of actual official necessity, comes to the aid of ministerial conscientiousness, and some man already marked out by the finger of all, as *the* man for a particular post, receives it. Thus Rowland Hill was carried into the Post-office; the universal voice designated him, and the government at last accepted him. One may say also, that generally and throughout the service, even where those who have patronage do not make ascertained merit the *sole* ground on which they bestow office, they often make it *a* ground. Of two or more candidates, equally eligible on grounds of political connexion, patrons will generally select the one who has the best testimonials of personal fitness. We believe, in particular, that when an election rests with a mixed Board, there is great fairness and care in the examination of testimonials; and in some classes of cases—as, for example, in government appointments to professorships and other educational offices—political motives prevail only to this extent, that the patrons will not appoint one who is notoriously their political opponent. All in all, there is evidence that we have greatly improved in this respect, and that a regard for merit and fitness irrespective of political ends, is more common in high quarters, whether among Whigs or Tories, than it was in the comfortable old times of Eldon and Dundas. The practice already adopted in some departments of the service, of subjecting candidates to some kind of examination, and subsequently to a probation, before confirming them in their appointments, testifies to the same fact. It is already a rule, we understand, to have some kind of examination of clerks before admitting them into any of the following offices,—the Treasury, the Colonial Office, the Board of Trade, the Privy Council Office, the Poor Law Board, the War

Office, the Ordnance Office, the Audit Office, the Paymaster-General's Office, the Inland Revenue Office, the Emigration Office, and some others. These examinations may not be very rigid, nor the probations which follow them very severe; but even the form of requiring them is something.

Having thus described the present system according to which men are admitted into the civil service, whether as holders of staff-appointments, or as entrants in the graduated portions of the service, it remains to indicate the manner in which persons once in the service are treated, and the nature of the regulations by which they are moved about or promoted in it.

The *first* fact to be noted here is that, as a general rule, there is no dismissal from the service. Once in it, a man is safe for life. In the language of the handbook already quoted, it is one of the peculiar advantages of the government and other public offices, as compared with private mercantile establishments, that "the clerks are in no danger of dismissal without an adequate compensation; unless, indeed, their conduct should be grossly improper." In point of fact, nothing but flagrant criminality, such as the law itself would punish, occasions dismissal from the older and more desirable portions of the civil service, after one has been formally enrolled on the lists. The contrast is thus immense between government offices and private mercantile, or even the great railway establishments, in which the right of dismissal for any fault, or even for general feebleness and inefficiency, is rigidly maintained. When for any reason short of flagrant misconduct, a person is dismissed from a government office, it is the custom to pension him off—a thing unheard of in private establishments, except in very peculiar cases. Moreover, it is the rule of government offices to deduct a certain sum from the incomes of those employed in them, for the purposes of a superannuation fund, providing for their support in case of ill health, and during the decline of life. This is another difference between the public or civil, and private services, in which latter insurance against ill-health and old age is usually a matter of option and individual prudence.

The *second* peculiarity in the civil service affecting the character of those who belong to it, consists in what may be called the inflexibility and mutual independence of its arrangements. "Routine," though a favourite word, is hardly the proper word here. In private establishments there is and must be "routine;" a rigid system of checks and counter-checks is enforced; the division of labour is carried as far as possible; and every person, from the highest to the lowest, has a special round of duties allotted to him. Private establishments, however, have the power of self-adjustment; the routine adopted in them is that

resulting from the harmonious action of a machine, all the parts of which are made to suit each other and the general purpose of the whole ; and changes are immediately made as circumstances require them. The "routine" of public offices is different. The arrangements and divisions of employment in these offices have come down from the past, and are fixed, or nearly so ; each office is independent of the other, and yet two or more offices may often be engaged in the same business ; nor is there any presiding authority, as in private establishments, to shift the officials from one kind of occupation to another, according to the ascertained differences of their qualifications. This "fragmentary character" of the public service, and this confusion of the "mechanical" with the "intellectual" kinds of labour in many offices, seem worthy of particular remark.

Finally. The principle of promotion in the public service, so far as there is promotion, is almost exclusively that of seniority. On this point it is best to quote the account given in the Blue-Book.

"The advance of salaries in the public service is regulated upon a twofold principle. Each man, on being appointed to a clerkship in a particular class, receives for the first year, and in some cases for the first two or three years, what is called the minimum salary of that class, after which his salary increases, by a certain annual increment to what is called the maximum salary ; that is to say, if the minimum be £100 a year, the maximum £300, and the annual increment £15, the clerk receives £100 in the first year, £115 in the second, £130 in the third, and so on till his salary reaches £300, at which point it must remain stationary, unless he is promoted to a higher class. He may, however, at any time, whether before or after attaining the maximum salary of one class, be promoted to a higher on the occurrence of a vacancy, if he is considered deserving of such promotion, and he will immediately thereupon begin to receive the minimum salary of the higher class, and to advance therefrom by annual increments without reference to the amount he was previously receiving. The theory of the public service is, that the annual increase of salary from the minimum to the maximum of the class, is given as a matter of course as the reward of service, and with no reference to the comparative merits of individuals ; but that promotion from class to class is the reward of merit, or rather that it is regulated by a consideration of the public interests, and that those only are to be transferred from one class to a higher who have shewn themselves capable of rendering valuable services to it. This salutary principle is, however, in practice often overlooked, and promotion from class to class, as well as the annual rise within the class, is more commonly regulated by seniority than by merit."

The purport of what we have stated as to the manner in which the service treats those who have once been admitted into it, is

that, according to the present arrangements there is little or nothing in it of that professional stimulus which arises from fear on the one hand, or from hope and high chances on the other. Dismissal from the service being unknown, except in cases of flagrant misconduct; men once admitted into it are relieved from all care or responsibility, except that of keeping within the pale of ordinary honesty. The service itself undertaking the insurance of its members against destitution in ill health or in old age, by deducting annually from the salaries, one strong motive to prudence is withdrawn; though, as the superannuation fund is only for the benefit of the civil servants themselves, and does not include their wives or families, there may still in many cases remain other motives to prudence. Again, the fragmentary character of the service, the strict demarcation kept up in it between offices apparently allied, and the incapacity of change or self-adaptation in each office to suit circumstances, jointly operate to prevent men being placed where, by the mere force of natural disposition, they would work best, and have most interest in their work. Lastly, the advance of salaries within each class taking place as a matter of course, and by mere seniority, without reference to merit, and promotion from one class to another being generally regulated by the same principle of seniority, and but occasionally by merit, there is an absence in the civil service of all, or nearly all, those incentives to exertion which arise from free and eager professional competition.

We have shortly described the system of the civil service, and we have now to ask, How does this system work? To many it may seem superfluous to ask such a question. According to universal experience, and the general principles of human nature, it may be confidently asserted beforehand, and without any inquiry whatever, that such a system *must* work ill. The materials at first admitted into the civil service by such a system as is followed in making the original appointments—a system of nepotism, political favouritism, and sometimes actual political corruption, relieved only occasionally by an appointment on the ground of ascertained merit—must, of necessity, be of a quality below the average. The methods, again, pursued in the service itself, are of a kind necessarily to deteriorate the, originally bad materials brought into it, instead of making the best of them. All this, we say, might be boldly asserted *a priori*, by any one capable of inferring effects from causes. The general mind is so constituted, however, that it requires evidence of another kind than this; and so far is such evidence from being deficient, that the only difficulty is to organize into any-

thing like shape and brevity the overwhelming abundance of it that lies ready to our hands.

And first, there is the evidence of competent *testimony*. Let us call a few witnesses out of a crowd that offer themselves. We cite first the evidence of the official Report on the Civil Service, prepared last year by Sir Charles Trevelyan, Assistant Secretary to the Treasury, and Sir Stafford Northcote, as the result of inquiries with which they had been charged, into the actual state of the chief government offices, and now reprinted in the Blue Book named at the head of our article. To this we append the independent testimony of other eminent men, obtained since the Report.

Evidence of the Official Report by Sir Charles Trevelyan, Assistant-Secretary to the Treasury, and Sir Stafford Northcote.—"It would be natural to expect that so important a profession would attract into its ranks the ablest and the most ambitious of the youth of the country; that the keenest emulation would prevail among those who had entered it; and that such as were endowed with superior qualifications, would rapidly rise to distinction and public eminence. Such, however, is by no means the case. Admission into the civil service is indeed eagerly sought after; but it is for the unambitious and the indolent or incapable that it is chiefly desired. Those whose abilities do not warrant an expectation that they will succeed in the open professions, where they must encounter the competition of their contemporaries, and those whom indolence of temperament or physical infirmities unfit for active exertions, are placed in the civil service, where they may obtain an honourable livelihood with little labour and no risk; where their success depends upon their simply avoiding any flagrant misconduct, and attending with moderate regularity to routine duties; and in which they are secured against the ordinary consequences of old age or failing health, by an arrangement which provides them with the means of supporting themselves after they have become incapacitated. It may be noticed, in particular, that the comparative lightness of the work, and the certainty of provision in case of retirement owing to bodily incapacity, furnish strong inducements to the parents and friends of sickly youths to endeavour to obtain for them employment in the service of the government; and the extent to which the public are consequently burdened, first with the salaries of officers who are obliged to absent themselves from their duties on account of ill health, and afterwards with their pensions when they retire on the same plea, would hardly be credited by those who have not had opportunities of observing the operation of the system. It is not our intention to suggest that all public servants entered the employment of the government with such views as these; but we apprehend that, as regards a large proportion of them, these motives more or less influenced those who acted for them in the choice of a profession; while, on the other hand, there are probably very few who have chosen this line of life with a view to

raising themselves to public eminence. The result naturally is, that the public service suffers both in internal efficiency and in public estimation. The character of the individual influences the mass; and it is thus that we often hear complaints of official delays, official evasions of difficulty, and official indisposition to improvement. There are, however, numerous honourable exceptions to these observations; and the *trustworthiness* of the entire body is impeached."—*Report appended to Blue Book*, pp. 4, 5.

Evidence of Sir James Stephen, K.C.B., late Under Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, and now Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.—"During my long connexion (the thirty-five years preceding 1847) with the colonial department, so many were the personal changes there, that, I think, two only of the members of that office who belonged to it on my arrival among them, remained there at the time of my departure. I thus became acquainted with a number of clerks in that establishment, very far exceeding the number borne on its roll at present or at any other given time. What I am about to say relates to the whole succession, and not exclusively to the body of which I took leave seven years ago. They were clearly distinguishable into three classes: the first a very small minority; the second being more numerous than the first; and the third exceeding the numbers of the other two united. With an occasional exception, they all had the education, the manners, the feelings, and the characteristic principles of gentlemen. But in respect of their fitness for the duties assigned to them, they differed as, in our annual Tripos at Cambridge, the 'wranglers' differ from the 'senior and junior optimes,' and these last from the '*οἱ πολλοί*;' the first class having been so composed that it is difficult to speak of them truly without the appearance of exaggeration; the members of the second class having been meritorious public servants; and the third, or most numerous class, having been made up of persons of whose official character nothing but the obligation which you have imposed upon me would induce me to speak at all. In the narrow circle of the *first* of these classes were to be found, not, indeed, combined in any one of the members of it, but variously distributed through them all, qualities of which I can still never think without the highest admiration and respect; such as large capacity of mind, literary powers of rare excellence, sound scholarship, indomitable energy, mature experience in public affairs, and an absolute self-devotion to the public service. It comprised some men who must have risen to eminence in any field of open competition, and who, if born to more ample fortunes, might reasonably have aspired to hold the seals of the office in which they were serving as subordinates. The *second* of the three classes which I have mentioned, was composed of men who performed diligently, faithfully, and judiciously, the duties to which they were called; and those duties were, not rarely, such as belonged rather to ministers of state than to the clerks in the office of such a minister. The members of the *third* class—that is, the majority of the members of the Colonial Department, in my time, possessed

only in a low degree, and some of them in a degree incredibly low, either the talents or the habits of men of business, or the industry, the zeal, or the knowledge required for the effective performance of their appropriate functions. . . . Neither have I any doubt as to the cause of these extreme disparities between the persons of whom the establishment of the office was composed. The members of that which I have designated the 'first class' were, nearly all, men who had been sought out and appointed on account of their well ascertained fitness for the public service. The members of that to which I have given the designation of the 'third class' were, without exception, men who had been appointed to gratify the political, the domestic, or the personal feelings of their patrons—that is, of the successive Secretaries of State. The members of the so-called 'second class' were chiefly, though not exclusively, indebted to such nepotism for their introduction into the department. . . . The members of the 'first,' and, in some cases, of the 'second' class, also joined us not as schoolboys, but in their early manhood, with their intellectual habits formed, and with a fund, more or less considerable, of literary or scientific knowledge. The members of what I have described as the 'third class,' usually entered the office at the age of eighteen or nineteen, coming directly from school, and bringing with them no greater store of information or maturity of mind than usually belongs to a boy in the fifth form at Eton, Westminster, or Rugby. What they so brought, they never afterwards increased by any private study. Finding themselves engaged in the actual business of life, they assumed that their preparation for it was complete; and (as far as I could judge) they never afterwards made or attempted any mental self-improvement. . . . It would be superfluous to point out in detail the injurious results of such a composition of one of the highest departments of the state. Among the less obvious consequences of it were, the necessity it imposed on the heads of the office of undertaking, in their own persons, an amount of labour to which neither their mental nor their bodily powers were really adequate; the needless and very inconvenient increase of the numbers borne on the clerical list; the frequent transference of many of their appropriate duties to ill-educated and ill-paid supernumeraries; and the not infrequent occurrence of mistakes and oversights so serious, as occasionally to imperil interests of high national importance. . . . In reliance on much uniform, concurrent, and credible evidence from others, and in reliance on what I myself knew and observed at the Board of Trade, I believe that the state of the Colonial Department, as I have described it, is no unfair example and illustration of the state of the other great departments of the government, as they existed during my personal connexion with the public service."—*Blue Book*, pp. 72–74.

Evidence of Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B., recently one of the Commissioners of the General Board of Health.—"It will be found that only two of the public offices are chiefly composed of members of aristocratical families; the actual majority of the other offices being otherwise constituted. The fact is, that at present only a small proportion of the whole mass of patronage has been obtained by the repre-

sentatives of the county constituencies, or by persons of high position, and that a larger and increasing proportion has been obtained for the constituencies of the smaller boroughs by persons of the lower condition. . . . It is a fact, really of most serious consequence, that this larger proportion of appointments has been given, not only to persons of lower condition, but to persons of education and qualifications greatly below the average of their own class. A secretary, complaining of the disadvantages of his service, related in illustration, that out of three clerks, sent to him from the usual sources, there was only one of whom any use whatsoever could be made, and that, of the other two, one came to take his place at the office leading a bull-dog by a string. I have been assured that, under another commission, out of eighty clerks supplied by the patronage secretary, there were not more than twelve who were worth their salt for the performance of service requiring only a sound common education. A retired officer, writing to me on this subject, of lively official interest, says, 'A faithful portrait of the parties who have procured appointments in public offices might well be considered as a scandalous misrepresentation. Many instances could be given of young men, the sons of respectable parents, who were found unable to read or write, and utterly ignorant of accounts. Two brothers, one almost imbecile, the other much below the average of intellect, long retained appointments, though never equal to higher work than the lowest description of copying. Another young man was found unable, on entering, to number the pages of a volume of official papers beyond 10. It used to be by no means uncommon to have a fine fashionably dressed young man introduced as the junior clerk: on trial, he turns out fit for nothing. The head of the department knows, from old experience, that a representation of this fact to higher quarters would merely draw down ill-will upon himself; the first official duty, therefore, with which the young man is charged, is to take a month's leave of absence, that he may endeavour to learn to write. Besides the imbecile who is below work, and the coxcomb who is above it, there are other kinds of unprofitable officers, including a large class who have ability enough, if they would apply. The public offices have been a resource for many an idle dissipated youth, with whom other occupations have been tried in vain. Such a person can be made little use of, whatever be his abilities, because he cannot be trusted. No one can tell to-day where he will be to-morrow. The ice is in a fine condition, and he skates for a couple of days; a review tempts him; a water party cannot be resisted; and after dancing all night he is not seen at the office next morning. In fact, causes of absence are endless. Incessant altercation takes place with his superiors, with little effect, for he knows they cannot degrade or dismiss him, as a merchant or a banker would do, and he is proof against fines and minor punishments. At last he is given up as utterly incorrigible. Instances also occur of good abilities and dispositions rendered powerless by unconquerable indolence.'—*Blue Book*, pp. 180, 181.

Evidence of W. G. Anderson, Esq., Principal Clerk for Financial Business at the Treasury.—[We quote this as proving, among other things, the inefficiency of the present plan of examinations and probation, even where such a plan, so far an improvement in itself, has been adopted.]—"The practice hitherto adopted has been to throw upon the executive officer at the head of each office the odium of rejecting the nominee of the Treasury, or of his immediate superior in office, and of justifying such rejection by the results of an examination, the extent of which is in a great measure left to his own discretion. The consequences of this practice are precisely those which might be expected. A disinclination to injure the prospects of a young man on the threshold of his career, and the desire to avoid the chance of a collision with his patrons, generally secure to every candidate of doubtful acquirements the most indulgent consideration of his deficiencies; and although he may be wanting in those qualifications which would give an assurance of his becoming in time fit for the higher duties of the department, his competency to perform the lowest quality of duty in the office to which he has been nominated will, in most cases, secure him against rejection. . . . I will mention a circumstance within my own experience which occurred in a large department of account, and which strikingly illustrates the consequences of a deficient examination. During the early period of my service, the commissioner at the head of a large department was desirous of introducing improvements in the mode of keeping the accounts of his office—improvements as urgently pressed upon his notice by the defective state of the accounts themselves, as by the increased demands of Parliament for information which his books could imperfectly supply. Having had some experience himself, before he was appointed to office, of the system by which commercial men reduce to order the large and varied operations of trade, he determined upon applying the principles of that system to the public accounts of his department; but, although he had a large establishment of clerks almost wholly employed in the business of accounts to select from, he could not find one who was sufficiently conversant with the scientific principles of accounts to carry out his plans of improvement. If the system which he proposed to introduce had been one of modern invention, or only partially known, such a result might have been accounted for, but it was one which for a long period has been in almost universal practice in this and other countries for all accounts of any magnitude, and which must have been co-existent with commerce itself. . . . It must not be supposed that the mischief of admitting ill-qualified persons into departments of account is limited to the inconvenience of a defective plan of account. *The security which the system itself ought to provide is supplied by creating departments of check, or by other complicated contrivances, which, being further involved by legislation founded upon them, render the public accounts unintelligible to all but the few to whom they have become familiar by long practice. A stricter examination of persons admitted to clerkships would, moreover, be pro-*

ductive of economy. Every person who has had experience in conducting a large office will admit that, if all were really efficient, not only would the business be better and more expeditiously done, but it would be probably executed by two-thirds of the number of clerks at present employed."—*Blue Book*, pp. 235, 236.

The sum and substance of all this evidence, and of much more to a similar effect that might be quoted, is that, in almost every respect, the public civil service of this country is *far below the standard of the most ordinary private service*—not such private service as is exhibited in the great model establishments, which are among the wonders of the metropolis, and other large commercial towns, but such private service, as even common easy-going firms find necessary to their prosperous existence. So widely is this known, that Mr. Chadwick states it as a fact, of which he has been informed, that experienced mercantile firms are reluctant to receive into their employment persons who have previously served in government offices; the heads of such firms being persuaded that the habits contracted in the government service are a positive disqualification for subsequent efficiency in ordinary business. It is accepted even among official people themselves, as an axiom, that "government does everything badly," and that wherever it is possible to have work done by private or contract service, it is wisest and most economical to have it so done. Sir Robert Peel himself, in discussing the proposal that government should take the railway system of the country into its hands, and so manage works of such vast national importance, on higher and more comprehensive principles than were likely to emerge from the conflicts of private greed, and hundreds of local companies, protested that anything was better than to place the conduct of affairs, which it was at all possible to manage otherwise, in "the torpid hands of government." Carried out to its logical consequences, the notion involved in this striking phrase, amounts to this, that the only reason for the existence of government at all, is, not that it performs work better than private enterprise, but that it undertakes, and in its own comparatively bungling manner discharges, certain important kinds of work which private enterprise never thinks of, and would necessarily leave undone. Such is the opinion now getting abroad; it is not necessary for us fully to discuss it here, or to propound any theory of the true functions of government; all that we remark is, that, in a great measure, the opinion in question may have its origin in experience of government as it is, and not in knowledge of government as it might be.

So much for the verdict of testimony and of floating opinion as to the working of our civil service as now constituted; but unfortunately—we had almost said *fortunately*, but the word

would seem ghastly in such a context—there is other and more palpable evidence still. There is the evidence of the recent and terrible break-down of British power in the eyes of the whole world. On the purely military causes of our disasters in the Crimea it is not our part to say anything here. But the civil system was notoriously concerned. All that machinery by which the connexion between the army abroad, and the nation at home was kept up, appertained to the civil service. The army going to the East was like the miner who descends into the pit; the civil service was like the man who remains above to hold and let out the rope. The pitman may perish by his own carelessness; but he may be the most practised pitman in the world, and yet his life may be sacrificed by the inattention or stupidity of the comrade on whom he depends. Some thirteen, out of about fifty departments in all, composing the civil service, were more or less put to trial in this Crimean enterprise. It was certainly a heavy strain upon them. If there were weak points, it was sure to find these out. But the result shewed that they were rotten all through, or, at least, that many of them were rotten. Of course, there is still the dispute how much of the blame as borne by these departments severally and jointly, lay with the “men” and how much with the “system,”—meaning by “system” that routine and division of responsibilities in each department, which hampered and bewildered the “men,” and that interlacing and mutual checking of the departments which hampered and bewildered them still more. We believe both were to blame. We believe there were “men” in each part of the business who, making all allowance for the system, were scandalously culpable, and ought to be punished for their individual acts and omissions. It is the necessity of the service, as now constituted, that it must have such “men” in it. We believe also that the “system” paralyzed the men, such as they were, and made them out-idiot themselves. The “system” is indeed in part determined by the quality of the “men.” As stated by Mr. Anderson in the passage quoted above from his evidence, the worse the *personnel* of any office or service, the more complicated and involved must be the system of checks and counterchecks devised for the regulation of that office or service. Where there is ability and honour there may be latitude and discretion; but forms are barriers against confusion and chicanery. This ought to be borne in mind in speaking for or against routine. “Red tape” is an article not at all in favour at present; but the more confused an official is naturally, the more is it necessary to insist that he shall use red tape. But, this discussion apart, it remains true that, as tested by the strain of an enterprise of that kind which is believed most easy to our national genius—an enterprise of material organiza-

tion—our civil service has woefully failed. It is also true that the French civil service has not so failed in the same enterprise, or has not failed to nearly the same extent.

Hitherto we have attended only to the workings of the present constitution of the civil service in the matter of appointments and promotions,—as that constitution is found to affect the efficiency of the service itself. But another question remains. How do these arrangements, how does that system of appointments and promotions which prevails in the civil service, act reflexly upon British society and the British national character? This is an aspect of the general question to which too little attention has been paid. Yet this is perhaps the more important part of the inquiry. One of the very differences between Government and other bodies is that Government is bound as far as possible to give a secondary or educational character to all that it does—having regard not only to the success of its undertakings, but also to the educational effects upon the community at large of the methods it adopts in its undertakings. If, in carrying out an object however small, Government can collaterally set the seal of its approbation upon any struggling virtue, or foster any growing principle of good, or recommend and exemplify any improved habit in the conduct of business, this also ought to enter into its calculations. Government is in the centre of the nation; there it stands with all eyes directed towards it; where then, if not in its actions, shall the community look for that high style and tone which may be given to actions however common? The easy and economical attainment of the end in view ought, of course, to be studied by Government as well as by other agents and corporations; but along with this there ought to be a certain sentiment of the position, a certain æsthetic gesture and turn of the arm, in all that it does. Less now than in the days of antiquity do Governments build temples, set up statues, cause great pictures to be painted, and in other such ways express and cultivate for the community those feelings which transcend the merely useful or economic; but something of this function still remains for them. They may be artists in their own actions. A War splendidly conducted may be as good for the mind as the sight of a Gothic cathedral; the appointment of a deserving man to be a village postman may have as fine effects on the local sense of accuracy and beauty as the setting up of a new masterpiece by Dick Tinto over the door of the village inn.

Now, if civil appointments and their direct results are as we have represented them to be, can it be said that Government fulfils this part of its duty? If, where ability, vigour, punctuality, truth, and enlightened methods, would naturally be looked for, a people finds nothing but stupidity, weakness, delay,

meanness, and all that is lumbering and obsolete, how can it fail to be disgusted, and 'to' have its sense of reverence shaken? The difficulty under which we are placed, of keeping the injunction "to reverence the powers that be," is certainly a great evil. It is a moral misfortune for a community to have a Government which it cannot thoroughly respect. Such a community has its sense of the fitness of things unhinged; it has lost its main external symbol of what is good and regular. If the only church clock in a parish keeps all sorts of hours, how shall the parishioners set their watches? It is not every one that can make out the time of day by the sun. It is even a pity, where there are many clocks, that the most conspicuous should be the least accurate.

Can any one pretend to say, that, in constructing itself on the principle of nepotism, or in permitting nepotism to assist in its construction more than necessarily must be, Government is fulfilling that educational duty, as regards the probable effect upon the intellectual and moral habits of the community, which ought collaterally to be studied in all its actions? We think not. For our part, we regard Nepotism as one of those things, the existing amount of which, so far as society is concerned, may most freely and most safely be diminished. Affection for one's relatives, and a desire to push them on in the world, are natural; and such characteristics in a man may even be to his credit. We say nothing against that. We are not attacking nepotism in itself as between uncle and nephew; we are only attacking it as between uncle and nephew on the one hand and society on the other. It may be all right and natural for an uncle to try to push his nephew on; but it may be as right for society to be on its guard against young gentlemen who rest their claims on being the nephews of their uncles. It may also be for the good of nephews in general to have their faith in the power of nephewship abated. When one remembers how many young gentlemen one meets at evening parties whose sole hopes in life seem to rest in that "uncle in the Tayezzhury" whom they expect to "do something faw" them, one cannot but think so. One cannot but think that it would be a service to these young gentlemen themselves to have this reliance taken away from them in sufficient time; and, considering their number, one would expect a perceptible increase of energy in society from such a disenchantment.

But the bad effects of nepotism, as acting in the government system, on the principles and morals of the community are as nothing compared with the bad effects which result from the universal and ingrained habit of conferring offices on grounds of political connexion. We have not words strong enough to ex-

press all we feel on this subject. The use of patronage for political purposes is, even in its purest form, a species of corruption. Do not let us be mistaken. We know well the assertion so often made, that "government by party" is a necessity of modern times; and we are prepared in the main, to accept the statement as true. A dualism, a division into at least two parties, perpetually at war with each other, and generating motion out of their conflicts—such seems to be the universal form of political progress in States at all free. It was so in ancient times; it is so now. Aristocracy and Democracy, the Populus and the Plebs, Guelphs and Ghibellines, Whigs and Tories, Big-endians and Little-endians—such divisions always were, and always will be. Any number of men thrown by chance together and called upon to manage certain common affairs, will in the end split themselves into *two* parties with a line of demarcation between them. This is a fact in the natural history of the species. But it is to be regretted. The necessity of being or of seeming to be either a Whig or a Tory, is one of the misfortunes in the otherwise happy lot of being born a Briton. It is the right and the duty of every man to judge of events as they occur, and of measures as they are submitted to him; and he is a coward who fears to have an independent opinion. Solon made it a capital offence in a citizen to be neutral in any great public controversy. It will also so happen that certain men, from common intellectual tendencies and the like, will usually, without any prior intercourse, find themselves on the same side in their judgments of events, or in their votes on measures. This one may call legitimate Whiggism or Toryism. The names in such cases are but inductions from the facts. But when the order is reversed, when Whiggism and Toryism are made deductive, when previous judgments and previous votes are supposed to beget an obligation on future ones, when the very name of Whig or Tory becomes in itself a rule of thought or action, then one is inclined to regret that the names were ever invented. To have one's whole mental activity, one's outgoings and incomings, "conditioned," as the philosophers say, by this antithesis between Whiggism and Toryism; to have these two chairs, as it were, carried about with one wherever one moves, and officiously set down on the ground wherever one rests, and to be told that one must sit in the one or the other of them, if one is to be a reputable character—why, it is wretchedness and injury unparalleled! You are on the top of a mountain, gazing down and around on the scene it commands; you feel a tap on the shoulder, you turn round, and there is Society at your back with the everlasting two chairs, and the everlasting invitation to be seated in one of them. You

are in a picture gallery admiring a picture; there is Society at your back again with the same two chairs, and the question whether you will sit in the Tory chair or in the Whig chair while you look at the landscape. And so in everything that you say or do. It is in vain that one protests, and argues, and suggests the possibility of, in some cases,—being neutral. The two chairs are still brought round wherever you go, and it is at your peril if you do not sit on one of them. The social necessity of being either a Whig or a Tory has, in fact, extended itself into a constant condition of all individual thought, and all individual activity. It follows one into art, literature, the pulpit, and even into the secrecies of meditation and self-communion. Have we not Whig and Tory novels, Whig and Tory dramas, Whig and Tory pictures? Nay, in such works, over and above the unconscious reproduction through the imagination, often in a most subtle manner, of the Whig and Tory prejudice that has been imbibed into the being from childhood, do we not often detect, what is far worse, a conscious restraint of the imagination by the fear of seeming untrue to the Whiggism or Toryism that one has socially professed? It is the same in our judgments of such works. We are looking at a picture; we like it; we hear that the painter is a Tory, and at once we like it less! A Tory critic, on the other hand, cannot be fair to a Whig poet; he will praise him too little because he does not like his Whiggism, or too much for fear of being misled by that dislike! In fact there are few of us who can take a walk in a frosty night, and look up to the stars, or sit in our rooms and look into our own hearts, otherwise than as Whigs or Tories. It has become, as it were, a law of our universal thinking that we shall view all things in this wretched alternation of black and white. The men are few and far between that have saved their souls free from this thralldom; and that, looking over the face of nature, can take in, as nature offers and has proportioned them, all the coloured beauties of the spectral beam, from red, through middle green and blue, to fading violet. And yet, as a glance among our contemporaries will tell us, these are our best and greatest men. We will not name names; but we do not know one truly great man of the present day of whom we can certainly say that he is systematically either a Whig or a Tory. They have decided opinions, decided tendencies; sometimes their mood, if translated into action, would harmonize with some individual Whig or Tory movement; sometimes it is so translated into action, and they vote and subscribe with an energy which would have saved their heads from Solon's law; but Whigs or Tories they are not. They will *not* sit invariably in the one, or invariably in the other, of the two chairs; and if officious

Society persists in bringing the chairs round after them wherever they go, it is well if they only shock common notions of consistency by sitting now on the one, now on the other, and now on both put together, and do not proceed to the extremity of breaking both chairs in a rage over Society's head.

Now it is surely a pity to do anything to increase, more than is absolutely necessary, the strength of this polarizing influence which exists already in British society, dividing it, like water under galvanic action, into two masses of opposite inclination and spirit. It is perhaps a law of human society at present that such a polarizing influence must exist, with all its baneful consequences. But its intensity may be abated. What need, for example, of allowing Whiggism or Toryism to rage in their mutual opposition beyond the field of the legislative? Would it not be enough if that natural division of society into parties which arises whenever society sets itself to the discussion of an event or a measure, were allowed to take effect in the election of the representative body, ceasing, as far as possible, as soon as the elections were over, and the opinions of the community for the time being were fairly boxed up in Parliament, there to take legislative shape? This would correspond very nearly with what we have called legitimate Whiggism or Toryism—that is, Whiggism or Toryism still ascertaining itself, still only *inductive*. Why carry the distinction beyond this? and why intensify and vitiate Whiggism or Toryism by making the difference also *deductive*? In other words, having secured that the Parliament for the time being shall represent the average proportions of Whiggism and Toryism then existing in the community, and having also done justice to the same distinction, so far as the ministerial or moveable joint linking the legislative to the executive is concerned, by providing that the party in the ascendant in the legislative shall form that joint, why form the *permanent* body of the executive on the same principle? Why make political opinions a ground for election to offices in the permanent civil service? The effect of such patronage on political grounds, is, as we have said, to intensify beyond its natural vigour that polarizing influence in society which distributes us into Whigs and Tories,—and so unnaturally to increase what is already a bad intellectual habit with each of us. It is putting a premium upon one-sidedness. It is a constant stimulus to prejudice, and to the intrusion of political feelings where they have no right to be. How unsightly, for instance, that daily spectacle of a candidate for a professorship of Logic, or Latin, or Astronomy, resting his hopes not on his merits in relation to the post, but on the accident of his party being out or in! And what masses of the Whiggism and Toryism now existing in society and choking

it up, would turn out if analysed, to be nothing else than the mixed result of a hankering after office, and a conviction, inherited or acquired, that its good things were to be attained most readily in the one route or in the other! What a blessing to society to feel all this spurious Whiggism and Toryism dissolved out of it, so that only what was genuine should remain! In all this, we say nothing of positive and wilful dishonesty, of the exchange of sides in order to gain more, or of the bribery which induces to such conduct. This is corruption in the popular sense; but, in a higher sense, it is *all* corruption. Observe, too, how this corruption works round in a vicious circle, so as again to reach the legislative. Patronage is administered by the Treasury and by the ministry generally, with a direct view to keep up and increase "the party;" by a judicious use of patronage a Tory ministry or a Whig ministry touches up the flagging Toryism or Whiggism of dubious constituencies against a coming election; and thus it is a spurious and not a real Whiggism or Toryism that ruminates current questions, and, having ruminated them, chooses the national representatives. And so on for ever circulates the odious movement. One sees the evil in excess in such cases as that of France under Louis Philippe, where nearly all the electors were officials, and therefore at the beck of government; but there are varieties of political patronage in the United States of America which illustrate the evil in still more glaring colours.

And now for the question of the Remedy. As to what that should be, there is, so far, an instinctive agreement. Let Merit be the sole title to office! Let the principle of appointment by merit, already to a certain extent in use in the civil service, be applied rigidly and systematically throughout the whole of it! Such is the remedy which all recommend. It is a very old principle. Socrates propounded it; the Roman Senate believed it; Charlemagne and Cromwell acted on it; the universal voice of the populace, in its healthy moments in all ages, has clamoured for it. Burke, in last century, invoked the principle, and applied it with his splendid rhetoric to this very question of the improvement of the British Government. Young Chalmers, in the old Tory days when we were fighting against Buonaparte, and likely to be beaten by him, accompanied his pulpit fulminations against that foreign colossus, and his appeals to the patriotism of Fife-shire to be up and doing against him, with one unvarying tribute of admiration to the ruler of France on this very ground that, unlike our British rulers, he knew merit when he saw it, sought it out, and called it to his councils. Nor, since those days, have there been wanting men to keep this same notion alive

among us? Need we name in this connexion Mr. Carlyle, so much of whose fervid writing from first to last has been a commentary on this very text,—who has so recently expounded it in his two “Downing Street” pamphlets with most emphatic reference to the existing constitution of our government; and whose phrases of “King, Kenning, Able-man,” and the like, expressly embodying this doctrine, yet ring and thunder in our ears. It is one proof among others of the immense practical influence exerted by this writer, in spite of all the complaints made against him on account of the unpractical character of his speculations, that the very movement for a reform in the civil service, which the Blue Book before us typifies, and which is now engaging all official minds, may be traced directly in large measure to him. He and others have already almost fatigued us with their theoretical expositions of that principle which it is now proposed to apply in practice—the principle of the right, of the fit. It is in this principle, variously expressed, that all are convinced beforehand that the remedy for what is wrong must lie. Nor is the conviction purely an exercise of faith. Already it has been found that precisely there and to that extent in which the principle of appointment by merit has been acted on in the present system of the civil service have the results been good. Sir James Stephen distinctly says, in the remarkable passage we have quoted from him, that the members of what he calls the “first-class” of the civil servants he had known during his whole official experience—that small class which consisted of men so superior that he cannot yet think of them without admiration and respect—were “nearly all men who had been sought out and appointed on account of their well-ascertained fitness for the public service.” To a similar effect, and even more striking, is the following passage in the official report of Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote—

“We have before us the testimony of an eminent public officer, who was for many years connected with one of the chief departments of the state. He writes thus:—‘During my long acquaintance with the — office, I remember four, and only four instances of young men being introduced into it, on the ground of well ascertained fitness. I do not venture to mention names, but I confidently affirm, that the superiority of those four gentlemen to all the rest, was such, as to extort the acknowledgment of it from their rivals, and to win the high applause of each successive secretary of state.’”—*Report appended to Blue Book*, pp. 14, 15.

Why not apply universally a principle thus approved by the instinctive sense of all—preached by the most powerful and honest thinkers, that now live, or that have lived—and which to the full extent to which it has been tried, has been found to work well?

Curiously enough, the only dissent of importance that we have seen from the *principle* of such a change, (there are many who question its *practicability*,) is in the case of Sir James Stephen. We confess that it astonishes us. Sir James says, that, as nepotism and regard for political connexion exist throughout society, as they act in the church, in the law, and in other professions, as agencies for pushing men on, he does not see why they should not exist and act in the civil service. He says, that as the church, the army, and so on, are not constituted on the principle of merit, he does not see why the civil service should be so constituted. He suggests that as mediocrity and dulness exist, and are less able to take care of themselves than strength and brilliancy, even they have their rights—a principle in which we might agree with him, if he did not suggest also that their rights are to clerkships in the civil service! Such argument from such a man takes away our breath. Had he meant, by citing the analogous cases of the church and the army, satirically to insinuate the propriety of extending the proposed application of the principle of merit to a wider field than the civil service, that would have been intelligible! But to cite the excesses of patronage in the English Church as a reason for not seeking too eagerly to abate the similar excesses in the Civil Service, argues a mode of thinking, which, with all respect for a man so eminent, we can characterize only as a treason to philosophy and logic for the sake of a semblance of worldly moderation. We have too much of this moderation—the moderation of that type of mind, which having to grapple with complex facts, and to carry out principles through a resisting medium of practical difficulties, avoids the danger by stopping short and arresting the principles in mid-career, instead of meeting it by going on, and putting forth fresh strength of generalisation to subdue the greater mass of the opposing matter. For our part, in this case, we would rather seize the hint of that other analogy which the church and the army present, and aver boldly, with Mr. Chadwick, that for all purposes, direct and indirect, it would be a gain on the present system to make public offices saleable for hard cash, and to dispose of all the vacant judgeships, secretaryships, and clerkships, to the highest bidders, even though the fund thus accruing, instead of being saved for public purposes, were annually cast into the sea.

The vague principle of merit, it will be observed, has already, in the language of the preceding paragraph, taken a somewhat more precise shape—that of the principle of Fitness. “Well ascertained fitness,” is the phrase most affected in the Report; synonymous with which, and even better in some respects, is Bentham’s phrase, “official aptitude.” The distinction between

Fitness and Merit is not a merely verbal matter. It clears away much misapprehension and confusion. Those who advocate the appointment of men to office solely on the ground of merit, do not mean that offices shall be made the reward of *merit in general and of any kind*. Such a system would in itself be but a new form of corruption. And unfortunately, in our transition from the old system to a better, there seems too great a tendency to rest in this mongrel kind of recognition of merit. The notion among official patrons, and among the public at large, seems to be, that it is the right and proper concession to the new spirit, to look out for rising, or for risen, or for venerable men of science, or men of letters, or at least, for the sons of such, and, when places fall vacant, to thrust them into them. On such occasions there are rejoicings in all the papers, and the patron is applauded for his graceful tribute to science and learning. But the practice is an unsound one. The civil service is not a congeries of honorary pensions for past merits, nor a refuge for the distinguished destitute. In a country like ours, where the pensions and rewards for literary and scientific merit are so scanty, the tendency is to make it such; but the tendency is wrong. It may happen, indeed, that sometimes the claims of general merit and of special aptitude for a vacant post are found in the same person; and then gracefully enough the reward for the one may be given in the form of a position in which to shew the other. It would have been a graceful act of the government, for example, to have conferred the editorship of the *Gazette*, when it was vacant the other day, on Mr. Charles Knight. In the case of offices which are sinecures, too, it may be proper to appoint men on account of general merit;—though it would be better to cease to call them offices at all, and to view them as pensions. It may also happen that general merit, or merit in one walk, indicates a likelihood that a man will prove fit for a particular post; and this may be a reason for giving it to him. A man distinguished in literature, for example, may prove a good examiner, or a good secretary. In some cases there may be reason for thinking he will shew excellence as a man of business equal to that which he has shewn in literature; and in such cases his appointment may be proper. But it is proper not in so far as the man's past merit is in itself deserving of public reward, but in so far as it is *evidence* of fitness for the post given him. In this principle of accepting literary and other merit as *evidence* of aptness for office there would probably be an ample justification for a much larger admission of literary and scientific men into public offices than has hitherto been practised. On this principle alone Pitt was justified in making Burns an exciseman; but on this principle also he would have been justified if he had made

him something much higher. After all, therefore, the literary class need not fear the distinction between general merit and official aptitude. Yet the distinction is of importance. A man is not made Poet Laureate for his skill in engineering; neither ought he to be made a supervisor for having written farces, nor Registrar-General for a work on metaphysics, nor a chief accountant for eminent military services. In short, the true principle on which to select for office is that of fitness, and general merit ought to enter into the reckoning only as constituting evidence of fitness, or as a strong motive to appoint where fitness is already known. Of two men thought equally fit to be postmen, government should certainly dignify with the Queen's uniform the one who is the better scholar, even should it not seem clear, as it generally would, that his scholarship would tell on the rate and accuracy of his morning delivery.

But the principle of Fitness itself is susceptible of various interpretations. One form of the principle of Fitness is that which some, in their discussions of this question, have embodied in the words "*Detur digno*:" "Let it be given to a worthy man." This form of the principle, as distinct from that which we are about to state, may be called the *negative* form. It simply implies that pains shall be taken, in appointing to any office, to ascertain that the man has the appropriate qualifications for it. This may be done by direct inquiries about him among those who know him, by requiring him to produce certificates, or by subjecting him to such an examination as shall prove him capable of the post. Applied in practice, without any farther change in the present system, it would simply amount to a more stringent and thorough carrying out of the present plan of initial examinations and of probation adopted in some offices. It would leave the nominations, as before, to be made by the patrons on the grounds of nepotism, political connexion, and what not; it would only cause all the persons so appointed to pass into office through a porch so constructed as to throw back the incapables. Now this would, certainly, be in itself a great reform; and, supposing nepotism and political patronage to remain dominant, there is no one that would not be glad to see their sway so checked and tempered by a power of veto.

The majority of those who advocate a reform in the civil service, however, go farther. They prefer that form of the principle of Fitness which may be embodied in the phrase "*Detur digniori*,"—"Let it be given to the more worthy," or, better still, in the phrase "*Detur dignissimo*,"—"Let it be given to the most worthy that can be found." This, it will be seen, implies more than the other. It implies a raising of the standard of fitness up to the highest possible mark; it implies a search

for candidates, a comparison of their claims, and a choice of the one whose claims are greatest. The one principle only prescribes the appointment of a good man; the other, the appointment of the best man that can be got. The notion of *competition* is here introduced, and with it the notion of a much wider extension of that social range from which candidates are to be selected. In the one case government, as it were, sits at home, and only manipulates those candidates whom nepotism and political interest sends in to it; in the other, government casts a vigilant eye over as large an area of the population as it can, and either giving a preference to the nominees of nepotism and party interest or not, as it thinks proper, picks out the best men it can anywhere see.

"Either giving a preference to the nominees of nepotism and party interest or not, as it thinks proper!" These are words to be noted. They indicate a still farther and final difference on which those who agree with each other even up to the point of the *Detur dignissimo* principle, split and part company. Let us take Mr. Greg as the representative of the less extreme view of the manner in which this principle is to be brought to bear on our actual system. Probably a more energetic and able and eminent representative cannot be found. In his stirring and eloquent pamphlet, entitled "*The One Thing Needful*," Mr. Greg, after a powerful exposure of the evils of the present system as revealed by the experience of the Crimea, thus propounds the remedy:—

"The remedy is in our own hands. It is obvious. It is simple. It would be effectual. It is merely to adopt the principle, and to place practically in the hands of government, the power of *employing the services of the capable, and of dispensing with the services of the incapable, in any rank and in any department*. No one doubts that England contains scores of men competent to fill the offices of under secretaries of State and heads of every civil department, and so to fill them as to infuse new life into every nerve, new blood into every vein:—though perhaps these men may not be found among the usual scanty list of known and placarded candidates for office. No one doubts that the country abounds with men of admirable faculties for organization, for combination, for invention of resources, who would make the best commissariat officers in the world:—only they are not in the "*Civil Service*." No inducement has ever been held out to them to enter it; no power now exists at once to place them in their right position in it. No one doubts that our mercantile and railway establishments are full of young, well-trained, accurate, energetic clerks, who know their duties and perform them well—*who dare not make blunders or forget orders*—and who would be just the class of men we want for the routine work of the Treasury, the Admiralty,

or the War Office :—but these are just the men the “ Civil Service ” has never sought, and does not therefore now possess.

* * * *

England is like the army at Sebastopol: we have everything we are dying for close at hand, only we cannot get at it. We possess everything we want so sorely, only it is not exactly in the place where alone we have been accustomed to look for it. How, then, are we to get what we need? How are we to dispense with what encumbers us? No desperate or sweeping change is requisite. The simple adoption and enunciation of one sound principle will suffice—provided it be adopted *bonâ fide* and announced by deeds as well as words. There is no need, and as yet there is no wish, to proscribe the aristocracy—as the aristocracy has too long proscribed unconnected merit. There is no need, and perhaps there is no possibility, of proscribing influence in appointments or promotions, though political influence has been so scandalously abused, and the country has paid so dearly for that sin. Let promotion go by favour and connexion, if you must; but let favour itself be restricted to choose out of the able and the qualified alone; let connexion be allowed to promote competency, but never to protect or to retain imbecility or ignorance. Let nominations to the Civil Service as heretofore be shared by the Secretary of the Treasury among his Parliamentary supporters, if so the necessities of ‘government by party,’ and the imperfections of ‘our cherished institutions’ demand; but let ‘nomination’ be followed by acceptance only where the candidate can prove adequate intelligence, steadiness, and education.”

Certainly the reform Mr. Greg here demands and urges would be a great and splendid one; and did one see a chance of getting it, one might abandon all other schemes, accept this, and say no more. We have our doubts, however, whether this scheme, in which, according to Mr. Greg, “no sweeping or desperate change” is involved, and which is put forth by him and others as less chimerical and extreme than another which we shall shortly contrast with it, is not in reality more chimerical, more extreme, and more fantastic. In fact, our objection to it is that it is not a scheme at all, but only an aspiration. It is a plain and, we think, an irrefragable truth, that you cannot effect a social change by merely propounding a maxim. A new doctrine emphatically propounded will, in the end, work itself into the national or corporate consciousness, and so will come to affect the social or corporate procedure; but the only way in which direct political change can be effected is by embodying the principle of the proposed change in either a living man, with power to be its agent, or, failing that, in a form, a law, a symbol, or an institution. It seems to us that Mr. Greg only propounds a maxim. It seems to us that a precise measure of the worth of his suggestion, as a practical reform, would be the

effect produced by the reading of his own pamphlet. If the pamphlet can induce people to do as it recommends, well and good; if not, we are just where we were. All that Mr. Greg does towards showing how his doctrine might be applied in practice, besides suggesting that, as far as possible, the working heads of departments should be invested with the patronage, is to suggest a constitutional innovation which, he thinks, would serve the end in view. He suggests—and, if we remember aright, Mr. Carlyle made the same suggestion in one of his pamphlets on *Downing Street*—that it should be allowed to the Prime Minister for the time being to call to his aid, as under-secretaries, assistant-secretaries, or under any other name, a certain number of men, say twenty, of any kind he wants, from any class or quarter of the community, which men shall then have seats in the House, *ex officio*, without representing any constituencies. Such a plan he says would be the very substitute needed to supply the felt want in our system caused by the abolition of the old plan of nomination-boroughs. Now, we will not discuss this plan at present. It may be a good one or a bad one; but it is beyond our purpose. We are for the present assuming our legislative apparatus as it is; we are accepting Parliament as a means intended simply to ascertain the national will, and the composition of which, therefore, may very well be entirely representative; and we are discussing only how, this will being taken for granted, it is to be carried out by a pure and able executive. Two remarks, however, occur to us. In the first place, it strikes us that, efficient or not, Mr. Greg's proposal is not one likely to be accepted without infinite uproar, if even without revolution. If, therefore, his only means of reforming the executive service is by a change which will be esteemed a radical one in our whole constitution, and will have to be fought through half-a-dozen reform bill agitations, we do not see that this can be called a simple and easy means, or that it can have much to boast of in this respect over any other scheme that may be set against it. But, again, suppose it carried, we do not see that it would be effective. It is not clear that the way to purify existing patronage is to create so much new patronage. What is complained of is, that our Prime Minister, and his colleagues the other ministers, at present appoint incapable men to offices, on grounds of personal or political favouritism; and Mr. Greg proposes to remedy this by conferring the right of some twenty high additional appointments on the Prime Minister. But, as there is no provision in all this for any change in the quality of our Prime Ministers,—as they will still be men of the old kind—the only security that these twenty new appointments would not also be given on

grounds of favouritism, apart from merit, would lie either in the interest the prime minister would have in choosing good men to be so near to himself, or in some supposed tendency of power to become more pure in its exercise of patronage in proportion as it becomes more despotic. That there is some force in the first consideration we admit; and, indeed, we are disposed to think that all that is practically valuable in Mr. Greg's views, over and above the mere moral effect of their dissemination, lies in the suggestion, of which this is but a branch, that patronage will be more purely administered (more purely, at least, as regards the presence of the positive qualification of merit) if it is committed to those who, in each particular case, have most *interest* in the success of the choice. On the other question—that of the relative purity of despotism and ministerial government, as systems of rule—we refrain from entering, for reasons already stated. It seems to us that if we were disposed, with Mr. Greg, to recommend the introduction of a touch of the despotic into our British system of government, it would be as much with a view to its probable effects on the legislative as to its probable effects on the executive.

If, then, we have no faith in the possibility of realizing the *detur dignissimo* principle, by merely, with Mr. Greg, propounding the principle, urging it on the people and the official world, and readjusting patronage, so as to give it a greater chance of being acted on, how shall we realize it? One plan only remains—that of abolishing patronage, in the present sense, either throughout the service, or through as much of it as may be agreed upon, and disposing of all the appointments so included, according to the results of an express competitive trial of merit among the candidates who may present themselves; at the same time, devising means for securing the observance of the *detur dignissimo* principle, in the filling up of such appointments as it may be deemed right to exempt from such a scheme of express competitive trial, and also means for securing its observance in the promotion and general treatment of men after they are in the service.

Such, accordingly, is the plan which was brought out for public consideration under the auspices of the late government by Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote. As the result of their inquiries into the condition of our public offices, and of their own speculations and experience, these gentlemen prepared a Report, which was printed last year, and which, it was understood, was to form the basis of a scheme for the reform of the civil service, to be submitted to Parliament by Mr. Gladstone. Let us shortly indicate the propositions of this most interesting and momentous public document.

The first proposition towards the intended reform laid down in the report is, that, on the whole, it is better, as regards the bulk of the public service, to train young men up expressly for the service, than to take men in at any stage of life who have previously acquired experience in the other walks and professions. The higher staff appointments, it is suggested, might still be filled up, as hitherto, by men selected at any age from general society on account of their acknowledged excellence; but, on the whole, this should be the exception, and not the rule. The Civil Service, like the army or the church, ought to depend, in the main, on the supply of young men into it at a certain age—say between seventeen and twenty-five, according to the varying demands of different kinds of service. Various reasons are assigned for this—reasons of economy, as well as of regard for efficiency. Then, as to the mode in which these young men are to be admitted into the service—this is to be by an open competitive examination. It is recommended that a central Board of Examiners should be instituted, consisting of men of such mark and independence as to give their decisions weight, and invested with the command of all the necessary apparatus, central and local, for the complete discharge of their duties; in the hands of which board of examiners should be deposited the entire responsibility of determining who are fit to be admitted into the civil service. But they ought to exercise this patronage under all the force of a state obligation, and in a regular and prescribed manner. Periodically—every year or every half year—an estimate ought to be made of the number of vacancies in the civil service that have to be filled up. Public notification ought to be made of these throughout the country; and it ought to be announced that any persons whatsoever, of the required age, and subjects of her Majesty, who should be able to produce certificates of good health and of respectable character, should be at liberty to send in their names as candidates for the vacancies. Candidates should not be allowed to offer themselves for individual offices, but, generally, for *admission into the service*. A distinction might be made, however, between the lower kind of service, requiring lower qualifications—such as that in which postmen, inferior revenue officers, messengers, &c., are engaged; and the higher kind of service—such as that including all the clerkships. Candidates might have the option of offering themselves for the one or for the other. In either case, their admission or their rejection ought to depend on their success in a competitive examination, arranged so as to test their powers and acquirements. The periodical examinations for at least the lower class of offices might be conducted locally by examiners acting under

the direction of the Central Board—a method known by experience to be quite practicable. In the examinations for lower offices, the standard would naturally be that of a sound ordinary English education—involving reading, writing, arithmetic, and the elements of general knowledge; but even here any higher degree of accomplishment that might be found to exist among those offering themselves as candidates ought to be taken into the account. For offices of the higher class, the standard assumed ought to be that of the highest current education in the country—care being taken to embrace a variety of subjects wide enough to do justice to all varieties of taste and training, and to all parts of the country. Classics, mathematics, the physical sciences, the moral and political sciences, history, and modern languages, ought all to be included; and especial value should be assigned to an acquaintance with the literature, history, and laws of Great Britain, and to power in writing and speaking English. In both classes of examinations it would be an object, however, to test natural faculty as much as mere acquirement; and, so far as the examiners, by acting on hints given them by the Heads of Departments, could throw into the examinations ingredients calculated to bring out special aptitude for special offices, this also might be done. In all the examinations, the relative excellence of the candidates would be determined by the plan of proportionate values or marks, already so well known to all who have any practice in this kind of competition among young men. On each periodical examination, those candidates whom the examiners, after carefully summing up the marks, found best on the whole, should be declared to be entitled to the vacancies of that season. The manner of their distribution among the various departments might be determined in part by the examiners with a regard to their ascertained specialities, in part by their own choice; or the heads of departments might be allowed a right of selection. In any case the successful candidates should enter only as probationers; and only after having gone through a probation should they be confirmed in their offices. Once enrolled in any office, their advancement should still depend on their merit; which now, however, would be determined by their official superiors. Even their annual increase of salary should come not as a matter of course, but only on certificate of efficient service. Retiring pensions, or at least their amount, should also be conditional on certified value of service. Promotion should throughout be by merit as decided by regular records kept, or reports made in each office—the Head of a Department, on every vacancy, nominating one out of three or four, named to him by the proper subordinate, as most fit for the office, without regard to seniority. On a similar principle, by a system of common

record connecting the various offices, men might be transferred from one office to another, so as, by more extensive and varied official experience, to become fit for the higher staff-appointments. In cases, however, where Government should still reserve the power of going beyond the limits of the service for assistance, and selecting men of public eminence in other walks of life to fill places of trust and importance, the responsibility of such appointments must be left to Government itself. Examinations in such cases would be obviously inapplicable. The very nature of such appointments, however, would secure their being generally made with an express view to conspicuous merit of some kind or other, or even, under the new circumstances which would then obtain throughout the service, with a view to signal and undeniable qualification. For this also there would be a still greater security if the plan were adopted of giving a marked publicity to all extraordinary appointments by making them the subject of an annual Parliamentary return, and also by making it imperative that in every such case a record in detail of the grounds on which the appointment was made, should be minuted in official books open for the inspection of all concerned.

Such is an outline, omitting what is non-essential, of the plan for the Reorganization of the Civil Service, which, it is understood, Mr. Gladstone, on the part of the Government of Lord Aberdeen, was to submit to Parliament and the country, in accordance with a memorable promise to that effect, made in the Queen's speech on opening the Session of 1854. With a view to exhibit the proposed scheme of public examinations as it might be reduced to actual practice, there was appended to the report of Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, a paper prepared by the Rev. B. Jowett of Balliol College, Oxford, stating that gentleman's opinions as to the subjects that ought to enter into the examination, the method of obtaining preliminary testimonials of character, and other arrangements. Unfortunately, owing in part to the all-engrossing interest of the country and of government in the Russian question and its results, and in part also to a shew of hostility to the proposed Reform evoked by its mere announcement, and that, too, in quarters where, one might have thought, it would have been hailed with enthusiasm, nothing could be done in the matter during last session, nor could it even be discussed in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone and his friends, however, did not give it up. Resolved at some future time to take the sense of Parliament on a measure of the kind described, they deemed it useful in the mean time to collect as large a mass of individual opinion as they could, respecting the propriety of such a measure, and respecting the shape to be given to it. For this purpose

copies of the Report of Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, and of Mr. Jowett's appended paper, were placed in the hands of a number of the most eminent official and academic men of the day, and they were requested to express their opinions on the subject to which these relate. Thirty-eight such opinions have been procured, and form the valuable and interesting Blue Book now before us.

We had intended to analyse these opinions one by one, so as to exhibit exactly the state of mind in official and academic circles on the subject of the proposed reform—the proportion of approval on the one hand, and of doubt and opposition on the other. We can only state the general result however. It is as follows: All admit the possibility of an improvement in the civil service, though some think the picture of its present defects greatly overcharged. One or two who appear strongly conservative, on the whole, say little or nothing as to the means of improvement; and the opinion of one gentleman—Mr. Waddington, Under Secretary of State for the Home Department—with respect to the proposed plan of competitive examinations, is a continuous and elaborate sneer. More respectful in their dissent from the principle of competitive examinations are a small but powerful body of some eight or nine—including Sir James Stephen; Sir G. C. Lewis, now Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Booth, Secretary of the Board of Trade; and Mr. Romilly, Chairman of the Board of Audit—who take their stand on the efficiency of a system of rejecting or minimum examinations, either conducted, as at present, by the chiefs of offices, or by a Central Board of Examiners. Some of these, however, are strongly in favour of the principle of merit alone in the regulation of *promotions*, and only oppose the principle of open competition for *appointments*, from a fear of its social consequences, or from an idea that real merit would not be so ascertained. There are, next, a few who, either approving of the principle of open competition for appointments, or not objecting to it, would like its application to be modified, and would rely rather on peculiar arrangements which they point out. Among these are—the Rev. Canon Moseley, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, who thinks that government, while following the plan of open competition so far, should still retain in large measure the right of calling eminent men into the service at any stage; Mr. Rowland Hill, of the Post Office, who has no doubt that the device of competitive examinations would be an improvement on the existing system, but thinks that the working heads of departments are the best judges of the kind of merit they want, and that, with a proper system of rejecting examinations they could pass muster; and Mr. Henry Cole, and

Dr. Lyon Playfair, who are for merging the question of a reform of the public service in the larger question of a reform of the entire educational system of the country. Finally, eighteen out of the thirty-eight give in an unqualified adhesion to the principles of the Report, and more especially to the principle of appointment by open competitive examinations, each explaining his adhesion in his own way, and with differences of practical suggestion and detail. This body includes the majority of those gentlemen connected with the higher education of the country who have given their opinions—as, for example, Professors Thompson of Cambridge and Graves of Dublin, the Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Jeune of Oxford, Dr. Jelf of King's College, London, and Dr. Vaughan, Master of Harrow. But it also includes a number of men of high note in the official world—as Mr. John G. Shaw Lefevre, C.B., Clerk-Assistant to the House of Peers; Mr. William Spottiswoode, the Queen's Printer; Lieutenant-Colonel Larcom, Under Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Mr. Alfred Power, Chief Commissioner of the Poor Laws for Ireland; Mr. John Stuart Mill of the India House, well known by his independent labours in philosophy and literature; Mr. Edwin Chadwick, C.B., and Mr. John Wood, Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, who has the reputation of being one of the first official men of the country. These men speak of the proposed scheme in the highest terms. Mr. John Mill says, "The proposal to select candidates for the civil service of government by a competitive examination appears to me to be *one of those great public improvements the adoption of which would form an era in history.*" And Mr. Chadwick, whose paper, extending to the length of a treatise of nearly a hundred pages, goes deeper and more comprehensively into the subject of patronage in its social relations than any of the others, and contains a mass of original observations and suggestions such as we have rarely seen accumulated in such a paper before, is, with all his minuteness of detail, and all his own added weight of matter, quite as emphatic. This paper, in fact, starts principles in advance of the Report, and points to ulterior reforms which the Report does not directly contemplate.

On the whole, we must say, taking quantity and quality together, that the preponderance of testimony is overwhelmingly in favour of the principles of the Report. The opposition of such men as Sir James Stephen and Sir George Lewis to the principle of admission into the service by open competitive examinations is a formidable fact: but not only is this opposition adequately balanced, but, as it appears to us, there is not one argument of any strength adduced in the papers of these gentlemen that is not crushed by other papers of the series. That

the weight of academic testimony should be in favour of the competitive scheme might seem natural ; but as we see, there is no want of official testimony on the same side. Or, if any want of this kind should have been felt, an important event almost coincident in date with the publication of the Blue Book has more than supplied that want. We allude to the adoption by the Directors of the East India Company, in conjunction with the Board of Control, of a scheme for the admission of candidates into the Indian civil service, prepared by Mr. Macaulay, Lord Ashburton, and two other commissioners at the Company's request, and fundamentally the same as the scheme proposed for the civil service of Government by Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote. By a single act, splendid for its suddenness and completeness, if for nothing else, this great Company, whose practical wisdom will not be denied, and whose care in the choice of its servants has always been celebrated, has renounced its patronage, and has declared that in future all vacancies in the Indian civil service, (involving a life-long independence and a chance of fame and fortune for about forty persons annually,) shall be filled up from among those young men, of whatever rank or condition, who shall have distinguished themselves most in an open competitive examination extending over the following subjects, though not necessarily including them all,—English composition and English literature and history ; Mathematics, pure and applied ; the languages, literature and history of Greece and Rome ; the languages, literature and history of France, Germany, and Italy ; the Natural Sciences, including Chemistry and Natural History ; the Moral and Political sciences ; and the Sanscrit and Arabic languages. The ascertained best at such an examination every year are to be admitted as probationers ; their actual appointments to be determined by a second and more special examination, within two years afterwards, in Jurisprudence, Political Economy, and some one vernacular language of India. This change comes into force in July next, so that unless Downing Street and Great Britain are unusually quick, Leadenhall Street and Hindostan are in advance of them.

For ourselves, all our sympathies and all our convictions are in the direction of this greatest movement of the age. So anxious are we in behalf of the movement as a whole, that we would willingly take it in any shape, and postpone all our opinions as to the precise shape that had best be given to it, until the general question had been irrevocably carried against the mass of brute apathy, and of interested or peevish opposition which we see arrayed against it, and the victorious combatants were left free to discuss detailed arrangements among themselves. As, however, precision in such a case may be neces-

sary to success, and as, in fact, much of the popular opposition to the movement is founded on misconception, we shall throw our views, in conclusion, into a schematic form.

I. And, first, as to the question of Principle. With the Report, with Mr Greg, and with all who have taken any efficient stand on the philosophy of this subject from the beginning of time till now, we regard the principle of *detur dignissimo* as absolute, ultimate, and not rationally questionable. If any one denies that the civil offices of the country ought to be conferred on the very best men that can be got to take them (which means on the very "fittest" men) we see no common ground on which to argue with him. If any one, even Sir James Stephen, says that, as a matter of principle, it is right that the Civil Service should have in it men more stupid or a greater number of stupid men than it finds itself constrained to have in spite of every effort that can be made to the contrary, we can only shut our mouths and wonder. This new doctrine of the right of stupidity, as such, and of feebleness as such, to a certain share of public posts and emoluments, seems to us not a whit more rational than would be the doctrine of the right of dishonesty to a similar provision. But, in truth, it is useless to point out the logical absurdities of an assertion which, though stated in the language of theory, is merely the expression of a felt practical difficulty. Sir James Stephen cannot have meant to say that, in principle, the civil service *ought* to have a certain proportion of men in it below the average of what it could get; he can only have meant to say that, in point of fact, of the men it could get, or could ever hope to get, a certain proportion *must* be below the average. This, indeed, he urges separately as if it had all the dignity of a separate argument. It is nonsense, he and others say, to speak of getting the best men for the civil service! The best men—the university wranglers, for example, will not go into that service as it is at present constituted. Such men have higher prizes in view than the obscure drudgery of official life, commencing at £90 a year, with the remote chance of £600 or £1000 a year after twenty or thirty years of service, can present to them. The idea of systematically getting the best intellects of the country into the public service, is therefore absurd. Now here again there is confusion of thought. The principle, *detur dignissimo*, does not imply that offices must necessarily be conferred on absolutely the best men that exist in the country, but only on the best men that can be got to take them. Expectations may differ as to the kind of men that would accept offices in the civil service; views may also differ as to the propriety of making it worth while for the ablest men of the age to follow this career; but these are matters beside the real point, which is, that the ablest men that can be got for

places ought to have them. It is on this, and this alone, that the advocates of the principle of merit take their stand—the question of the degree of talent that can be got being a mere question of fact. To argue then, against the principle of giving office to the fittest men by saying that the fittest men will not take office, is a fallacy of words unworthy of the merest tyro in logic.—A fallacy of a similar kind is the statement that, if the principle of greatest attainable merit is acted on, offices will be filled by men too good for them. It is possible, it is said, to have too fine instruments; and it would not do to have a Sir Isaac Newton working as a copying clerk, or a Milton in disguise carrying a post-bag. We are sorry to see all this obtaining a place in the written opinions of men who ought to know better. Not only is it an unworthy pandering to a mode of thinking of which we have had too much of late years—that mode of thinking which makes a bugbear of what is called “over-education,” and represents the efficiency of business as depending on the maintenance of ignorance; it is also, in itself, a complication of bad reasoning. By our very definition of “worthiness,” we imply “fitness;” and that which is here dreaded as “over ability” for an office, is in reality only one form of “inability.” At all events, surely it is not “over ability” from which we are now suffering. Practically, we may go on for a good while to come, appointing the ablest men we can get to the civil service, without much fear of a break down from an excess of intellect. Yet, curiously enough, the only argument possessing the slightest plausibility that we have seen urged against the principle of admitting the best attainable talent into the service of government, turns on some such fear as this. Seeing that, according to some, it is an inherent tendency of all governments, as such, to be generally on the wrong side of things, to be generally illiberal, adverse to progress, and the like, is it not to be dreaded that the more ability that is thrown into the government service, the more difficulty will a country have in carrying on the war against its government? Now, certainly, if we admit the premises of this argument; if we regard governments, so to speak, as institutions whose function is negative or detrimental rather than positive; if we regard them as a sort of enemy’s camps stationed in the centre of communities, and against which communities are always to be carrying on war—then there is force in the argument. We do not enter on this large question, however. We would only suggest whether it is not possible that the reason why governments have hitherto had the character of being “enemy’s camps,” may partly be this very fact, that the principle of getting the best attainable talent into government offices has not been attended to. Stupidity in the place of power must necessarily be an “enemy’s camp,” as long as the world

lasts; and what we think the most disastrous fact in the present state of things is, that stupidity *should* be in the place of power, or even in the place where power is supposed to reside. The very virtue of the new movement is, that, if it has any success, it will tend to destroy this wretched notion, that governments must necessarily be "enemy's camps," good only to be warred against. Besides, if what Sir James Stephen says is true, there is little fear that all the genius of the country will ever be concentrated in the government service. There will still be intellect enough in non-official circles to carry on the opposition, and beat, beard, and outwit the government.

II. The question of principle being settled, and it being agreed, that, so far as theory goes, it is desirable that the civil service of the country should be conducted by the highest talent that can be got into it, all the rest of the controversy turns on the question of means or practicability. In the actual circumstances of the country, what is the best means of systematically applying the principle of *detur dignissimo* throughout the civil service? Not to beat about the bush, one may fairly say, at this stage, that this whole question of means in general, resolves itself into the special question of *the means of procuring evidence*. "Let the best attainable talent, the greatest attainable fitness, in every case be placed in office,"—such is the principle; "How shall we know when we have the greatest attainable talent; on what evidence shall we be sure that we have got at the fittest attainable man?"—such is the question of practice. In point of fact, however, this question distributes itself into several.

(1.) *The necessity or propriety of resorting at all to the plan of open competitive examinations.* Let it be remembered, that it is agreed that the fittest attainable man should in every instance be appointed to a vacant office, and that the question is now solely as to the means of finding out the fittest attainable man. Now, if we suppose an omniscient, and also thoroughly just prime minister—a man, who, though sitting at the centre of affairs, knew thoroughly and intimately, by personal familiarity, every individual of all the millions composing the empire; knew his faculties, his acquirements, his failings; and also was resolved and able to act with strict impartiality—there would be no difficulty. The problem of the right man in the right place would be solved at once;—it would be a mere question of coach hire. Such a mode of solution being purely ideal, however, we must be content with the best possible approximation we can make to it. Now what is that approximation? The present plan of leaving the nominations universally in the hands of Government is certainly not it. Were Government never so willing to be just, it cannot select the best men, because it is not omniscient. If never so impartial, it could only select the best men within its range of vision;

and these might be far from being the best men attainable. Government might act fairly in nominating a young man living in Duke Street, St. James's, to a vacant post; and yet at that very moment there might be a superior young man who would have taken the office, living in the High Street of Islington, or in the wilds of Cumberland or Perthshire. Obviously, in short, if we are really to act on the principle of selecting the most fit, an opportunity must be given for all who think themselves fit to come forward. In other words, instead of leaving Government to select the fittest of those casually presented to them, there ought to be a public notification to the whole country, that such and such men are wanted, and that the fittest of those who present themselves will be selected. The answer to such a summons clears away one portion of the duty, for, when the summons has been answered, there is no doubt as to who are the *attainable* men. They lie collected, so to speak, into a mass; and the only remaining task is that of selection of the *fittest*. This selection, however, is, in reality, a work of the examination of evidence. To all intents and purposes the man of whose fitness the surest evidence can be obtained is to be accepted as the fittest. Government may itself, if it chooses, conduct the work of examining the evidence; or the working heads of departments may individually do so. Considering the moral influences at work, however, to incapacitate ministers, or even the heads of departments for the impartial discharge of this duty, and considering also that, in the proposed circumstances, the work of examination would in itself be a business of large dimensions requiring time and care, it is certainly better, if, indeed, it is not absolutely necessary, that, in the majority of cases, the work should be deputed to a Board expressly charged with this class of duties. But even with regard to this Board of Examiners, and the cases that may be left to its control, there is still the question of the kind of evidence on which they ought to rely. Only two alternatives seem to present themselves. The Board of Examiners may be merely for the examination of testimonials, and for the investigation of the claims of candidates by inquiries instituted among those to whom they are known; or its function may be to summon the candidates into its own presence, and, with or without the formality of preliminary testimonials on certain points, subject them to an examination so arranged as then and there to bring out their relative degrees of fitness. Something may be said on behalf of the former plan; but, on the whole, there are serious objections to it, in comparison with the other. The plan of testimonials is vitiated, for example, by the fact, that it throws one back on an incalculable element—that of the public laxity in granting testimonials. Experience in this respect is decisive; and were it

proposed to devolve on the Board the labour of checking testimonials by private inquiries as to their validity in each case, the amount of such labour would cause the whole plan to break down. Besides, the plan would be unfair, for many who might deserve testimonials might, from the geographical or social accident of not having been near a person of the testimonial-giving class, have none to produce. A Reformed National School System* might do much to remedy this, by enabling our youth to grow up, as it were, with a graduated series of school certificates in their hands; but, in the meantime, if we are to have fair open competition, it must be according to a plan in which testimonials shall play but a secondary part. Attestation of good health from a medical man, and of respectable character from some civic authority, is about the utmost that can be required. The rest the Examiners must decide for themselves by means adapted for the purpose; and the only conceivable means of this kind is a competitive examination calculated to bring out the relative degrees of general faculty, acquirement, and special business aptitude possessed by the candidates.

The plan of appointment by competitive examination to all initial posts in the service, that is to say, throughout all that portion of the civil service on which it is deemed desirable that the offices should be filled by young men destined to be trained in the service—has, therefore, our full approbation. We think the proposal to this effect made in the Report one of the greatest reforms ever offered to the country. We think it a great reform as regards the service itself, promising a vast increase of efficiency, a great saving of the national wealth and enhancement of the national power and comfort. But its indirect effects seem to us its greatest recommendation. The purification of political morals and of the legislative which it would effect, by removing causes of corruption, seems to us worth any sacrifice. Then again its effects, as a stimulus to all the educational institutions of the country, and as an influence tending to bring them into unison, seem incalculable. Schools and colleges all over the country would have their powers tested in a new manner; there would be a premium upon educational improvements; the Scottish system would vie with the English system and take hints from it, and *vice versa*; and lagging localities, sterile in officials, would have to hang their heads in shame, or justify their sterility in such products, by pointing to products of another kind. Finally, the present intensity of that miserable polarizing influence which divides British society into the two factions of Whigs and Tories, and, penetrating into the thoughts and characters of individuals, obliges them unconsciously to make the distinction between Whiggism and Toryism an *a priori* law of their lives and form of their entire mental activity, would be

sensibly diminished; Whiggism and Toryism would assume more nearly their true limits as inductive expressions of facts; and in lieu of the alternative of Whiggism or Toryism as an ever present form of thought, there would be substituted, to some extent, the far more ennobling influence of unlimited emulation with others in general and onward culture.

Observe, in all this, we have said nothing as to the nature of the proposed examination. That is still an open question. The Report uses the phrase a "competitive *literary* examination;" but the extent to which the examination ought to be what is called a "literary" one, might very well be the subject of separate debate. There is no reason why, if necessary, the examination should not include the best arrangements that can be devised for bringing out business aptitude, or even the moral peculiarities of courage, energy, endurance, and the like. The Board of Examiners, instructed by government, or by the heads of departments, might throw many ingredients into the examination calculated to reveal constitutional idiosyncrasies. It is useless to deny, however, that, in the main, the examination must be a scholastic or literary one,—somewhat after the scheme proposed by Mr. Jowett; or that adopted by the East India Company. For our part, we would accept such a scheme, and trust to its improvement as experience tested it. We see faults both in Mr. Jowett's scheme and in that adopted for the India service. We think that the natural sciences have been assigned too low a value in the latter; and that in neither is there a sufficient recognition of the value of the speculative, metaphysical, or philosophical sciences, as tests of *faculty*, apart from acquirement. At the same time we believe that if once either of these schemes were put in practice, so as to permit the necessary adjustment to it, it would work well. The ordinary objections—that the plan is Chinese, and that it would fill the service with men of book-learning instead of good men of business—seem to us unworthy of notice. Chinese! What do we know of China, to speak so confidently of the effects on Chinese society of a Chinese institution? Men of book-learning instead of men of business! Pray, who are the persons to be examined? They are young men just entering on life, and about to commence business. What do you desire to have certified about such persons? Not certainly their *being* business men, but only the probability of their *becoming* such. Now, say what we like, the best evidence that can be got of this is tested intellectual ability in general, or even *scholastic ability*. Ask any teacher, and he will tell you that his best pupils in the work of their classes, are also all but invariably those who would be the best in any capacity in which they could be tried. The notion that dances at school turn out the best men in after life, and *vice versa*, is simply not true.

Nelson passed an examination with the highest credit; and Wellington would have passed any examination, if he had known that he must pass it. But why reason at all on the subject? Have we so very splendid a system at present that nothing short of absolute perfection will please our highnesses? *

(2.) *Limits of the plan of appointments by competitive examinations.* We have said that, both for the interests of the service itself, and also for the sake of the reflex effects on society, it would be an immense good if admission into the service were, in the majority of instances, to be regulated by competitive examinations open to all the young men of the country. We have now, however, to state that, according to our view, such a plan has its limits. In the first place, it need apply only to first admissions into the service; the rise of persons after their admission being justly enough determined by what is called promotion, that is, by changes among themselves, and this promotion not requiring to be by competitive examinations in order to be fair. In the second place, the plan of competitive examinations need not apply even to all first admissions, but only to admissions of unknown and untried young men into the commencing posts of the graduated parts of the service; a considerable number of high or special offices being still reserved, as at present, under the name of staff appointments, to be disposed of in another manner. Are not these limitations, however, inconsistent with our main principle *detur dignissimo*? Sir George Lewis, amongst others, seems to think so; for he dwells much on the supposed necessity which the advocates of the plan of open competition are under of not pushing it to its last results. If the plan is good, he says, why not apply it universally? why not choose judges and all the highest State officers by the method of open competitive examinations? This may seem specious; but the answer is plain enough. We may adhere to our *principle* and yet find it necessary to vary our *plan*. What we seek in all cases is evidence of the greatest attainable fitness; but this evidence is not always to be obtained in the same manner. In the case of the first admission into the service, where the object is to get out of the whole country those men *hitherto untried*, who will probably turn out the best public servants when trained, a plan of open competitive examinations, testing general faculty and acquirement, is the only fair one that is also practicable. But it is different with the higher offices in the service. In the case of most of these, previous

* In thus giving in our adhesion to the plan of competitive examinations of young candidates for public employment, conducted periodically by a Board of Examiners, we reserve the question of what might be done by a reformed system of national education to bring the ablest young men of the whole country under the direct eye of government from the first, and so to render any express examination at the door of Downing Street unnecessary, or nearly so.

official training becomes in itself one most important element of fitness ; so that it is fair to limit the competition to those who are notoriously so circumstanced that they alone can be assumed to possess this element of fitness. In very few instances, for example, could a fresh competitive examination yield better evidence on which to ground a *promotion* than already exists. The original examination on admission has certified general talent and accomplishment ; if it is desired that this shall be kept up or added to, very easy devices may secure that ; but the preponderating consideration now must be special official fitness, and in this the whole past career of service has been one continuous examination. And so, also, with an important difference in what are called *staff appointments*. With Canon Moseley, we think that the Report does not by any means make a sufficient reservation under this head. With that gentleman, whose arguments on the subject seem to us most sound, we think that this is by far the weakest point of the Report. The Report, though it makes mention of staff appointments and supposes their continuance, seems decidedly to wish that the present proportion of such appointments in the service were rather lessened than increased, so as to bring the higher offices as well as the lower within the rule of promotion. In other words, while proposing to recruit the service freely at the bottom from among the young men of the country between the ages of 17 and 25, the Report seems to desire to have as few admissions as possible above that period of life, so as to keep the service quite close, or nearly so, through all intermediate stages, and at the top. Now, with Mr. Moseley we think this a great mistake. We are for ventilating the service at all stages, and especially at the top. By far the greater proportion of the higher offices, we admit, must be filled by promotion within the service itself ; but, on many accounts, the system of occasional interpolations or staff appointments ought to be kept up. It would be unfair and unwise to make the interval between 17 and 25 the sole period of eligibility into the civil service, seeing that though most of the differences between man and man are developed by that time, it is not universally so, and men may begin to give evidence of unusual fitness for office much later in life. Moreover, even if it were not so, other reasons could plead for a freer communication between the service throughout its whole extent and the world without. The tendency of a close service is to breed up men of ability perhaps, but of a narrow bureaucratic type of intellect, devoid of sympathy with surrounding society, and dead to its ideas and aspirations. Often in order to carry out an administrative improvement it is essential (as in the case of Mr. Rowland Hill and the Post-office) to fetch into the service some stranger, representing rather the wants of the people, and the general inventiveness

of the age meditating these wants, than the mere official sense of what is practicable. We are for a large reserve, therefore, of direct power to import men into special offices of the service at any stage. In such cases it is quite possible that the selection may take place with strict reference to the greatest attainable fitness, and yet without any competitive examination. The persons eligible for such posts are already known; their past career has already been one long trial and definition of their merits; and the sole work that remains for those who have to appoint, is to choose the best man out of a certain limited number. For this, personal inquiry, or the examination of testimonials, will generally be all that is necessary.

(3) and (4.) *Security for promotion by merit and for appointments by merit, in those cases where the plan of competitive examination is inapplicable.* In the main, we have said, promotions and that class of appointments called special or staff appointments, must be left to be regulated, otherwise than by competitive examinations. Still it is essential that the *detur dignissimo* principle shall be observed with regard to them too; and the question is, what forms can be devised for securing, as far as possible, the observance of this principle. One means, then, of contributing to this security is that of placing the right of promotions, and also of staff appointments, in the hands of those who have the greatest interest in appointing fit men, and the greatest knowledge of the precise qualifications that compose fitness. In the matter of promotions, therefore, besides the formal recognition of the principle of merit instead of that of seniority, some changes might be made with advantage, to the effect of giving the working Heads of Departments, as recommended by Mr. Rowland Hill, more control over their respective offices. With regard to staff appointments something of the same kind might take place; though naturally the central government will always retain the right of nomination to the highest of these in its own hands. There will still, however, in spite of any such redistribution of this right of patronage that can be effected, remain a considerable influence of nepotism and political party spirit to be guarded against. How is this to be done? Only in one way that we can see; and that is by a systematic development and enforcement of the principle of *registration* or *recordation* alluded to by various gentlemen who have given evidence on the subject, and expounded at large by Mr. Chadwick. Let it be made imperative that every public office shall keep a daily register of its business, in which all the time of each person employed in the office is accounted for with the same regularity as the expenditure of money is accounted for; let these registers or records be open to inspection; let the head of a department, when making a promotion, be required to minute in detail the

reasons of the promotion ; let transfer from office to office be regulated by a plan of common record embracing the various departments of the service at one view ; let every minister, when appointing to a staff or special office, be required in a similar manner to record the grounds of the appointment in writing ; and let means be adopted for periodically inviting parliamentary scrutiny to all these records and registers. By such means we should probably attain to as great a degree of purity in the matter of promotions and staff appointments as we can hope to attain by any means whatever.

Let us recapitulate, with more precise reference to figures, the results of the preceding observations. According to the census of 1851, there were 53,678 persons forming the actual Civil Service of Great Britain and Ireland. Of these 53,678 persons, 14,531 come under the category of "artificers and labourers." Probably a uniform system of contract with private firms might relieve government of all care or responsibility in appointments and promotions relating to this class of men. There would remain 39,147 persons constituting the Government Service. Probably a further reduction might be made. Some are of opinion that a great mass of the work now done by messengers, letter carriers, subordinate revenue officers, and even inferior clerks, might be done also by a system of contract. After the most remorseless application of the systems of contract or day-pay or piece-work, however, there must still remain about 16,000 persons who must be kept together as government servants, and requiring a definite and permanent organization. Taking the ratio of vacancies to be that of four per cent. per annum, which is about the fair computation, there would, in the service, even as thus reduced, occur about 840 vacancies annually, necessitating a corresponding number of appointments and promotions. The proposal accordingly is, that in future, the majority of these *vacancies* shall be filled up by open competitive examinations from among the young men of the country ; and that the corresponding *promotions* shall be determined within the service, no longer by seniority, but by ascertained merit. A certain portion of the vacancies are to come under a distinct category as *staff* appointments, and are to be filled up by direct ministerial nomination, under better guarantees than now exist for purity in the exercise of patronage. Persons intimately acquainted in detail with the structure of the service, might be able to indicate numerically what would be a fair and proper proportion of *staff* appointments to the rest of the service. This point we have not the means of adequately discussing ; and we can only state our conviction that the proportion of *staff* appointments ought, for many reasons, to be considerable.

ART. V.—*The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt, Illustrated by the Correspondence of his Friends, and the Specifications of his Patents.* By JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, Esq., M.A. In 3 vols. London, 1854.

WE owe an apology to our readers of every class, for having allowed so many years to pass away without making them acquainted with the life and inventions of one of their greatest benefactors. There is no individual now living and enjoying life, who does not share in the benefits which James Watt has conferred on society. Science, indeed, neglected though it be, by an ignorant and thankless community, has always been, and must ever be, the greatest benefactor of mankind; and the science of steam has now become the sovereign power which rules over the material and the moving world. From man's birth to his death, and even before the one event, and after the other, he is indebted to the locomotive king. The wise man is hurried from his distant abode to preside at his birth; and his mortal remains are transported to their remotest resting-place, consecrated by the recollections of his early days. The first dress which swathes his infant limbs, and the last drapery which enwraps his lifeless frame, are woven by the power of steam. The first drop of water which quenches the thirst of the child, and the last which allays the fever of his deathbed, are raised and purified by the same beneficent power. By the foot of mechanism is trodden the wine-grape, to cheer man's heart. By its hand is ground the farina that is to nourish him; and moulded the dough, the staff of his life. The scholar's alphabet, the poor man's Bible, the daily gazette, the idler's romance, and the page of wisdom, the elements of man's moral and intellectual growth, are all the cheapened products of steam. At its bidding, too, the materials of civilisation quit the bowels of the earth—its coal, its iron, its silver, and its gold. The instruments of peace—the loom, the ship, and the plough—are all fashioned by its cunning hand; and even the dread engines of war, the machinery of death and destruction, owe their paternity to the same universal power.

But the blessings of steam power, expansive like the element itself, are not confined to individuals, nor to insulated communities. No alpine range stops its progress, no ocean depths intercept its tide. It encircles the globe like the serene vapour of the azure sky; and it sheds upon every land, even the darkest and most benighted, the auroral tints of civilisation. It has brought together the islander of the ocean and the indweller of the continent. The negro of the tropics and the stunted occupants

of the frozen north, have fraternized with the white man of the temperate zone; and, by its aid, we are now girdling the earth with channels of thought and of speech, to hold daily converse with the remotest of our race.

To what extent we owe these great social inventions to James Watt, will appear from the following pages. To what extent they have been developed by individual enterprise and skill, will be learned from their respective histories. How greatly they have been discountenanced and obstructed by the supineness, and ignorance, and infatuation of modern governments, and especially of our own, will be seen in the life of Watt, and in the history of his inventions.

It is a curious fact in the annals of English science, that the biographies of our most distinguished men have been written by the perpetual secretaries of the French Academy of Sciences. For upwards of 100 years, the only life of Newton was that of Fontenelle; and at this moment, the only life of Sir William Herschel is that of Arago. The lives of Priestley, Cavendish, and Sir Joseph Banks, were from the pen of Cuvier; and, till now, the life of James Watt and the history of his inventions, were known to his countrymen only through the historical *éloge* of Arago. This interesting biography was read at a public sitting of the Academy of Sciences in December 1834; and a translation of it, with copious notes and an appendix, was published in 1839, by James Muirhead, Esq. The work of M. Arago excited great interest, both by the eloquence with which it was written, and the just appreciation which it contained of the genius and inventions of Mr. Watt; but a fuller biography of so great a man was still wanting, in which the history of his inventions should be given in detail, and the events of his life delineated by one who had access to all the requisite materials, and who was acquainted with the institutions under which he lived, and with those usages and laws which contributed either to fetter or develop his genius.*

This important task was fortunately undertaken by his relative, Mr. Muirhead, who has produced a work of the deepest interest and the highest value—interesting, peculiarly, in its biographical details, and valuable, as containing an accurate description of Mr. Watt's inventions, and a faithful history of the difficulties which he had to surmount, and of the victories which he gained.

* We owe to Lord Brougham a brief but very interesting sketch of the Life and Inventions of Mr. Watt, which was published in his *Lives of the Philosophers of George III.*, and which has just been reprinted in the first volume of the works of that distinguished philosopher and statesman, now in the course of publication, by Messrs. Griffin and Company.

The first volume of this work, embellished with a portrait of Mr. Watt, contains an introductory memoir of him, occupying nearly 300 pages, with extracts from his correspondence, illustrated with numerous fac-simile woodcuts. The second volume, with a portrait of Matthew Boulton, is occupied wholly with the remainder of his very interesting correspondence. The third volume contains the letters-patent, and specifications of Mr. Watt's inventions, illustrated by thirty-four plates, with an appendix, containing an account of the trials of his patents, when contested in the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, and various illustrative documents.

James Watt was born at Greenock on the 19th January 1736. His great-grandfather was a farmer in Aberdeenshire, who perished in one of the battles of Montrose; and his father, James Watt, was a ship-chandler, supplying vessels with nautical apparatus and stores, a builder and a merchant. He was an active member of the Town Council of Greenock, and died in 1782 in the 84th year of his age. James Watt, the eldest of his two sons, was born with a very feeble constitution, and from this cause he received the principal part of his early education from his parents, though he occasionally attended the public school. Confined to his room during a great part of the year, the sickly boy had the free choice of his amusements, and his tastes and faculties were thus unrestrained in their development. When only six years of age, he was one day found stretched on the floor, and drawing with chalk the diagram of a geometrical problem which he had been trying to solve. Having been provided with a number of tools, our young mechanic used them with singular address in repairing the toys of his companions, and making new ones of his own, and before long they were employed in constructing a small electrical machine with which he astonished the circle of friends, both old and young, who took an interest in his progress. When sitting one evening with his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, at the tea-table, she was annoyed at his idleness. "Take a book," she said, "or do something useful,—you have done nothing for the last hour but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again; are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way?" The poor boy had been making experiments on the condensation of steam, now holding a cup, and now a silver spoon over the issuing vapour, and catching and collecting the drops into which it fell. He had at this time obtained the first glimpses of that bright idea which, after making his own fortune, has made the fortune of thousands—the condensation of steam in a separate vessel!

While in search of health on the picturesque banks of Loch Lomond, and among the magnificent mountains which surround

it, our scientific invalid was led to study the plants and minerals which lay profusely in his path, while in the Highland cottage he listened with a different interest to the traditions and ballads and superstitions of its occupants. On his return to Greenock the severer sciences were the subjects of his study. Chemistry and chemical experiments occupied much of his time, and in the "*Mathematical Elements of Physics confirmed by Experiments, and Introductory to the Newtonian Philosophy*," by S. Gravesande, Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics at Leyden," he found an inexhaustible supply of knowledge in every branch of natural philosophy. The sciences of medicine and surgery, the natural study of the invalid, occupied much of his attention, and so eagerly did he pursue them, that "he was one day caught, in the act of carrying into his room for dissection, the head of a child who had died of an unknown disease."

Thus initiated into the most fascinating of the sciences, and exhibiting so ardent a taste for literature and poetry, the reader will be surprised to find that he chose none of those professions for which he was so well prepared, and for which he had shewn so decided a partiality. The mechanical passion, that must for a while have been in abeyance, obtained a mastery over science, literature and medicine, and the sickly youth, whose mind had not yet "got up its steam," sought for its gratification in the humble profession of a mathematical instrument maker. He accordingly set out for London on the 7th June 1755, under the care of Captain Marr, a relation of his own. They performed the journey, riding on the same horses, in *twelve days*, the unfledged engineer little dreaming that by his aid the same distance would, in the next century, be performed in *twelve* hours. After several fruitless attempts to find a master to instruct him, he made an arrangement with Mr. John Morgan, mathematical instrument maker in Finch Lane, Cornhill, a very excellent man, who agreed to give him a year's instruction for twenty guineas and his labour, during that period. In this dark abode, where the sun was recognised only by its reflected light, he learned in twelve months to make brass scales, Hadley's quadrants, azimuth compasses, theodolites, and sectors with French joints, one of the most difficult pieces of work in the trade.

As soon as his engagement with Mr. Morgan terminated, which it did in August 1756, he returned on horseback to Scotland, full of professional knowledge, and supplied with tools for the prosecution of his business. In the month of October he went to Glasgow to repair some astronomical instruments which had been injured in their voyage from Jamaica, and which had been bequeathed by Mr. Macfarlane to the University. Having thus earned the good opinion of that learned body, which could then

count among its members the distinguished names of Adam Smith, Joseph Black, and Dr. Robert Simson, Mr. Watt resolved to settle as a mathematical instrument maker in Glasgow, but being neither the son of a Burgess, nor an apprentice to any craft, he was prohibited from setting up even the humblest workshop within the limits of the burgh. The victim of corporation rules, however, found an asylum in the College, where he was provided with a work-shop, and appointed "mathematical instrument maker to the University." In this quiet locality, Mr. Watt practised his profession for several years, constructing Hadley's quadrants and other instruments, till those lights burst upon his mind which speedily led him to fortune and to fame.

Among the most distinguished students who then adorned the University of Glasgow, was John Robison, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the College of Edinburgh. The Macfarlane Observatory was then being built, and the fine instruments which were to furnish it were under the charge of Mr. Watt. Mr. Robison, who was passionately devoted to astronomy and mechanical philosophy, longed for Mr. Watt's acquaintance, and having been taken to his shop, in 1758, by Dr. Simson and Dr. Dick, the Professor of Natural Philosophy, an intimate friendship arose between the two young philosophers. Expecting to see only a workman, Mr. Robison was surprised to find a philosopher, and though he thought himself "a good proficient in his favourite study," he was mortified to find Mr. Watt so much his superior. In 1759 Mr. Robison left College, became a midshipman for four years, and was present in some of the most remarkable actions of the war.* Having suffered much from a seafaring life, Mr. Robison was obliged to quit his profession, and resume his academical habits in Glasgow. His acquaintance with Mr. Watt was then renewed; and he has given us the following interesting account of the little academy that assembled in Mr. Watt's house. "All the young lads," says he, "that were any way remarkable for scientific predilections, were acquaintances of Mr. Watt, and his parlour was a *rendezvous* for all of this description. Whenever any puzzle came in the way of any of us, we went to Mr. Watt. He needed only to be prompted; everything became to him the beginning of a new and serious study; and we knew he would not quit it, till he had either discovered its insignificance, or had made something of it. No matter in what line—languages, antiquity, natural history, nay, poetry, criticism and works of taste; as to anything in the line of engineering, whether civil or military, he was at home,

* An interesting anecdote of Mr. Robison and General Wolfe will be found in this Journal, vol. xix. p. 494, note.

and a ready instructor. Hardly any projects, such as canals, deepening the river, surveys, or the like, were undertaken in the neighbourhood without consulting Mr. Watt; and he was even importuned to take the charge of some considerable works of this kind, though they were such as he had not the smallest experience in."

It was in one of the conversations in this academic parlour, that Mr. Watt's attention was first turned to steam-engines. Dr. Robison had thrown out the idea of applying them to wheel-carriages, and to other purposes; but as he had been called to St. Petersburg to occupy an important position in that city, no steps were taken to realize the valuable suggestion. The seed, however, was sown in Mr. Watt's mind, and it sprang up with its green leaf in 1761 and 1762, when the recollection of the idea induced him not only to make some experiments on the subject, but to construct a model of the machinery. Mr. Robison had suggested, that on applying the steam-engine to wheel-carriages, it would be most convenient to place the cylinder with its open end downwards, to avoid the necessity of using a working beam.* In consequence," continues Mr. Watt, "I began a model with two cylinders of tinplate, to act alternately by means of rack motions upon two pinions attached to the axis of the wheels of the carriage; but the model being slightly and inaccurately made, did not answer expectation. New difficulties presented themselves. Both Robison and myself had other avocations which were necessary to be attended to; and neither of us having then any idea of the true principles of the machine, the scheme was dropped."

The experiments made by Mr. Watt in 1761-2, were performed in a Papin's digester, which he converted into a species of steam-engine, by fixing upon it a syringe one-third of an inch in diameter, having a solid piston and a cock for admitting and shutting off the steam, and also for making a communication from the inside of the syringe to the open air. When a free passage was thus made between the digester and syringe, the steam entered the syringe, and raised the piston, loaded with a weight of fifteen pounds. When the piston was raised to its proper height, the communication with the digester was shut, and that with the atmosphere opened, the steam escaped, and the weight descended. These operations were repeated; and though in this extempore apparatus the cock was turned by hand, yet he saw how it could be done by the machine itself, and how it could be made to work with perfect regularity.

* Mr. Robison had previously published this suggestion, illustrated by a rough woodcut of the inverted cylinder, in *The Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure*, for November 1757, vol. xxiv., pp. 229-231.

Although Mr. Watt relinquished the idea of constructing such a steam-engine, owing to the danger of bursting the boiler, the difficulty of making the joints tight, and the loss of much of the steam from there being no vacuum to assist the piston in its descent, he nevertheless described it in the specification of his patent for 1769, and afterwards in that of 1784, along with a method of employing it in moving wheel carriages.

Mr. Watt's professional avocations prevented him from prosecuting these experiments, and but for an accident, he might never have resumed them. Among the apparatus of the natural philosophy class, there was a pretty model of Newcomen's steam engine, which Professor Anderson sent to Mr. Watt to be repaired. With the knowledge which he had acquired from Desaguliers and Belidor, he repaired it "as a mere mechanician." It was for a while a "fine play thing" in the hands of himself and Mr. Robison, but it soon became an object of serious study; and Mr. Watt was surprised to find that though the boiler appeared to be large enough, it could not supply the necessary quantity of steam. It produced no more than what gave a few strokes. The fire was blown, and the water made to boil more violently, but in place of continuing the motion by a more plentiful supply of steam, it stopped the machine altogether. Mr. Watt was not long in finding out the causes of this defect in the model. He saw that a large quantity of steam was wasted, and that the engine could only be improved by increasing the production of the steam, and diminishing its waste. He improved the boiler by making it of wood and placing the fire within it. He made his cylinder of baked wood soaked in linseed oil; but after these and other precautions had been taken, he found that more than three-fourths of the admitted steam was condensed and wasted during the ascent of the piston.

Mr. Watt's next attempt was to obtain a more perfect vacuum by injecting into the cylinder a greater quantity of water, but having found that this occasioned a disproportionate waste of steam, he ascribed the result to the fact that water boiled in vacuo at temperatures below 100° Fahr. Hence he inferred that at greater temperatures, the water in the cylinder would produce steam which would in part resist the pressure of the atmosphere. Under these circumstances, he ascertained by experiment the temperature at which water boils under different pressures greater than that of the atmosphere; and he was also led to observe the remarkable fact explicable by Dr. Black's doctrine of latent heat, that water converted into steam can heat six times its own weight of well water to 212°, or till it can condense no more steam. With these data he came to the conclusion, that in order to obtain the greatest mechanical power from steam, it

was in the first place necessary that the cylinder should be maintained always as hot as the steam which entered it; and in the second place, that when the steam was condensed, the water of which it was composed and the injected water itself should be cooled down to 100° or lower. The method of obtaining these results did not immediately occur to him; but in the spring of 1765, he found that the great object of his research could be accomplished *by condensing the steam in a separate vessel*. Dr. Robison has given such an interesting account of his interview with Mr. Watt after he had made this great discovery, that we cannot withhold it from our readers.

"I came," he says, "into Mr. Watt's parlour, and found him sitting before the fire, having lying on his knee a little tin cistern, which he was looking at. I entered upon conversation on what we had been speaking of at last meeting,—something about steam. All the while Mr. Watt kept looking at the fire, and laid down the cistern at the foot of his chair. At last he looked at me and said, briskly, 'You need not *fash* yourself any more about that, man; I have now made an engine that shall not waste a particle of steam. It shall be boiling hot;—ay, and hot water injected if I please.' So saying, Mr. Watt looked with complacency at the little thing at his feet, and seeing that I observed him, he shoved it away under the table with his foot. I put a question to him about the nature of his contrivance. He answered me rather dryly. I did not press him for a further explanation at that time, knowing that I offended him a few days before by blabbing a pretty contrivance which he had hit on for turning the cocks of the engine. I had mentioned this in presence of an engine-builder, who was going to erect one for a friend of mine; and this having come to Mr. Watt's ears, he found fault with it.

"I was very anxious, however, to learn what Mr. Watt had contrived, but was obliged to go to the country in the evening. A gentleman, who was going to the same house, said, that he would give me a place in his carriage, and desired me to wait for him on the walk by the river side. I went thither and found Mr. Alexander Brown, a very intimate acquaintance of Mr. Watt's, walking with another gentleman, (Mr. Craig, architect.) Mr. Brown immediately accosted me with, 'Well, have you seen Jamie Watt?' 'Yes.' 'He'll be in high spirits now with his engine, isn't he?' 'Yes,' said I, 'very fine spirits.' 'Gad,' says Mr. Brown, 'the condenser's the thing; keep it but cold enough, and you may have a perfect vacuum, whatever be the heat of the cylinder.' The instant he said this, the whole flashed on my mind at once. I did all I could to encourage the conversation, but was much embarrassed. I durst not appear ignorant of the apparatus, lest Mr. Brown should find that he communicated more than he ought to have done. I could only learn that there was a vessel, called a condenser, which communicated with the cylinder, and that this condenser was immersed in

cold water, and had a pump to clear it of the water which was formed in it. I also learned that the great difficulty was to make the piston tight, and that leather and felt had been tried, and were found quite unable to stand the heat."

Having discovered the great principle of separate condensation, Mr. Watt applied, in 1768, for letters-patent for his "Method of lessening the consumption of steam, and consequently of fuel in fire engines." It passed the seals in January 1769, and his specification was enrolled in Chancery on the following April. It contained the description of three great inventions. *First*, Of the steam-engine, with all his improvements; *secondly*, of the high-pressure engine already mentioned; and *thirdly*, of the rotatory steam-engine, in which the steam vessel has the form of hollow rings or circular channels, with proper inlets and outlets for the steam.

During the time that his patent was passing the seals, and even earlier, arrangements were going on with Dr. Roebuck* respecting the formation of a copartnery for the manufacturing of the new fire-engines, as they were then called. Mr. Boulton had expressed a wish to have a share in the concern, and Mr. Watt, who was very desirous that he should engage in it, wrote to him on the 20th October 1768, in order to acquaint him with the arrangements he had made with Mr. Roebuck. Before he had brought the theory of the fire-engine to its present state, Mr. Watt had involved himself in a considerable debt. In 1765, a friend who was to have bought a share in the patent died, and at that time Dr. Roebuck agreed to take his debts upon him, and to lay out whatever money was necessary either for experiments, or for securing the invention. The debts and expenses had amounted to £1200, and as Dr. Roebuck, from his other engagements,† could not pay much attention to the executive part of the concern, while Mr. Watt himself, "from his natural inactivity and want of health and resolution, was incapable of it," he was delighted with the idea of having Mr. Boulton as a partner, and begged Dr. Roebuck to make him an offer of a third of the concern, he paying the half of the cost and "whatever he

* "Dr. Roebuck was the grandfather of J. A. Roebuck, M.P. for Sheffield, who, descended from him on the one side, and from the Tickells on the other, may be

in a note, that the maternal grandfather of Mr. Roebuck, M.P., was the author of "Anticipation," and grandson of Addison's friend the poet.

† Dr. Roebuck at this time rented the extensive coal and salt works belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, at Kinniel near Borrowstonness, and in order to satisfy him respecting his invention, Mr. Watt fitted up, in the offices of Kinniel House, one of his engines with an 18-inch cylinder, with which various experiments were made as described in their correspondence.

might think the risk he has run deserves, which last he leaves to himself." Mr. Watt added that, "if he should not choose to engage on these terms, they could make him an offer when the whole was more perfect."

In the month of November Mr. Watt was busily occupied with his specification, which he had written out two or three times without being satisfied with it. In December 1768 he had finished a complete model of his reciprocating engine, and on the 22d of that month Dr. Roebuck writes to him "that he would be sorry to risk the property of the engine," and begs Mr. Watt to write by the first post to his friend to take out the patent, as he can spare the money without inconvenience. Mr. Boulton had returned no answer to Dr. Roebuck's offer, which was considerably different from what Mr. Watt led him to expect;* and at last, in February 1769, Mr. Boulton declines to engage in the concern, as he could not go to Scotland, nor Dr. Roebuck to England, and as "he was saturated with undertakings." He "lives in hopes, however, that they should hit upon some scheme or other that might associate them in his part of the world, which would render it still more agreeable to him than it is, by the acquisition of such a neighbour."

At this time Mr. Watt and his friends were alarmed by the intelligence that a linen draper of the name of Moore had taken out a patent "for drawing chaises, &c., by steam." Mr. Watt wrote to his friend Dr. Small, "that if he did not use *his* engine to drive his chaises, he could not drive them by steam." "If he does," he adds, "I will stop him. I suppose by the rapidity of his progress and puffing he is too volatile to be dangerous. . . .

Of all things in life there is nothing more foolish than inventing. Here I work five or more years contriving an engine, and Mr. Moore hears of it, is more *éveillé*, gets three patents at once, publishes himself in the newspapers, hires 2000 men, sets them to work for the whole world in Sir George's Fields, gets a fortune at once, and prosecutes me for using my own invention!

. . . . You talk to me about coming to England, just as if I was an Indian that had nothing to remove but my person. Why do we encumber ourselves with anything else?"

Though he had declined a share in the copartnery, Mr. Boulton required one or more engines for his own use, and when Mr. Watt learned this, he pressed his friend Dr. Small to "negotiate the following affair" with Mr. Boulton:—

"If Mr. Boulton will make a model of it of twenty inches diameter at least, I will give him my advice, and as much assistance as I can.

* Mr. Roebuck had offered him a share of the property only as far as respects the counties of Warwick, Stafford and Derby.

He shall have liberty to erect one of any size for his own use, or if he should choose more, the terms will be easy, and I shall consider myself as much obliged to him. If it should answer, and he should not think himself repaid for his trouble by the use of it, he shall make and use it until he is paid. If this is agreeable to him let me know, and I will propose it to the Doctor, and doubt not of his consent. I wish Mr. Boulton and you had entered into some negotiation with the Doctor about coming in as partners. I am assured it is now too late; for the nearer it approaches to certainty he (Dr. Roebuck) grows more tenacious of it. For my part I still think as I did, that it would be for our mutual advantage. His expectations are solely from the reciprocator. Possibly he may be tempted to part with the half of the circulator to you. This I say of myself. Mr. Boulton asked if the circulator was contrived since our agreement; it was, but it is a part of the scheme, and was virtually included in it. . . . I am resolved, unless those things I have brought to some perfection reward me for the time and money I have lost on them, *if I can resist it*, to invent no more. Indeed I am not near so capable as I once was.* I find I am not the same person I was four years ago, when I invented the fire engine, and foresaw even before I made a model, almost every circumstance that has since occurred. I was at that time pressed on by the alluring hope of placing myself above want, without being obliged to have much dealing with mankind, to whom I have always been a dupe. The necessary experience in great was wanting; in acquiring it I have met with many disappointments. I must have sunk under the burden of them if I had not been supported by the friendship of Dr. Roebuck. . . . I have now brought the engine near a conclusion, yet I am not in idea nearer that rest I wish for than I was four years ago. However, I am resolved to do all I can to carry on this business, and if it does not thrive with me, I will lay aside the burden I cannot carry."—Vol. i. p. 55.

In the preceding details, and especially in the preceding letter, we obtain a view of the cruel infancy of invention,—of the first sufferings of a man of genius, whom Providence has raised up as a benefactor to his country and his species. Though not a pauper, the possessor of genius is always poor. He can maintain himself and his family by the profession of his choice; but in the depths of his ever active mind, he has descried some social want to be supplied, some object of philosophy to be attained, or some lofty pursuit to which he instinctively turns. He tries his intellectual strength, and he feels that he has the mission, and the power, to attain the object to which he aspires. He proceeds: he elaborates a great invention, or perfects a great discovery, and a wasted frame, an empty purse, and, perchance, a starving family, measure the labour which he has expended. Success now justifies his exertions, and hope cheers

* Mr. Watt was now only thirty-three years of age.

him with the prospect of reward. In Mr. Watt's case, the two philosophers of Glasgöw, among the most distinguished men of the age—Dr. Robison and Dr. Black—admire his invention, and testify to its national value; but they can do nothing to help the inventor. He has expended £1200 in bringing it to perfection, and in securing a fallacious protection from a fallacious statute; but without funds to organize an establishment for the manufacture of his fire-engine, it slumbers an unfledged idea, cramped in models, or shrouded in diagrams. Had a foreigner seen the inventor in this dilemma, he would have asked if there was no representative of the city to tell the Board of Trade, or of Admiralty, of the valuable prize within their reach, or indicate to the adviser of the crown that he might add to his own reputation and that of his sovereign, were he, like the Colberts of another age and another land, to become the patron of genius. We would have whispered to the foreigner, that city representatives knew nothing of steam-engines,—that the President of the Board of Trade knew little,—that the First Lord of the Admiralty knew less, and that the Prime Minister himself knew less than them all, and might perhaps have considered a fire-engine as an infernal machine to upset the monarchy!

In the European community, however, there were then sovereigns who did not extort fees for their servants out of the purse of genius, who had no Attorney-general to rob the inventor at his entrance into the Patent-office, and no attendant sharks to devour him before his exit. There were, and still are, sovereigns, who despatch invitations to collect wise men as the best ornaments of their thrones, and gather from every land useful inventions for the benefit of their people. When the sovereign of England and his minister were not cognizant of the existence of the Scottish philosophers, the Empress of Russia was inviting Mr. Robison and Mr. Watt to fill lucrative places in her capital. Mr. Robison obeyed the summons: but Mr. Watt loved his country better than his country loved him, and resolved to die, as he had lived, in England.

In this state of anxiety and uncertainty, Mr. Watt goes on improving his fire-engine, but with no prospect of bringing it advantageously into the market. Capital and enterprise are both wanting; and Mr. Roebuck, possessing two-thirds of the patent, and anxious as he was for Mr. Watt's success and his own, could not embark in so gigantic an undertaking. He clung, however, to the property, as promising to be of great value; and it was with some difficulty that Mr. Watt induced him to have a personal interview with Mr. Boulton, in reference to the offer which he had made. Mr. Watt placed the most unlimited confidence in the honesty of Mr. Roebuck. "He has

been to me," he says in a letter to Dr. Small, "a most sincere and generous friend, and is a truly worthy man. As for myself I shall say nothing, but that if you three can agree among yourselves, you may appoint me what share you please, and shall find me willing to do my best to advance the good of the whole; or if this should not succeed, to do any other thing I can, to make you all amends, only reserving to myself the liberty of grumbling." In writing to Dr. Roebuck under these feelings, he presses upon him, by various arguments, the great advantages that would accrue to himself by the admission of Mr. Boulton into the concern; and though the firm at Birmingham had just embarked in another scheme which required all the money they could spare, they were induced to accept of Dr. Roebuck's offer. Mr. Boulton purchases one of the two-thirds of Dr. Roebuck's share for a sum not less than £1000, "as you (Mr. Boulton), after the experiments of the engine shall be completed, shall think just and reasonable; and twelve months from this date you are to take your final resolution." Mr. Watt was delighted with this arrangement, and thought he saw in it a termination to his disappointments, and the accomplishment of his plans.

Deriving nothing from his invention, either before or after the passing of his patent, Mr. Watt was obliged to maintain himself and his family by exercising his talents as a surveyor and engineer. He had given up his shop and his profession as a mathematical instrument maker in 1768, and had found a congenial employment in surveying the Forth and Clyde Canal, and in making plans of the river Clyde for the purpose of improving its navigation.* "This," he says, "I would not have meddled with had I been certain of being able to bring the engine to bear; but I cannot, in an uncertainty, refuse every piece of business that offers. I have refused some common fire engines, because they must have taken my attention so up as to hinder my going on with my own. However, if I cannot make it answer soon, I shall certainly undertake the next that offers; for I cannot afford to trifle away my whole life, which, God knows, may not be long. Not that I think myself a proper hand for keeping men to their duty; but I must use my endeavour to make myself square with the world, if I can, though I much fear I never shall."

The arrangement with Mr. Boulton dissipated these fears, and Mr. Watt continued in the exercise of his profession as a

* Mr. Watt was employed, in 1770, by the Trustees of the Annexed Estates in surveying a canal from Perth to Coupar-Angus, and also in some surveys of lesser canals.

civil-engineer, devoting all his leisure to the great desideratum of saving steam by preventing its waste in the cylinder. The experimental engine at Kinniel was subjected to every new idea, and in Mr. Watt's correspondence with Dr. Small, we are put in possession of the different inventions, illustrated by diagrams, by which he brought it into the condition at which he aimed. This correspondence, so fortunately preserved, possesses a peculiar interest. Mr. Watt apologizes for the devotion of his time to canal making. He cannot, however, refuse the offer of persons "who have a much higher idea of his abilities than they merit." He finds it a hard life to be "bustling and bargaining with mankind." His superintendence of 150 men, and tyros of undertakers, occupies his time, "the remainder of which is taken up by headaches and other bad health." "He is growing gray without having made any provision for his wife and children;" and though thus distracted, he longs "to have another touch at the engine," just as Sir Isaac Newton, when distracted by the affairs of the Mint, resolved "to have another stroke at the moon."

While Mr. Watt is thus labouring with his theodolite, Messrs. Boulton and Small are busy with the construction of one of his engines, called the circulator, with the view of applying it to the propulsion of canal boats; but even this part of their plans was frustrated. The Coalbrookdale Ironmasters sent unsound castings, which they could not use. An eminent caster at Bilston was accordingly employed, and they now counted upon the application of the circulator without a condenser to "above 150 boats now employed on these new waveless canals." A new canal was projected at Birmingham, in which the water to supply the locks was to be raised by fire engines, and Mr. Watt was urged to have his reciprocator ready for that purpose. Mr. Watt warns his friends of the difficulties they will meet with in their scheme of constructing the circulator, and applying it to boats, and at the same time gives them the means of surmounting them. He approves of their dispensing with the condenser, provided they make the boiler strong enough to bear a pressure of thirty feet of water, and *he suggests the use of a spiral oar (of which he gives a drawing) to be applied to the boats in place of two wheels.*

New prospects open up to our engineers. In addition to the expectation of impelling canal boats, they receive intelligence that four or five copper mines in Cornwall are about to be abandoned from the high price of coal. The York Building Company, too, are waiting for the reciprocator, and a mining company in Derbyshire desires to know when Mr. Watt is to be in England.

Difficulties, however, attend the completion of the circulator. The buyers of fire engines hearing that "no engine has yet been made on Mr. Watt's principles, doubt whether any could be made;" and Mr. Boulton, laid prostrate with a fever for five weeks, is unfit for business. A crisis among the manufacturers in Scotland takes place, and Dr. Roebuck, the possessor of one-third of Mr. Watt's patent, becomes bankrupt. Mr. Watt's debts consequently, which Dr. Roebuck was to pay as the price of his shares, fall back upon himself, and Mr. Watt has little expectation of receiving any help from the settlement of his affairs. His only hope is that the Doctor will make some arrangement with Mr. Boulton; but this hope is again blasted by a letter from Dr. Small. "Unless, he says, we can concert some plan of pushing this affair with a very small capital, I begin to fear in the present state of commercial matters, let the merit of either engine prove what it will, that we shall not be able to do justice to you or your inventions. Everybody seems to tremble for the approaching Christmas, and everybody finds it absolutely necessary to be provided against larger demands than usual." Mr. Watt is advised to "reconcile himself to engineering in the vulgar manner," and it is suggested that he should come to Birmingham "to be employed in canals there."

Hitherto Dr. Roebuck clung to his property in the patent as a reasonable means of relieving him from his difficulties; but nearly five years of the patent had expired, and he is now willing to dispose of the whole or the greater part of it. Mr. Watt intimates this to Dr. Small, and urges him to induce Mr. Boulton to take *at least* half the property into their hands. He proposes to spend some time with them in winter, and seems disposed to take employment in England. He is unwilling "to continue a slave to his present hateful employment," for which he thinks he has no other qualification than that of honesty, which reproaches him for keeping it so long; and in the following interesting account of himself, he indicates to his friends the nature of the work which he is willing to accept in England.

"Remember, in recommending me to business, that what I can promise to perform is to make an accurate survey and faithful report of anything in the engineer way; to direct the course of canals; to lay out the ground, and to measure the cubic yards to cut or to be cut; to assist in bargaining for the price of work, to direct how it ought to be executed, and to give my opinion of the execution to the managers from time to time. But I can upon no account have anything to do with workmen, cash, or workmen's accounts, nor would I choose to be so bound up to one object that I could not occasionally

serve such friends as might employ me in smaller matters. Remember also I have no great experience, and am not enterprising, seldom choosing to attempt things that are both great and new. I am not a man of regularity in business, and have bad health. Take care not to give anybody a better opinion of me than I deserve; it will hurt me in the end."

Liberal and unselfish as were Mr. Watt's proposals to Dr. Small, they did not prove successful. Beside the money difficulties, Dr. Small tells him there is another which is insuperable at present. "It is impossible," he adds, "for Mr. Boulton or me, or any other honest man to purchase, especially from two particular friends, what has no market price, and at a time when they might be inclined to part with the commodity at an under value." Along with these not very satisfactory reasons for declining the purchase, Dr. Small tells his friend that the boiler for the concentrator is not yet ready;—that it is promised next week, and that he and Mr. Boulton propose to unite these things under Mr. Watt's direction. Mr. Watt is resigned to this intelligence, admires the delicacy of his friends, promises to trouble them no more till he sees them, when they "must expect another onset unless they positively say that they do not think it practicable or profitable." He is willing to serve them in any way they choose to employ him—to execute a survey—to draw a plan—or to contrive a machine. His correspondent, Dr. Small, becomes poetical—he complains of an *ennui mortel*. He has about ten capital points in philosophy, all capable of procuring fame, and two of procuring fortune, but he cannot resolve to prosecute them. He "shall soon be *pulvis et umbra*, and fold his arms in sleep," yet he is inventing micrometers and improving telescopes and microscopes. Mr. Watt, in the interregnum of fire-engines, is inventing dividing machines for dividing an inch into 1000 parts on glass, and two problems, one trigonometrical for clearing the observed distance of the moon of refraction and parallax, another instrumental by means of a sector, which, if of three feet radius, will solve the problem to ten seconds—and he is solving another more essential to himself, which is to determine what force is necessary to dredge up a cubic yard of mud under any given depth of water.

Before Mr. Watt embarked in his new employment at Birmingham, Dr. Small, the victim of ennui, proposes to stand for a vacant chair in the College of Edinburgh, and while the two friends, each contemplating a change of position, are corresponding about their views, a new light breaks upon the gloom which had settled upon both their spirits. Dr. Roebuck's creditors were to meet on the 2d April 1773, and Mr. Boulton, a creditor to the

extent of £630, authorize Mr. Watt to make any arrangement with them he pleases in reference to the debt and the patent right. Mr. Watt having received the thousand pounds in return for two-thirds of his patent, generously relieves Dr. Roebuck of all the other sums which he was bound to pay, and purchases for Mr. Boulton, for £630, the amount of the debt due to him, Dr. Roebuck's share in the patent, it being agreed that Mr. Watt and Mr. Boulton shall fix "what part of the annual free profits shall be given to the Doctor in case of success." Mr. Watt's grand object was now attained. He was virtually a partner with Boulton and Small, and he saw in the distance the realization of all his views. But alas! his evil genius again thwarted him. Mr. Boulton, though he had given the fullest powers to Mr. Watt, declined to ratify the bargain on the ground that Dr. Roebuck's creditors were the parties that were entitled to the reserved share in the annual profits, and consequently to interfere in the copartnery. Mr. Watt saw the difficulty, and made various proposals to remove it, but none of them seemed to satisfy Mr. Boulton. In this state of perplexity a severe domestic affliction befell Mr. Watt. On the 24th September 1773, when he was engaged in the survey of the Caledonian Canal, Mrs. Watt, to whom he had been married only nine years, and by whom he had a family of two sons and two daughters, died in giving birth to a still-born son. In communicating the event to his friend, he says, "You are happy, Small, who have no such connexion. Yet the misfortune might have fallen upon me when I had less ability to bear it, and my poor children might have been left suppliants to the mercy of the wide world. I know that grief must have its period, but I have much to suffer first. I grieve for myself, not for my friend; for if probity, charity, and duty to her family can entitle her to a better state, she enjoys it. I am left to mourn."

Mr. Boulton remains silent on the subject of the copartnery, and Dr. Small and Mr. Watt correspond about their minor inventions—Mr. Watt about his micrometers and drawing machine, and the Doctor about his patent for steeple and other clocks. The two men of genius, notwithstanding their inventive powers, are far from happy.

"This ennui of yours," says Mr. Watt, "is vilely infectious. I believe, like the plague, it can come by post. It has seized upon me. I am not melancholy, but I have lost much of my attachment to the world, even to my own devices. Man's life must be spent, you say, in labour or ennui; mine is spent in both. I long much to see you, to hear your nonsenses and to communicate my own; but so many things are in the way, and I am so poor that I know not when it can be.

"I am heart sick of the country; I am indolent to excess, and what alarms me most, I grow the longer the stupider. My memory fails me so as often to forget occurrences of the very current dates. For myself, condemned to a life of business, nothing can be more disagreeable to me; I tremble to hear the name of a man I have any transactions to settle with."

Mr. Watt's whole gains during the preceding year did not exceed £200, and there were so many disagreeable circumstances attending his profession, that he resolved to change his abode, and either to try England or *endeavour to get some lucrative place abroad*. The fire engines are no more heard of. The circulator even, that was to have been ready long before this, is no longer talked of. The patent copartnery arrangement also slumbers, and Dr. Small has no better comfort for his friend than to advise him to "puff his drawing machine in the newspapers," or write a book upon steam. Thus terminates the year 1773; and 1774 commences with a sagacious letter from Dr. James Hutton, the celebrated geologist. "May the new year," he says, "be fertile to you in lucky events, *but no new inventions*. Invention is too great a work to be well paid for in a state where *the general system is to be best paid for the thing that is easiest done*. No man should invent but those that live by the public; they may do it through gratitude, and those who from pride choose to leave a legacy to the public. *Every other man should only invent as much as he can easily consume himself and serve his friends*." In the spring of 1774 Mr. Watt at last undertakes his journey to Birmingham, to enter upon a new occupation, and to endeavour to bring his friends into compliance with his views. He takes with him as testimonials copies of his reports and plans of the Caledonian and other canals, and his dividing machines and other inventions; and he hopes to have, as the companions of his journey, the celebrated Dr. Black, and the no less celebrated Dr. Hutton, "the famous fossil philosopher."

The correspondence with Dr. Small has now terminated. This very distinguished individual, whose letters to Mr. Watt are full of talent, died on the 25th February 1775, amid the tears of the brilliant circle with which Birmingham was at that time adorned—the Boultons, the Watts, the Keirs, the Darwins, the Days, the Galtons, the Witherings, and the Priestleys.

"Cold contemplation leant her aching head,
On human woe her steady eye she turned,
Waved her meek hand, and sigh'd for science dead;
For science, virtue, and for Small she mourn'd."

DARWIN.

In strains equally full of grief Mr. Day mourned the loss of his accomplished friend,—

“O gentle bosom! O unsullied mind!
O friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind!
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine!”*

Dr. Small, and the distinguished friends who now mourned his loss, were in the practice of meeting monthly at each other's houses, under the name of the *Lunar Society*, at the time of full moon, in order that they might have the benefit of its light on returning to their homes.† At these dinner parties the profoundest topics were discussed between the hours of two and eight o'clock, and some of the brilliant lights of the present day can be traced backwards to their birth at these convivial meetings.

We have already mentioned, that Mr. Watt was, in 1773, invited by Mr. Robison to Russia, to occupy some important station at St. Petersburg. When he became at a later period “heart sick of his country,” and longed “for some lucrative place abroad,” he no doubt regretted that he had declined the invitation of his friend. In the spring of 1775, however, the invitation was renewed in a different form, and from a different quarter. The Russian ambassador—the purveyor of genius and inventions for his country—had been informed of Mr. Watt and his fire engines, when Lord North, the British premier, had never heard the name of the one, or known the value of the other. What, indeed, had he to do with either? It was his function to keep himself in place. The steam-engine could not grapple with corruption, or tear up the rank weeds with which faction entangles the foot of power. An office with a salary of £1000 a year, and involving “duties suited to his own inclinations and acquirements,” was offered to Mr. Watt by the Imperial Government. The loss of Dr. Small had fortunately opened the eyes of Mr. Boulton, and he could not afford to part with Mr. Watt. In the same letter‡ in which he announces to Mr. Watt the death of Dr. Small, he tells him that “his going to Russia staggers him. The precariousness of your health, the dangers of so long a journey or voyage, and my own deprivation of consolation, render me a little uncomfortable, but I wish to assist and advise you for the best, without regard to self.” Mr. Boulton himself had sounded the praises of Mr. Watt to the scientific ambassador, and he was therefore entitled to the merit of the act, or was responsible for its consequences.

Nor was the prospect of losing Mr. Watt less alarming to his literary friends. Dr. Darwin exclaims from Lichfield,§ “Lord,

* Keir's *Account of the Life and Writings of Thomas Day*, p. 93, 1791.

† Mr. Muirhead has given an interesting notice of this literary and scientific club, vol. i. p. clix.

‡ February 25, 1775.

§ March 29, 1775.

how frightened I was, when I heard a Russian bear had laid hold of you, and was dragging you to Russia! Pray, don't go if you can help it. Russia is the den of Cacus: you see the footstep of many beasts going thither, but of few returning. I hope your fire engines will keep you here." Other friends interposed with louder notes of alarm. The ill-usage of Captain Perry, who, in the time of Peter the Great, had been driven from Russia without his pay, was the most appropriate of the bugbears presented to Mr. Watt, but he did not now require to be "frightened from his propriety," for his prospects had brightened up never again to be absolutely darkened.

The patent had now only *eight* years to run, and the scheme of petitioning parliament for a prolongation of it, was now keenly adopted by Mr. Watt and his friends. He writes to his father that his fire-engine is now going on, that it answers much better than any other, and that he expects it will be beneficial to him. With such expectations, he resolved to decline the offer from Russia, and to stake his all on the contingency of obtaining an act of parliament. What the consequences of this resolution were to Mr. Watt, his future history will shew; and the reader will judge for himself, and from Watt's own letters, how far his final success was a compensation for the toils and anxieties by which it was achieved. What the consequences were to England and to civilized society, may be seen in the workshops, the railways, and the steam-ships of the world. In contemplating such a picture of social progress, may we not ask, what would have been the consequences to Mr. Watt, to England, and to society, had Mr. Watt become a Russian subject;—an article of export, on which the legislature had imposed no prohibitory duty; a contribution of genius to other nations, which England has at all times liberally made? With regard to Mr. Watt personally, the question is not difficult to answer. He would have escaped from the piracy of his inventions, from the martyrdom of an English patent, from the heart-breaking anxieties of a suitor for justice; and he would have risen to wealth, and rank, and honour, under an autocrat, doubtless, but amid a people where humble merit has always been courted and prized. It is more difficult to estimate what England would have lost, and what society would have suffered. The arts which now enrich British industry, and fill the treasury of the state, and stamp our island as the benefactor of the world,—these arts nursed in Russia by Mr. Watt's genius, might have taken root on the continent, and left England shorn of her manufacturing and commercial greatness. If the steam-boat, invented and tabooed in Scotland, was allowed to take its flight across the Atlantic and to come to maturity in the New World

before its adoption in the Old, is it not fair to suppose, that the fire-engines of Mr. Watt, transported to Russia, would have come to maturity in that and other continental states, and might have there brought to their present state of perfection all the mechanical arts, before it found a patron and a home in England? Thus should we either have lagged behind our rivals in other lands, or found it difficult to contend with them in that race of manufacturing and commercial industry, in which the patriotism of Mr. Watt has placed us so far before them.

The inventor of the fire-engine is now established at Birmingham, the partner of Mr. Boulton, under a contract for twenty-five years, by which he is to have one-third of the property and profits, Mr. Boulton paying all the expenses of the Act of Parliament and experiments, and advancing all the stock, while Mr. Watt was to make drawings and surveys. Mr. Boulton announces that they are "on the eve of a fortune." Applications for engines, even from foreign countries, are numerous; and "if they had a hundred wheels (circulators) ready made, a hundred small engines and twenty large ones, he could readily dispose of them." Rivals, however, are in the field. Smeaton and other eminent engineers talk of great improvements, and it is therefore necessary not only to get a prolongation of their patent, but to invent new improvements, and render their engines superior to others that may be brought into the market. In May 1775, Mr. Watt informs his father that he has obtained an Act of Parliament vesting the property of his fire-engines in him and his assigns for twenty-five years; "and that *it was opposed by the most powerful people in the House of Commons.*" Mr. Arago was anxious "to discover to what class in society belonged the parliamentary personages" of whom Mr. Watt here speaks, "who refused to the man of genius a small portion of the riches which he was about to create." When the name of Burke was mentioned, his astonishment was indescribable. Mr. Arago did not know, what Mr. Muirhead has since told us, that Burke opposed the prolongation of the patent from a *sense* of duty to a constituent!—that modification of the *sensu* of smell by which statesmen find it more lucrative to legislate for one individual than for the community.

But whatever were the grounds of opposition which he had to encounter in Parliament, Mr. Watt had now gained the object of his ambition, a wealthy, an honest, and a diligent partner, with an Act of the legislature to support them. He had now to perfect the engine; and with the aid of Mr. Wilkinson, who had introduced a new method of boring large iron cylinders, he was enabled to construct fire engines with cylinders fifty inches in diameter, and to introduce those important improvements by which he prevented any escape of heat from the cylinder.

In the discharge of his duties Mr. Watt was obliged to be absent for long periods in the mining districts of Cornwall pushing his fire engine into notice, obtaining orders, extending connexions, superintending the erection of new engines, mending old ones, attending the meetings of mining adventurers, and discussing with coarse and illiterate minds subjects of which he alone was cognizant. Speaking of the first engine he erected in Cornwall he says, "at present the velocity, magnitude, violence, and horrible noise of the engine gave universal satisfaction to all beholders, believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine, made it work gently and make less noise; but Mr. — cannot sleep unless it runs quite furious, so I have left it to the engine-man. And by the by, the noise serves to convey great ideas of the power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man." Among people so ignorant, where *the engine-men actually eat the grease* of the engine, Mr. Watt was not happy, even though "he was distracted with multiplicity of orders." His troubles increased with his business. He could not get intelligent clerks, and it was difficult to procure castings of the metal work which he had designed. Headaches and despondency supervened, "the natural consequence," as he says, "of staking everything on the cast of a die, as was every project that is not sanctioned by repeated success." Hence it was his anxious "prayer for peace of mind and delivery from Cornwall." But in the midst of this anxiety and labour his inventive powers were always at work, whether he was basking in the sunshine of society at Birmingham, or groaning amid the Cornish Mountains, or lying sleepless, as he often did, on his uneasy couch.

It had now become a question of great interest with Boulton and Watt how they were to obtain the profit of their labour and their enterprise. Should it be by the sale of their engines, as might naturally have been supposed, or from the advantages which their engines procured for their purchasers? They resolved to adopt the latter of these plans, and to exact only from their customers the value of *one third of the fuel saved by the use of their patent*. The engine was* to be erected by any qualified workman, from plans furnished by the patentees, who were themselves to execute at a stipulated price all the valves and all other parts that required nice execution. They were to see the whole put together in a working condition,—to keep what was their own work in repair for one year, and to give a guarantee that the engine thus constructed should raise at least 20,000 cubic feet of water twenty-four feet high with every cwt. of coals. The amount of saving in fuel was to be estimated from a comparison between

the new engine and the engine of their employers, or any other in Scotland, and the third of this sum, counted in money, was to be the remuneration for the patent license, drawings, and other outlays.

The liberality of these terms brought in many customers. The first engine was made for Bedworth in 1776, and between that year and 1780 several large engines were erected in Cornwall, and one at Niort in Brittany;* and previous to 1780 they were used in the water works of London and Paris. Wherever these engines were erected their great value was recognised, and the amount of saving in fuel surpassed even the expectations of the patentees. In the Chace water mine it was so great even in 1778, that the proprietors redeemed the payment of one-third of their annual savings for £700 per annum.† In the Poldice mine the patentees were to receive in 1781 £1500 annually, and from the Wheal Virgin mine £2500, indicating an annual saving in the one case of £4500, and in the other of £7500. These very advantages, however, soon became the germs of discontent. The purchasers never considered that they were not called upon to pay much, unless they had gained much; and many of them were not unwilling to find reasons for violating the obligations by which they were bound. In some cases where capital had been expended in the erection of Newcomen's engines, their proprietors were naturally unwilling to lay them aside, and requested permission from the patentees to use the separate condenser, at that time the leading part of Mr. Watt's improvements. Mr. Smeaton, who had acted with the utmost candour and friendship, applied for the same privilege in 1778, and Mr. Watt, who had previously given the subject much consideration, was ready with a satisfactory reply. He had made an experiment on an engine at Soho to see what would be the effect of applying his condenser, and he found "that though it would enable the old engines to go a little deeper," yet it would have led to the introduction of inferior engines injurious to their reputation, and would not have yielded such profits as would have been satisfactory either to the patentees or the adventurers.

However just and reasonable this explanation was, it was not likely to satisfy those who had to pay annually a large sum, without the conviction that they had got corresponding returns. The purchasers were entitled to use any steam engine without

* In 1778 Messrs. Boulton and Watt obtained an exclusive privilege from the King of France to make and sell their engines in that country.

† This engine, with a cylinder of sixty-three inches in diameter, performed the work which had baffled two common engines, one of sixty-six and the other of sixty-four inches, and inspired such confidence that many mines that had been abandoned were again set to work. Five of Mr. Watt's engines were now at work in Cornwall, and eight in contemplation.

the separate condenser, and we have no doubt that the law would have compelled the patentees to furnish separate condensers, or to give licenses for the use of them, at a reasonable rate. The proprietors of mines did not make this attempt; but they got up the notion that Mr. Watt had obtained a patent for an *Idea* or *Principle*, not embodied in a material piece of mechanism, as the patent law requires; and fortified by this notion, which was backed by legal opinions, they conspired to get rid of their obligations to the patentees.*

Mr. Watt, however, who had foreseen the storm, was doubly prepared for its advent. He was provided with proof that his invention was not an unembodied spirit, which the wealth of Cornwall, and the gentlemen of the wig and the long-robe could exorcise; but a substantial reality which had raised water, and crushed minerals, and filled with solid gold the coffers of the conspirators. He was prepared also with more formidable weapons which the ingenuity of the lawyers could not wrest from him, even if a jury had failed to find that there was no substance in his ideas. Between the year 1775 and 1785 he secured, by five several patents, a number of separate inventions of the greatest ingenuity and the highest value, all of them made subsequently to the invention of the separate condenser. In 1781 he took out his second patent for several methods of producing rotative motions from reciprocating ones, among which was the beautiful one of the sun and the planet wheel, which was applied to many engines, but which is subject to wear, and to be broken under great strains. On this account the crank is more frequently used, though it requires a fly-wheel four times the weight if fixed upon the first axis. In 1783 Mr. Watt took out his third patent "for certain new improvements upon steam or fire engines, for raising water and other mechanical purposes, and certain new pieces of mechanism applicable to the same." In the specification of this patent Mr. Watt describes "his expansive steam engine with six different contrivances for equalizing the power of the double stroke steam engine, in which the steam is alternately applied to press on each side of the piston, while a vacuum is formed on the other; and a new compound engine or method connecting together the cylinders and condensers of two or more distinct engines, so as to make the steam which has been employed to press on the piston of the first, act expansively on the piston of the second, and

* Mr. Watt writes to Mr. Boulton on the 31st of October 1780, "that in place of the Act of Parliament, which is such a grievance to the Cornish adventurers, he would willingly have taken £7000, and made the invention free to all men; but neither Parliament nor any body else would then give me that sum; though, by-the-by, I should not have put much of it in my pocket, yet I should have been much richer than I am now."

thus derive an additional power to act either alternately or conjointly with that of the first cylinder ; *fourth*, the application of toothed racks and sectors to the ends of the piston or pump rack, and to the arches of the working beams, instead of chains ; *fifth*, a new reciprocating semirotative engine, and a new rotative engine or steam wheel.”*

These new inventions would have given the Soho engines a superiority over all others, even if the separate condenser had been abandoned ; but Mr. Watt still saw defects, and resolved to amend them. He therefore took out in 1784 a fourth patent, “For certain new improvements upon fire and steam engines, and upon machines worked and moved by the same.” In the specification of this patent, he describes a new rotative engine, in which the steam-vessel placed in a dense fluid revolves upon a pivot, from the resistance produced by the steam issuing against the fluid. He describes, also, three varieties of the beautiful piece of mechanism called the *parallel motion*, for making the piston and other rods move perpendicularly, or in other straight lines. He specifies, also, methods of applying the steam-engine to work pumps, or alternate machinery, by making the rods balance each other ;—a method of applying the engine to move mills which have many wheels to move round in concert ;—a method of applying them to work heavy hammers or stampers ;—a new construction and mode of opening valves ;—an improved working gear ; and finally, a portable steam-engine and machinery for moving wheel-carriages. Mr. Watt's last patent was taken out in 1785, for improved methods of constructing furnaces and fire-places for various purposes, and in which the smoke is greatly prevented or consumed.

When thus prepared for all the contingencies of legal warfare, hostilities commenced on the part of the Cornish miners in 1792. Engines with separate condensers were erected in several places in defiance of the patent ; and Messrs. Boulton and Watt had no alternative but to prosecute the parties. One of these, a person of the name of Bull, had been a stoker in the service of the patentees, and having been promoted to the situation of an assistant engine tender, he had acquired that knowledge of their mechanism which enabled him to imitate their engines. The case against Bull was tried at the Court of Common Pleas, on the 22d June, 1793, before Lord Chief Justice Eyre and a special jury. Among the witnesses for the plaintiffs were Do Luc, Herschel, Robison, Lind, Murdoch, Rennie, and Ramsden ; and when the counsel for the defenders rose to reply to the evidence, the jury

* Mr. Watt's notes on Art. Steam Engines in Robison's *Mechanical Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 150.

expressed themselves satisfied, and gave a verdict for the plaintiffs, subject to the opinion of the court as to the validity of the patent. By this decision, the originality and value of Mr. Watt's inventions were established; and, what was of essential importance, that a mechanic of ordinary intelligence could, by the specification, construct fire-engines on the principles protected by the patent. The case against Hornblower and Maberly had a similar result.

The great question, however, of the validity of the patent still remained. The Lord Chief Justice had given no clue to his opinion; and among the conflicting views of lawyers and mechanics, even Mr. Watt could not with confidence anticipate the result. Great interests, interests, too, that were not legitimate, were at stake; and philosophers, engineers, and mechanics of all kinds, looked forward with anxiety to the impending trial. The two questions which the jury was called upon to decide were, 1st, Whether the patent was good in law, and was continued by the act of parliament; and 2d, Whether the specification in point of law supported the patent? On the 16th May, 1797, the case was tried before the Judges Heath, Buller, Rooke, and Eyre, in the Court of Common Pleas. Heath and Buller, who were against the validity of the patent, rested their opinions on the statute, and dismissed from their minds all consideration of the merit of the invention, or of its value to the public. They held that Mr. Watt took out his patent for "*using, exercising, and vending, his newly invented method of lessening the consumption of steam and fuel in Fire-engines, and that in his specification he described certain principles as his method of lessening that consumption.*" The mode of condensation, they said, was not specified, nor the ratio of the condenser to the cylinder. No drawing or model of the new engine was lodged with the specification. The Act of Parliament, they maintained, was still more vague than the specification, stating merely that the patent was granted for making and vending certain engines, and granting for twenty-five years the privilege of constructing and vending the said engines. Hence they came to the conclusion that *the Act gave Mr. Watt nothing, because it gave him only the right of making and vending the engines described in his patent, that patent having actually described no engine whatever.* The Lord Chief Justice Eyre and Judge Rooke took the opposite view of the question. The sufficiency of the specification without drawings was proved by witnesses, some of whom had actually constructed them, while there were certain *blockheads who swore with perfect veracity that they could not do it?* Professor Robison's testimony on this point had a peculiar interest. When he had the direction of the Imperial

Academy of Marine at St. Petersburg, expensive windmills were used to draw the water out of the docks. Professor Robison proposed a steam engine, and in discussing the merits of Mr. Watt's with *Æpinus*, a distinguished member of the Academy of Sciences, and Mr. Model, apothecary to the court, and a first-rate chemist, he found that Mr. Model "thoroughly understood Boulton and Watt's method with much less information than is given in the specification."

The judges being equally divided, the question came to be heard as a case in error in the Court of King's Bench. It was accordingly argued in that court in 1798; but "as it involved," in Lord Kenyon's opinion, "some points of great novelty, nicety, and importance to the law," the court ordered it to be argued again in 1799. The counsel for Hornblower and Maberly was Sergeant Le Blanc, and for Messrs. Boulton and Watt, Mr. Rous. The court gave an *unanimous* decision in favour of the pursuers, and heavy damages and costs were recovered from the defendants. The invention was thus declared to be the subject of a patent, and the right of the patentee, as prolonged by the Act of Parliament, a valid right.

Great as this victory was, when considered as the triumph of genius and of science over pirates who possessed neither, it was in reference to the future of very little importance. The prolonged patent terminated in 1800, two years only after the decision was given, and Mr. Watt's own patents were of such value as to ensure to his firm and their successors a pre-eminence over all the manufacturers of steam engines. Mr. Watt and Mr. Boulton, the fathers of the modern steam engine, were far advanced in life, and cheerfully resigned the cares and fatigues of business to their sons, Messrs. James Watt, Matthew Robison Boulton, and Gregory Watt, all men of distinguished talents and capacity for business, by whom it was carried on for forty years with the aid of highly qualified assistants, among whom Mr. William Murdoch* of Old Cumnock in Ayrshire was the most distinguished.

* Mr Murdoch was the first person who applied the gas from coal to economical purposes, and he had also the merit of having made the first locomotive engine for drawing carriages on the construction in Mr. Watt's patent. In 1787 it was actually applied to drive a small waggon round a room at Redruth in Cornwall where he then lived. In 1802, on the peace of Amiens, he lighted up with gas the front of the manufactory at Soho. He afterwards introduced it in 1808 into some cotton mills at Manchester. The writer of this article saw it in that year illuminating the drawing-room of Mr. Lee, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Phillips and Lee; in whose manufactory gas was first used. The Royal Society adjudged to Mr. Murdoch the Rumford medals for 1808, and on that occasion the writer of this article had the pleasure of dining with him at the Royal Society Club along with Cavendish, Herschel, Maskelyne, Dalrymple, and others. The rough hilarity of

From this history of Mr. Watt's greatest inventions, and of the difficulties which he encountered in the protection of his property, we must now return to give some account of some of the other valuable contributions which he made to science and the arts. That Mr. Watt was the first discoverer of the composition of water we have shown at great length in a previous article to which we must refer the reader.* Since that article was written Lord Jeffrey has contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*† an able and elaborate essay in support of the same views, and Mr. Muirhead with some reason adduces the names of Davy, Henry, Arago, Brougham, Dumas, Berzelius, Jeffrey, Liebig, and Faraday, as deciding in favour of the priority of Watt over Cavendish; while on the other side he ranges those of Harcourt, Peacock, Whewell, and Wilson, names well known and highly esteemed, but not carrying with them the same weight in a chemical question as those of their opponents.

Mr. Watt's mechanical genius displayed itself in a variety of inventions. In the year 1765 he invented a machine for drawing in perspective.‡ About fifty or eighty of these instruments were made by Mr. Watt and sent to various parts of the world. A London optician of some celebrity, Mr. George Adams, sen., "copied and made them for sale, putting his own name upon them," as Mr. Watt himself testifies from having seen the piracy. None of the instruments are in the possession of Mr. Watt's friends, with the exception of one made with his own hands, and not very complete, which he presented to Sir David Brewster in 1813.

In the year 1770 or 1771, Mr. Watt invented and constructed two new and ingenious micrometers for measuring distances, which he found of great use in his survey of different canals in Scotland. One of them was a telescope with a pair of fixed parallel wires, the tenth of an inch distant. Having determined experimentally the number of chains to which the separation of the wires corresponded at a given distance, he obtained a scale by

the engineer was strongly contrasted with the retiring modesty and aristocratic reserve of Cavendish, and in some passages of wit and banter, Murdoch triumphed over the great hydrographer, Captain Dalrymple, who produced from a large pocket of the great coat in which he sat at table, a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, more choice, or more harmless, perhaps, than what the tavern afforded. Though Murdoch was not a partner of the Soho firm, he enjoyed a fixed salary of £1000 per annum from 1810 to 1830, when he retired. He died in November 1839, and his remains were deposited in Handsworth Church, close to those of Mr. Watt and Mr. Boulton. There is a fine portrait of Mr. Murdoch in the hall of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of which he was a member.

* See this *Journal* for January 1847, vol. vi. p. 473.

† *Edinburgh Review*, January 1848, vol. lxxvii. p. 67.

‡ This instrument is described with drawings in Mr. Muirhead's memoir, vol. i. p. cxi.

means of which, marked upon a rod twelve feet long carried by an assistant, he was able to measure distances "within less than one-hundredth part of the whole distance, a degree of accuracy which could be increased by using a higher magnifying power or a better telescope." In this process there was nothing new; but in his other micrometer he varied the angular distance of the pair of fixed wires by making an object-glass move between the eye-glass and object-glass of the telescope. This contrivance would have enabled Mr. Watt to dispense with his assistant when the distances were considerable; but he made only a rough model of the instrument, and never completed it. In 1813 a patent was taken out by Sir David Brewster for various telescopic micrometers for measuring distances, among which was the method of varying the angle subtended by two wires by the motion of a second object-glass; but as Mr. Watt never published any description of his invention, the patent right for the exclusive use of this method was not affected by it. The idea, however, had been long before described by M. de la Hire, who did not know that it had been previously published by Roemer. In Sir David Brewster's patent he described a better form of the instrument, in which the two images were separated by the motion of a divided object-glass; and the angular distances engraven on the tube. He specified also micrometrical telescopes, without any additional lens, one of them by separating the two parts of the achromatic eye-piece, a method which has been brought forward since the date of his patent by Dr. Kitchener and a professor at Moscow, under the name of the Pancratic eye-piece,—the other, which is applicable to Gregorian and Cassegrainian telescopes, and in which the angular distance of a pair of wires is changed simply by a motion of the eye-piece, the adjustment to distinct vision being effected by the motion of the small mirror. Mr. Watt invented also a prismatic micrometer, and an ingenious machine for drying linen by steam, of which he had never published any account.* In the year 1816, however, he gave descriptions and drawings of all these inventions to Sir David Brewster to be published in any way he thought proper, and they have accordingly appeared in different works.

In the year 1780 Mr. Watt took out a patent for a new press for copying letters. Mr. Boulton and Mr. Keir were his partners, the former paying for the patent, and the latter taking charge of the concern. In this invention the ink is forced through thin paper so as to appear on the other side. The colour is improved by wetting the paper with an astringent which is deprived of its

* See the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, vol. xviii. p. 384.

colour, and the operation is so conducted as not to injure the original letter. Mr. Watt invented also an ingenious flexible water-pipe, suggested by the formation of a lobster's tail, for conducting water across the Clyde to Glasgow;—a method of constructing lighthouses of iron, which he described to the writer of this article, and a new method of heating apartments by pipes containing steam, which he himself actually used.

Had Mr. Watt enjoyed the degree of health which is necessary to the continuous exercise of the inventive faculties, society and the arts would have owed him still more than they do. He contrived an arithmetical machine which could perform the processes of multiplication and division; but he could not find time to complete it, leaving to Mr. Babbage the undivided merit of having invented and constructed his difference engine for computing tables for various purposes, and of having invented an analytical engine capable of performing operations of the most wonderful kind.* He devoted himself, however, more particularly to the construction of a machine for copying and reducing all kinds of sculpture and statuary. The idea of this machine was suggested to him by a turning lathe (*tour à médailles*) which he had seen in Paris in 1802 for copying medals and other things in bas relief. In 1808 he seems to have made considerable progress in the construction of this machine, for which Professor Young of Glasgow could find no more euphonious name than that of the *Glyptic Machine*. In May 1809, he tells the Professor that he has now made the *Glyptic Machine Polyglyptic*: and he had soon after this finished a large head of Locke in yellow wood, and a small head of Adam Smith in ivory. He afterwards succeeded in executing busts in alabaster and marble, and had brought the machinery to such a degree of perfection that he had in 1818 prepared drawings and descriptions of its different parts, with the view of applying for a patent. Mr. Muirhead has given us a very interesting chapter on the subject of this sculpture machine, but he has not mentioned the reason why Mr. Watt did not proceed to secure his right to it by patent. We had an opportunity when at Heathfield in 1818, of seeing some specimens of the work which Mr. Watt had executed with it, and he then told us that a neighbour of his who could have had no knowledge of his invention, had made considerable progress in the construction of a similar machine. This gentleman offered to take out a joint patent with Mr. Watt; but he had suffered so much from former patents, that he was unwilling at his advanced age to embark in any new concern. The public have

* See this *Journal*, vol. xv. p. 553.

thus been deprived of the luxury of possessing at a cheap rate accurate copies of the finest productions of the sculptor.

We have already seen that Mr. Watt and his distinguished friends not only saw in the distance the steam-ships and the railways of the present day, but paved the way for their introduction by actual inventions. He invented the screw propeller. In September 1786 he had a steam carriage "of some size under hand;" and, as we have stated, Mr. Murdoch constructed a working model which performed the circuit of one of his rooms. Mr. Edgeworth, one of the most ingenious men of his day, tells Mr. Watt in 1813, that "*he always thought that steam would become the universal lord, and that we should in time scorn post-horses. An iron railway would be a cheaper thing than a road on the common construction.*"

Having now followed Mr. Watt as a successful inventor, a distinguished philosopher, and a benefactor to his country, we must retrace our steps and study his history as exhibited in the domestic and social circle, amid the cares, the vicissitudes and the trials of our common nature.

In the summer of 1764, when Mr. Watt had invented his separate condenser, and saw in the remote distance some prospect of being able to support a family, he married his cousin Miss Miller, by whom he had four children, a son and three daughters. One daughter, who married a Mr. Miller of Glasgow, died early, leaving a son and two daughters, who are now all dead. Mr. Watt's only son by this marriage, the late Mr. James Watt of Aston Hall, died unmarried in 1848. When Mr. Watt was engaged in the survey of the Caledonian Canal, he was recalled by the intelligence of the dangerous illness of his wife; and he had the misfortune of finding, on his return to Glasgow, that she had died after giving birth to a still-born child. Mr. Watt was inconsolable at the loss of a companion whose buoyant spirits often cheered and sustained him in his desponding moments. "Never despair," she wrote to him; "if the steam-engine will not do, something else will." When his arrangements with Mr. Boulton called him to England, the engrossing pursuits in which he was engaged prevented him from attending to the interests of his family, and he therefore contracted a second marriage with Miss Macgregor of Glasgow, who, with the instructions of his son-in-law, first practised Berthollet's celebrated process of employing oxymuriatic acid in bleaching. The issue of this marriage was a son, Gregory, and a daughter, both of whom died at an early age. Mrs. Watt survived her husband, and died at a very advanced age in 1832. Although Gregory Watt was a partner in the new firm established in 1800, he took little share in the management of the concern,

and devoted himself to literary and scientific pursuits, in which he promised to distinguish himself. Chemistry and geology were two of his favourite studies, and in the midst of these he was carried off, we believe, by a pulmonary affection, on the 16th October 1804, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.* Mr. Watt felt this calamity very deeply. "We have lost a son," he said, in writing to a relative, "who would have done honour to any family in any country." "One stimulus to exertion is taken away, and I have lost my relish for my usual avocations."

Mr. James Watt, his only surviving child, who conducted with Mr. Boulton the affairs of the Soho Works till his death in 1848, was a man of vigorous intellect and independent character. In 1792 or 1793, when he was a very young man, he paid a visit to Paris, and was smitten with that enthusiasm for liberty which had misled so many men of grave habits and more advanced age. Mr. Wordsworth the poet arrived in Paris soon after Mr. Watt, and in company with another Englishman of the name of Thomas Cooper, they were in the habit of associating with many of the men who attained to an unenviable pre-eminence in revolutionary crime. Danton and Robespierre having quarrelled previous to the 10th of August, at one of the political clubs, resolved to settle their differences by a duel. Mr. Watt went out as second to one of the combatants, and succeeded in reconciling them, "by representing how injurious it would be to the cause of liberty if either of them should fall."†

Mr. Watt and his friend Cooper exhibited their political zeal on another occasion, and in a still more disagreeable manner. In a speech delivered in the House of Commons on the 4th of March 1792, Burke, when speaking on Mr. Sheridan's motion on the existence of seditious practices in England, accused the two Englishmen of having presented an address to the Assembly, and of having carried the British colours in a revolutionary procession. A band of soldiers, who had been tried and condemned to the galleys by a court-martial, were released in contempt of the Assembly then sitting, brought to Paris, and paraded in triumph through the hall. "On this detestable occasion," says Burke, "Mr. Cooper and Mr. Watt carried the British colours. They received the fraternizing kiss. They went from the hall of the Assembly to the hall of the Jacobins,

* Mr. Muirhead makes an apology for his brief notice of Gregory Watt, by holding out the hope, which we trust he will realize, of publishing an account of his life, with his *Literary Remains*.

† See *Life of Southey*, vol. vi. p. 209. This fact was mentioned to Southey by Mr. James Watt himself.

where they kissed the bloody cheek of Marat ; the iron cheek of Plato instead of Proserpine.”*

The atrocities which were soon afterwards perpetrated in the name of liberty cured our young enthusiasts of their revolutionary zeal, and led them to assuage, as far as they could, the violence of contending factions. Robespierre, who had seen this change in their conduct, insinuated in one of his speeches, at the Jacobin Club, that Watt and Cooper were emissaries of Mr. Pitt. “Mr. Watt, with the same fearlessness with which he had previously supported a cause which he imagined to be just, took an instant opportunity of confronting that monster in his own arena—he indignantly sprang on the tribune, from which, by main force, he ejected the truculent orator, and, in a brief but impassioned harangue, and delivered in French, which he spoke with perfect fluency and an excellent accent, completely silenced his formidable antagonist, carrying with him the feelings of the rest of the audience, who expressed their sense of his honest British spirit in a loud burst of applause.”† Such disrespect to one of the heroes of the Revolution was not likely to pass unpunished. Mr. Watt soon learned that his life was in immediate danger, and leaving Paris without a passport, he had some difficulty in making his way southward into Italy.

After considerable progress had been made in steam navigation both in America by Mr. Fulton,‡ and in Scotland by Andrew Bell on the Clyde, Mr. James Watt took a great interest in its extension. In 1814 he purchased the *Caledonia*, a vessel of 100 tons, with an engine of 32 horses power, and having replaced her defective machinery by two new engines of 14 horses power each, he went over in her to Holland, and ascended the Rhine as far as Coblentz. The *Caledonia* left Margate on the 14th October 1817, crossing the Channel at the rate of 7½ knots. In her voyage to Cologne from Rotterdam she occupied only 48h. 52m., clearing her way against the impetuous waters of the Rhine,—now the wonder—and now the horror of the natives. After Mr. James Watt’s return in 1818 he made 250 experiments with the *Caledonia* on the Thames, which enabled him to adopt many material improvements in the construction of marine engines, of which, up to 1854, no fewer than 319 of 17,438 nominal and 52,314 real horse power were manufactured at Soho.

* *Speeches of Edmund Burke*, vol. iv. p. 124, edit. 1846, as cited by Mr. Muirhead.

† Vol i. p. cclxii.

‡ Mr. Fulton ordered his first engine from Soho on the 6th August 1803. It was one of 19 horses power, and was finished in 1805, Mr. Fulton undertaking the paddle machinery and the subordinate parts.

“The memory of JAMES WATT,” says Mr. Muirhead, “will be worthily perpetuated in the British navy by the fine screw steam man-of-war of that name, of 90 guns, which was launched at Pembroke Dock Yard in 1853, and fitted with Soho engines (of 700 horse power.) And as we write we are informed that engines are now preparing, at the same great manufactory, for a vessel which is to be 700 feet in length, of the enormous capacity of 22,000 tons, and to be propelled by no less a power than that of from 2000 to 3000 horses.”*

Although Mr. Watt's life seems to have been one of toil and disappointment, and darkened by more than the usual allotment of domestic sorrow, many spots of azure were seen among its most lowering clouds, and even bursts of sunshine broke forth to guide and to cheer him. To have been associated with such friends as those with whom he had daily intercourse—with men of noble and generous natures, and philosophers and scholars of lofty attainments, was in itself a gift from above sufficient to compensate for many evils. Nor was it at Birmingham only where his genius was appreciated. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1784, and of the Royal Society of London in 1785. In consequence of his discovery of the composition of water, and the publication of his paper on that subject in the “*Philosophical Transactions*,” he became acquainted with the leading members of the Royal Society, and enjoyed the festive meetings, at which its members forget for a while that they are philosophers. In August 1785 Mr. Cavendish visited Birmingham and Soho, and while inspecting the engine establishment he had an opportunity of conversing with Mr. Watt himself. Mr. Watt went to London some months after this, and gives the following account of his reception:—

“When I was in London I was received very kindly by Mr. Cavendish and Dr. Blagden, and my old friend Smeaton, who has now recovered his health and seems hearty. I dined at a turtle feast with them and the select club of the Royal Society; and never saw turtle eaten with greater sobriety and temperance or more good fellowship. I dined also at Mr. Cavendish's, who lives very elegantly, and gave us a good English dinner. Among other company we had the famous Peter Camper the anatomist, once Professor at Franeker, a fresh gigantic man of sixty-four, that never had sickness in his life except once. He is to come here before leaving England.”†

In the metropolis of France, so illustrious as it has ever been

* This, we presume, is the gigantic iron steamer now erecting at Millwall on the Thames, by Messrs. Scott Russel and Company.

† Camper paid this visit on the 3d November 1785, and was described by Mr. Watt as “a fine old fellow.” Notwithstanding his gigantic frame and constant health, he died four years afterwards, while Mr. Watt, with his sickly constitution, survived him thirty years.

by its band of philosophers and savans, Mr. Watt was received with equal distinction. In 1786, on the invitation of the French government, he accompanied Mr. Boulton to Paris in order to decide upon the proposals which were made to them for erecting steam engines under an exclusive privilege, and on the best way of renewing the gigantic lumbering machine at Marly, which, as has been jocularly remarked, *had made so much noise in the world*. In sending this invitation to Mr. Boulton, Mr. Watt proposed "that they should first wait upon Mr. Pitt and let him know their errand thither, that the tongue of slander may be silenced, and all undue suspicion removed, and ourselves rendered more valuable in his eyes because others desire to have us." It does not appear that Mr. Pitt was consulted on this occasion, but Mr. Watt writes to his son that they had a most flattering reception from the French Ministry who were willing to employ them, but that they had absolutely refused to engage in any manufactures as contrary to the interests of their country. They had agreed, however, to give a general opinion on the machine at Marly after the Academy of Sciences had decided on the 400 proposals which had been laid before them on the subject. During their visit to Paris, the expenses of which were liberally paid by the government, they made the acquaintance of Lavoisier, Laplace, Monge, Berthollet, Prony, Fourcroy, Hassenfratz, Delessert, and others, and with several of these individuals Mr. Watt long maintained a friendly correspondence. It was on this occasion that Berthollet exhibited to the English engineers and others his beautiful process of bleaching with the oxymuriatic acid, and one which, if protected by patent, would have made the fortune of its discoverer. When Messrs. Watt and Boulton returned to England they mentioned to Mr. Pitt, then First Minister of the Crown, the great value of Berthollet's invention, in order to obtain for him either a Parliamentary reward or an exclusive privilege in Great Britain. The arts of peace, however, had no value in Mr. Pitt's eyes, and M. Berthollet was obliged to abandon the idea of making his discovery of any value to him in this country. In the hands of Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Watt's father-in-law, and of Messrs. Henry & Co. in Manchester, the process was most successful. One bleacher in Manchester bleached at the rate of 1000 pieces of muslin (of thirty yards each) every day, and the goods were only three days in hand till they were completely finished.

In 1787 Mr. Watt had the honour of explaining his steam-engine to the King and Queen, at Mr. Whitbread's brewery, which at that time paid annually for excise duties the sum of £54,000. He was much pleased with the affability of the Royal pair, who, many years afterwards, had made arrangements for visiting his establishment at Soho. Notwithstanding the King's

blindness he persisted in his intention, lest the Queen and Princesses should be disappointed; but his medical advisers prevailed upon him to give it up. Mr. Muirhead informs us that "the great engineer's intercourse with crowned heads did not terminate here; for in 1814 we find him in company with the Emperor of Russia and his sister, at Messrs. Huddart and Co.'s celebrated rope-work, and found them, as he expresses it, 'very pleasant, affable people.'"

Among the events of Mr. Watt's life there is one which has almost entered the region of poetry, by having been told, though not very correctly, in the life of Sir Walter Scott. The following is Mr. Watt's own account of it:—

"You will have heard," says he, in a letter to Mr. Muirhead, "of our exploit with the robbers. We had been informed of their intention by the watchman, whom they had endeavoured to corrupt, and watched for them three nights, on which they only tried keys and examined the premises, which by our wise law is no felony; and had we apprehended them they would soon have been let loose upon the public, and we could not have rested in safety. We were therefore obliged to let them commit the robbery, and on their coming out fell upon them by guns, pistols, bayonets, and cutlasses. Some of them resisted and were badly wounded; others fled; one was caught on the top of a house; one fell from a house eaves fifteen feet high; another got clean over and off, with, as it is said, a broken arm, and some shots in him. We took four out of the five; but the little devil made his escape. Our young men were commanders-in-chief, and laid their plans very well; but one of our guards came not soon enough to their station by which the escape took place, though by a way deemed impracticable."

In the spring of 1803, Mr. Watt paid another visit to Paris, where he remained five weeks, having been kindly received by his old friends La Place, Berthollet, and Monge, who had become senators. Mr. Watt's acquirements then became well known to the members of the Institute, and in 1808 he was elected a corresponding member of that body. This honour was highly valued by Mr. Watt, whose claims to this species of distinction, though he was now in the seventy-third year of his age, had not been recognised by any of the other leading academies in Europe. The French academicians had become personally acquainted with the great learning and ingenuity of their friend, and when a vacancy took place in 1814, he was elected one of the Eight Foreign Associates of the Institute, the highest honour which that distinguished body can confer.

Having received so much kindness in his early life from the University of Glasgow, Mr. Watt was desirous of leaving to that body some memorial of his gratitude. In order to promote

the study of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, he gave £300 to the College, the annual interest of which, amounting to £10, was to be given as a prize for the best essay on any subject in Mechanics, Pneumatics, Hydraulics, and Hydrostatics, or Chemistry. At a later date, in the year 1816, he gave a donation to the town of Greenock to purchase scientific books for the use of the mathematical school of the place, and thus lay the foundation of a scientific library. The inhabitants of Greenock seconded his wishes, and by the munificence of his son Mr. James Watt, a large and handsome building has been erected for the library, and adorned with a marble statue of its distinguished founder, presented by his townsmen.

With the exception of his paper on the Composition of Water, published in the Philosophical Transactions, Mr. Watt was not the author of any separate and independent work. In the year 1813, when Sir David Brewster had been requested to superintend the publication of Professor Robison's Mechanical Philosophy, he was fortunate enough to induce Mr. Watt to revise the *Treatise on Steam and the Steam-Engine*, which the Professor had drawn up for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Mr. Watt, who undertook the task with some reluctance, began to it in December 1813, and in announcing its completion in the following June, he says in a letter to the Editor, "It has been a heavy job to me; and had I been aware how much so it would have proved, I doubt whether I should have undertaken it." The treatise, however, was not actually completed till the year 1817, from causes over which neither Mr. Watt nor the Editor had any control.* Although the great improvements which had been made upon the steam-engine since Dr. Robison's article was written, made it desirable that considerable additions should be made to it, yet Mr. Watt undertook only the revision of the article, intending merely to correct errors, and supply some of the more prominent defects. He was led, however, by the delay which we have mentioned, to compose those important additions on the history, the principles, and the construction of the steam-engine, which render the treatise a valuable contribution to science.

Before Mr. Watt had completed this his last and greatest literary work, he was seized with erysipelas in his legs and arms, but he soon recovered his usual health, and in the years 1817

* "In order to render this work as much as possible a system of Mechanical Philosophy, I was anxious that it should contain a complete *Treatise on Astronomy*. The short articles on Astronomy, &c., which Dr. Robison had written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, were unfit to supply this desideratum. I found it necessary, therefore, to delay the work till 1820, when the copyright of his *System of Astronomy* had expired."—*Preface of the Editor*.

and 1818, in the first of which he visited Scotland, he enjoyed a degree of health both of mind and body, which could scarcely have been expected at an age so advanced, and with a constitution so feeble. A change, however, became perceptible at the commencement of 1819, and in the early part of the summer, symptoms appeared which alarmed his family and his medical attendants. Mr. Watt himself felt that this was to be his last illness, and he met it with devout resignation. "In contemplation," says Mr. Muirhead, "of this solemn event, he calmly conversed on that and other subjects with those around him, and expressed his gratitude to the Giver of all Good, who had so signally prospered the work of his hands, and blessed him with length of days and riches and honour." With such feelings he expired tranquilly at Heathfield, on the 19th of August 1819, in the 84th year of his age. His remains were deposited in the parish church of Handsworth, near those of Mr. Boulton; and over his tomb his only surviving and affectionate son erected an elegant Gothic chapel, in the centre of which is placed a beautiful marble bust of him from the chisel of Sir Francis Chantrey. A colossal statue of bronze by the same artist, resting on a pedestal of granite, has been erected in Glasgow, and a marble bust in one of the halls of the College.

In the year 1824, it was proposed to Government to obtain from Parliament a grant of money, for the erection of a national monument to Mr. Watt. There was no precedent, it was alleged, for such a grant, and Government might be embarrassed by similar claims. Mr. Watt's inventions had no precedent,—and a similar claim, which has not emerged since his day, would have been a boon to the world. Private liberality, however, supplied what the nation had refused, and a colossal statue of Carrara marble by Chantrey, now adorns the recesses of Westminster Abbey.

Although Arago's Historical Eloge of Mr. Watt, with the Notes of Mr. Muirhead, contained very copious details respecting his life and inventions, yet we have been enabled in the preceding Article, to combine with these much new and highly interesting information from the correspondence which fills more than one volume of the work. In consequence of Mr. Watt having invented a copying-press, he kept copies of all his letters, which Mr. Muirhead has substantially given to the public. Were we disposed to make any criticism on this part of the work, we would express a regret, which we have repeatedly felt in its perusal, that passages have been omitted, probably of a domestic kind, which we should have wished to have seen. As a relative of the family, Mr. Muirhead was more likely than any other editor to withhold those expressions of personal feeling,

and those warm and affectionate sentiments associated with home, which mingle more or less with every correspondence; but still we would express the desire, that in another edition some of these blanks may be supplied. We are not acquainted with any correspondence so truly remarkable as this. In the ordinary diaries of great men, and even in those where the posthumous volume is made a confessional, without the inquisition of a priest, the narrator addresses himself directly to posterity: We learn only what he wishes to teach, and see him only as he wishes to be seen—in all cases as a saint; in some as a profligate. But in perusing Mr. Watt's correspondence, we read his character,—we witness the deepest issues of his heart;—we follow him through all the phases of his daily life;—we grieve with him in his afflictions and disappointments;—we trace the rise and progress of his inventions,—and we denounce, in utterances not heard by human ears, the heartlessness of public men, who, to use the fine expression of Lord Halifax, in reference to his patronage of Newton, refused to supply the oil for a lamp that gave so much light. If there ever was a time in the history of England when such utterances, hitherto breathed in private, are likely to become loud and articulate, and when the sentiment of Halifax so long and so timidly suppressed, is likely to stir the English mind, it is in the present day, and at the present hour. England now stands at the bar of civilisation, impeached by her own citizens for neglect of duties, or their perfunctory discharge, which render empires prosperous in peace, or glorious in war. National disaster in war is the offspring of national parsimony in peace; and what Dr. Hutton told Mr. Watt in 1776, is now an article of general belief, deserving the attention of statesmen and legislators, “that Invention is too great a work to be well paid for in a state like ours, where the *general system is to be best paid for what is easiest done.*” When a nation has sunk so low, that the Solomons of the present day can “see under the sun that there is neither bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor favour to men of skill,” it is more than time that “wisdom should cry out, and utter her voice in her chief places of concourse;” that she should “find out the knowledge of worthy inventions,” and demand from the representatives of power, that “the remembrance of the wise shall be more than that of the fool for ever.”

ART. VI.—*The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.* By R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A. Author of "Travels in the East," "Infirmities of Genius," &c., &c. 3 Vols. London, 1855.

THERE is nothing about which critics are wont to blunder more than about what they call "book-making." It is no small thing to make a book. Many who can *write* books can not *make* them. A skilful "book-maker," indeed, is a person to be encouraged and extolled. The nomenclature is not rightly that of reprobation and contempt. And yet when a man has failed to make a book, it is the fashion to stigmatize him as a "book-maker," as though book-making were the easiest thing in the world, success in which is to be accounted a reproach.

In truth, it may be said of book-making, as Mr. Carlyle said of needle-work, that the saddest thing of all is that, whilst of distracted puckering and blotching there is more than enough, of genuine work worthy to be so called there is scarcely any to be had. There is paper and there is print; an editor's name on the title-page—a lord's perhaps, or a cabinet-minister's—and there is much readable matter within the covers; but the gross result, with all its distracted puckering and botching, is not a book. It is a thing of some sort, but not to be called a book. A book has been required, perhaps intended; but it has not been produced. A house is not made by throwing down so many thousands of bricks, higgledy-piggledy, upon a grass-plot; nor is a garden to be made by emptying out so many drawers-ful of seeds and cuttings, with promiscuous liberality. In either case the result, doubtless, is something. But that something is not a house or a garden; and the same process cannot make a book.

Many qualities, not very common in themselves among literary men, and very rare in combination, are required to make an expert book-maker. Many chests-ful of papers are placed before him, and he is required to convert them into a certain number of volumes. The materials of a book—of a good book—are there. But to convert these materials into a book, it is necessary that the maker should possess in himself much more than the chests contain. He must have patience to peruse all the papers submitted to him; judgment to select; method to arrange them. He must have a thorough knowledge of the subject to be treated of, or he will not know how to peruse, how to select, or how to arrange. He must possess, too, certain antagonistic qualities—qualities to hold each other in check. He must be genial and yet severe. He must have a warm heart, and yet a cool head.

He must be appreciative and yet exclusive—sympathetical and yet obdurate—prodigal and yet chary. If he be not thus diversely gifted, he will accept or he will reject in excess. His book will have too much in it or too little. It will be clumsily obese, or weakly attenuated. Even of order—Heaven's and the book-maker's "first law"—there may be too much. Method must sometimes be jogged by impulse, and arrangement stimulated into occasional errors of discursiveness. The book-maker must know, indeed, like the Apostle, how to want and how to abound. The very qualities which contribute most to fit him for his office, will essentially unfit him for it, if not held in just control.

The besetting infirmity of authors is egotism. It is necessary above all things that a book-maker should not be an egotist. We do not mean by this that he should not talk about himself. There is egotism, in its utmost intensification, where the personal pronoun is never used. We mean, that he must not shape his work in the mould of his own personal feelings and predilections. He must continually bear in mind that the audience to which he addresses himself is not composed of so many copies of himself—that the passages in letters or journals which make the strongest impression on his own mind may not make the same impression on others—that their interest may be derived rather from certain idiosyncrasies or associations of his own than from any general attractiveness inherent in the selections themselves. It would be curious and instructive to give copies of precisely the same papers to two or more workmen, with instructions to each to select from them materials for certain volumes, of biography, for example, and to shape the materials so selected into a book. That from the hands of these different craftsmen would come books so unlike each other as scarcely to seem to have been constructed from the same materials—hardly, perhaps, to relate to the same subject, is not to be doubted. Each writer would probably have been thinking more about himself than about his audience, and have coloured his subject from the prevailing hues of his own mind. When a literary workman deals with the writings of others—when it is his vocation to construct from pre-existing materials, in which he has none other than an acquired property, the temptation to egotism comes upon him in its most subtle, insidious, and unsuspected shape, and is proportionately irresistible.

For these and other reasons, into which the requirements of time and space forbid us to enter, we hold that the vocation of a book-maker, rightly considered, is one by no means to be lightly regarded or contemptuously described. To make a book, as we have said, is no small thing. The evil is, that so many work-

men attempt to make books and fail. In this category we are afraid that we must include the Editor of the "*Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.*" It is a mistake to call it "a book-making affair." There is no book-making in it. Dr. Madden has given us three amusing volumes about almost everybody under the sun. The work is a mixture of the Magazine and the Biographical Dictionary. It would be almost impossible to read it through from beginning to end. And yet, doubtless, it has been read, and will be read, by a vast number of people—and many parts twice over. You may begin your studies where you like. There is no particular reason why any part of the book is in any particular place. You never know what volume you are reading—whether you are at the beginning or the end of the work. Wherever you may chance to be, the book may as well end in the next chapter as in any other; and when you do come to the end, you feel that such is the plan, or the no-plan, of the work, that you may just as well be carried on through three, or even six more volumes. Until you are accustomed to the mode of treatment, you are startled at times—but you soon cease to be surprised at meeting anything in any place; and you dip into it, as you would into a scrap-book.

"The task I have undertaken," says Dr. Madden, "is to illustrate the literary life of Lady Blessington." He does not profess to offer the public a regular biography of that accomplished lady. It would be unjust, therefore, to condemn him for failing to accomplish what he has not even attempted. The book purports to be "*The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.*" And this it is; and much more than this. The three handsome volumes before us contain the Literary Lives and Correspondence of all Lady Blessington's friends; and a good number of lives, too, which are not literary. All Gore House, in its palmiest days, is emptied into the streets; and we find ourselves continually exclaiming, as one celebrity after another issues from the portals of the Kensingtonian mansion, "Who would have thought of seeing you here?" Some meet us with sheaves of letters under their arms, and detain us for a while, whilst we dip into their correspondence. Others, carrying only their hats in their hands, make their bows and pass on in silence. Dr. Madden tells us more than once, that the best literary society of the times was to be found assembled in Lady Blessington's salons. Tastes and opinions may differ upon this point; but it is not to be doubted that many very distinguished men were to be seen there, and that a large number of these were correspondents, more or less, of the fascinating hostess. It was, therefore, within the legitimate scope of such a work as

this to intersperse it with slight sketches of the principal habitués of Gore House, and to illustrate it with specimens of their correspondence. But there is a total want of proportion and perspective in the work. The accessories are magnified to the dimensions of the principal figures. What other book-makers would throw into a note, Dr. Madden parades in all the importance of large "pica," as a part of his text. Whole chapters from such erudite and rare works as Mr. Willis's "*Pencilings by the Way*," are interpolated with a prodigal hand; and we are treated to biographical notices of such little known people, *inter alios*, as the Duke of Wellington, Lord Byron, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Miss Landon, and Lord Brougham. It is a better book than Mr. Patmore's "*Friends and Acquaintance*," because its morality is more endurable, and its impertinence less; but it resembles in many respects that objectionable work, and might have been published under the same title.

Indeed, the volumes now before us, in spite of all that has been said, and much more that might be said against them, impress us with a favourable opinion of the writer. There is a candour, a sincerity about them, which seem to indicate that he is an honest, well-intentioned, kind-hearted man. With a strong national propensity to blunder, he seems to unite an earnest desire to speak the truth; and with all his Irish generosity, there is mingled a strong sense of what is due to morality and religion, which will not suffer him to gloss over what is evil, or to call things by their wrong names. He often perplexes us; sometimes astonishes us; frequently raises a smile at his expense; but he never excites our indignation. And when we remember that Dr. Madden's subject was a difficult one; that too much toleration brought to bear upon it would have been as offensive as too little, we are bound to give him credit for the manner in which he has kept clear of either extreme. A writer of infinite tact and great artistic skill might have failed to accomplish what the present writer, who is no artist, and who has little tact, has achieved by the unaided force of his own honesty and sincerity of purpose. There is no cant in these volumes; and there is no laxity. Even in the literary life of Lady Blessington, it was necessary to advert to matters notorious both in English and continental society, which have imparted an ill odour to her name; but only when it was necessary, has he touched upon these painful topics, and then in language neither of specious apology, nor un pitying condemnation.

The volumes, too, have another recommendation: they are infinitely more amusing than many a better book. That people like to read about their friends and acquaintance—about "Every one in turn and no one long," is a fact of which publishers, at

least, are sufficiently cognizant. The gossip is generally the saleable. But gossiping books relating to cotemporary celebrities, are often mischievous and ill-natured. There appears to us to be little mischief and no ill-nature in these volumes. Lady Blessington, as we have said, had an extensive correspondence, principally with living writers; and Dr. Madden has published, with permission, we believe, a considerable number of letters addressed to her ladyship by Dickens, Bulwer, and others, whom the public are ever curious to see in the undress of familiar epistolary intercourse. They are, for the most part, lively, entertaining letters, the publication of which can do no harm to the writers or to any one else. For our own parts, knowing that many very clever men ordinarily write very indifferent letters, our chief wonder is that the greater part of this varied correspondence is so readable and so good.

That so recommended, the "Literary Life and Correspondence of Lady Blessington" should have had many readers, can excite no surprise. We observe that Dr. Madden has advertised a new edition of his work, and has invited aid and assistance from all quarters to render the new issue more complete than the old. Perhaps he will thank us, therefore, for calling his attention to a few errors, which are, however, so patent, that we should think they could hardly escape the editor's eye a second time, or even the publisher's or printer's. Dr. Madden has something to say about almost every one whose name is mentioned in his volumes. If he names a statesman, howsoever well known, he must tell us what have been his public acts; if he names an author, what are his works. There would be something rather ludicrous in these efforts to acquaint the world with what we should have thought every one had known before, if Dr. Madden's numerous lapses had not assured us that even men who have a large literary and political acquaintance, may have a very imperfect knowledge of the *facinora* of those with whom they are in continual intercourse. We cannot afford space to notice all the errors which we have marked in the course of our desultory progresses through these three volumes; but it may be of service to the editor, should others have failed to render him this assistance, to have his attention called to the following inaccuracies.

To begin with the Statesmen—

In vol. iii. page 7 mention is made of Lord Wellesley, who is described as "the conqueror of Tippoo Sahib and the Nizam." Lord Wellesley, however, did not conquer, but protect the Nizam. The Nizam helped him to conquer Tippoo.

At page 43 of the same volume, another Indian statesman, Lord Auckland, is said to have been "appointed Lieutenant-Governor of India in 1835, and recalled in 1841." He was not

Lieutenant-Governor, but Governor-General of India; and he was not recalled, but remained in India an additional year at the request of the Home Government.

In the same volume, page 481, it is said that Mr. Monckton Milnes was "a strenuous supporter of the late Lord George Bentinck, and ally of Mr. D'Israeli." We have a notion, however, that he does not belong to that party at all. He speaks and votes in favour of liberal measures; and was offered a lordship of the Treasury under the present Government. With the domestic history of Mr. Milnes the editor seems to be no better acquainted. He says that this accomplished, kind-hearted gentleman was married "in the *past year* to the Hon. Miss Crewe." The "*past year*" means 1854, or at all events 1853, but Mr. Milnes was married in 1851.

Two pages later, we are informed that Mr. Henry Reeve "*a few years ago* held an office in the Privy Council." Is he not Registrar still?

Of Sir Henry Bulwer it is said, (vol. iii. page 64,) that "he has contributed much to reviews, magazines, and annals; and one of his earliest *anonymous* productions, a life of Lord Byron, prefixed to the Paris edition of the poet's works in English, exhibited a great deal of tact and literary talent." The life of Lord Byron, prefixed to Baudry's edition (there are two Paris editions) of the poet's works bears Henry Bulwer's name on the title-page.

In this very edition, by the way, may be found the lines, "I heard thy fate without a tear," given by Dr. Madden in his second volume, and said "not to be found in the poet's collected works."

In vol. iii. page 487, there is a notice of Mr. Albert Smith, in which it is said, that "he studied medicine in London and Paris, and *abandoned the profession about 1818* for that of literature." If this be true Mr. Smith must have practised medicine before he cut his teeth.

In the list of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's works (vol. iii. page 487) we find recorded "St. Giles' and St. James'." But Mr. Ainsworth has earned so many laurels of his own that there is no need to snatch for him one from Mr. Jerrold's brow.

Among Mr. D'Israeli's works we find the "*Wondrous Lady of Alroy*;" and Sir Bulwer Lytton is said to be the author of a book called "*Day and Night*," which we do not remember to have seen. The second title of one of his romances (Lucretia,) was "*The Children of Night*."

In the brief account of the death of Miss Rosa Bathurst, at Rome, there are two errors. It is said that "the groom of Miss Bathurst had been sent back to Lord Aylmer's," &c. &c. It was

the Duc de Montmorenci's groom who was sent back—And it is stated that Lord Aylmer was “unable to swim.” Lady Aylmer, in her account of this melancholy catastrophe, published in Mrs. Thistlethwayte's *Life of Bishop Bathurst*, says that her husband was a very tolerable swimmer.

Of Dwarkenauth Tagore (not Tajore) it is said that “he proceeded to the *Continent*, studied the *language* and institutions of *that country*.” What language? what country?

In Dr. Madden's volumes there is poetry enough to fill a moderate volume by itself. But some of the most beautiful and best-known passages which he has cited from Shakspeare, Byron, Shelley, and others, are grievously massacred in the citation. Those most pathetic lines of the last-named poet, “Written in Dejection, near Naples,”—one of the most beautiful short poems in the English language, contain in Dr. Madden's version of the three last stanzas two grievous errors, which have spoiled both the sound and the sense.

But enough of this. We turn, with venial abruptness, to Lady Blessington. MARGARET POWER, afterwards Countess of Blessington, was born on the 1st of September 1790. Her father, Edmund Power, was a small Irish gentleman, who farmed and hunted in Tipperary, and left his family to take care of itself. The children were of a healthy and a handsome stock, and they grew up in their beauty and strength, as wildly as might be, with the single exception of little Margaret, who is said to have been both plain and sickly in her childhood. She, however, evinced early signs of the possession of a reflective and inquiring mind, which being something strange and unappreciable in her Tipperary home, was construed into another foreshadowing of a premature grave.

When Margaret was about seven years old, her father removed from Knockbrit, the place of her birth, and settled himself in his own unsettled way in the town of Clonmel. There he became a magistrate; and, being naturally addicted to the chase, he took to rebel-hunting, and became, in that especial field, one of the mightiest Nimrods of the day. He clothed himself in apostasy, rode out with packs of dragoons; and was rewarded for his trouble, on one hand by the slaying of his cattle, the burning of his store-houses, and the destruction of his plantations; and on the other by lying promises from Protestant lords and invitations to Dublin Castle.

An Irish gentleman is not easily ruined. But Edmund Power's characteristic boldness now moved him to rush upon a danger, against which no strength or elasticity is proof. He started a newspaper. His enemies had now no longer any need to exercise their active malignity. They might wait in patience,

sure of the result. The inevitable ruin came rapidly enough, and with it, as the growth of disappointment, an increased violence of temper and recklessness of conduct. In one of his *raids* after his misguided countrymen he shot a poor boy with his own hand, and hung up his body as a public spectacle. For this exploit he was tried for his life, but escaped to commit other fatal errors, and to sow, broad-cast, other misery in the world.

When his daughter Margaret was little more than fourteen years of age, the 47th Regiment was stationed at Clonmel. Among its officers was a Captain Farmer—young, good-looking, rich; of agreeable manners, it is said, but of ungovernable temper, and suspected to be slightly insane. Margaret, child as she was, had been launched into the gaieties of the country town; and, as by this time she had improved greatly both in health and beauty, she attracted the attention of more than one of the officers of the regiment. Foremost of these in his assiduities was Captain Farmer. But Margaret Power hated him. Her father, however, looked with different eyes upon the suitor; and readily accepted his tenders for the poor child's hand. In her budding beauty and her dawning genius she was sold to the highest bidder—a man in every way unfit to have the charge of such a child-wife. They were married at Clonmel in 1804. The world is everywhere full of strange juxtapositions. Lord Hardinge, one of the best and kindest of men, was Captain Farmer's groom's-man on this melancholy occasion.*

Such an union bore in abundance the accustomed fruit—strife, violence, jealousy, terror, hatred; finally, separation. After three miserable years, Mrs. Farmer left her husband to dwell for a time under the paternal roof. But neither repose, nor happiness, nor innocence were to be enjoyed there. Everything was against her.

Young, inexperienced, tempted

By most insufferable misery, -

she fell a prey to the evil circumstances by which she was surrounded. Among the visitors at her father's house, was a Captain Jenkins—an officer of dragoons—whose agreeable manners and many fine qualities made a strong and lasting impression on her heart. From the period of her separation from Captain Farmer to the date of that gentleman's death, there is an ugly and somewhat obscure interval of ten years. We are not sure that such studied obscurity on the part of friendly biographers often answers the kindly end for which it is designed. Unfortunately the world is an uncharitable one; and the hiatus is commonly filled up by the hypothesis of the reader in a man-

* Dr. Madden says that Captain Hardinge was Farmer's "bridegroom."

ner more prejudicial to their object than the facts which the writer has hesitated to supply.

And in this particular case, we do not scruple to express our belief, that Lady Blessington's memory would suffer less by a plain statement of the fact than by any shadowy hints or obscure innuendos. Margaret Farmer, separated from a brutal husband, to whom she had been in utter helplessness given over like a bale of merchandise, and having no asylum to which she could betake herself, accepted the protection of a man to whom she was sincerely attached. We shall not characterize the offence. Any inquiry into its magnitude would involve the consideration of larger questions than can be thus incidentally discussed. The reader has been made acquainted with the antecedents of the crime. It may foster his toleration to learn—if Mr. Landor's declaration has not already made him acquainted with the fact—that on the death of her husband, Mrs. Farmer, disregarding for a time the offer of a more splendid alliance, was eager to be united in marriage with the man who had so long been her companion, fallen as were then his fortunes and poor as was his estate; and that it was only when this privilege was denied to her, that she consented to become Countess of Blessington.

Captain Farmer died towards the close of 1817, and four months afterwards, in February 1818, Mrs. Farmer, now a widow by law, as she had long been by nature, married the Irish Earl. He was then a widower at the suitable age of thirty-five—a kind-hearted, extravagant, weak man, with all sorts of eccentricities about him. He had a taste for fine clothes, fine furniture, and fine women; and as an auxiliary to all these propensities, an additional one for theatricals. His besetting infirmity was vanity. He did foolish things that he might be talked about by foolish people. In this at least he was not disappointed. People talked, but they soon ceased to marvel. It was nothing strange that Lord Blessington, having a few-years before married his own mistress, should now marry his friend's. There would have been something heroic in this contempt of conventionality, if he had not been an Earl with £30,000 a year. But a coronet and such a rent-roll will gloss over even greater eccentricities than this.

And so, says Dr. Madden, "the Blessingtons' splendid mansion in St. James' Square in a short time became the rendezvous of the élite of London celebrities of all kinds of distinction; the first literati, statesmen, artists, eminent men of all professions, in a short time became habitual visitors at the abode of the new-married Lord and Lady."

We take the truth of this for granted, desiring that it should

be true. If it were our design to deduce from the work before us illustrations of important questions of social morality, we should dwell upon the error committed by those who, not content with the certainty of a decorous or even a virtuous present, must exact as a condition of admission to their acquaintance, the further certainty of a decorous and a virtuous past. If a woman, from a condition almost invariably followed by a further descent, rises into the respectability of a virtuous wife, ought we not to drop a tear of pity upon the record of the past, and blot it out from our memories for ever. We are for ever talking about Reformatories and Penitentiaries and such like asylums for the erring. Would it not be better to begin by opening an asylum for the penitent and the reformed in our own hearts, and then to subscribe for the brick and mortar? Charitable buildings are excellent things, but charitable thoughts are better. Are we never to wipe out the plague-marks from the door, though the inmate has been restored to health, and the taint of the pestilence has departed?

Dr. Madden tells us that Lord and Lady Blessington were visited by the great and gifted of the land. Whether this brilliant society was composed wholly or chiefly of one sex does not appear. We suspect that it was; we hope, for the credit of society, that it was not. The position of a beautiful and gifted woman, as the centre of a brilliant circle of men, is not a fortunate one. A something which no single word accurately describes, is sure to be contracted there. What at this epoch of her career Margaret Blessington most needed to render her, in all the relations of life, a noble specimen of womanhood, was next to a judicious husband, which she had not, the countenance and the friendship of some honoured members of her own sex. But with a husband lacking every solid quality, the chief desire of whose life was that everything belonging to him should be admired; and with a circle of male friends ever exhaling the incense of that particular kind of flattery which clever and pretty women of no very defined social position attract to themselves; everything seems to have been against her at the turning-point of her career. That surrounded by circumstances so little formed to develop the better part of her nature, so many good qualities still struggled successfully to assert themselves—that amidst so many corrupting influences she was so little corrupted—is, let us hope, a proof that her tendencies were towards the good and the pure; that there was a will to resist evil, which amidst happier environments might have made her as much a pattern to one sex as she was the admiration of the other;—

“What’s done ye partly may compute,
But know not what’s resisted.”

After three years of this splendid London life, Lord Blessington grew thoroughly weary of its excitements. The salons of St. James' which called him master, and the brilliant gatherings of fashion and talent which called him host, had ceased to have any attraction for him. He yearned after something new; and bethought himself of trying the effect of foreign travel in recruiting his exhausted powers of enjoyment. So he broke up his London establishment and started for the continent, travelling of course *en prince*, and seeking not only a sensation for himself, but to be the cause of sensations in others. In August 1822, the Blessingtons, accompanied by Miss Mary Anne Power, the youngest sister of Lady Blessington, and Mr. Charles James Matthews, the only son of the celebrated comedian, set out on a Continental tour, and made their arrangements for an intended sojourn of some years in the South of Europe.

The literary fruit of this journey was the "Idler in Italy"—the best perhaps, because the most genuine of Lady Blessington's works—and the "Conversations with Lord Byron." It is natural that the poet should have excited a lively interest in the lady's mind, no less by the force of his genius than by the circumstances of his life. On reaching Genoa, where Byron was residing, on the last day of March 1823, Lady Blessington wrote in her journal, "And am I, indeed, in the same town with Byron! And to-morrow I may perchance behold him!" The morrow—not an auspicious day—came, and the heart's desire of the lady was gratified. She saw the poet; but seeing him, she was disappointed. It is said that she obtained admittance to him, in the first instance by a ruse, when her husband and a friend were paying him a morning visit. Jealous of all such intrusion, seeking ever to avoid the impertinent curiosity of English tourists, and having a wholesome horror of "blue-stockings" of every grade, Byron seems at first to have taken refuge in flippancy, and to have rendered himself purposely uninteresting in the lady's eyes. But subsequent intercourse—the necessity of attack and defence being over—made them think better of each other. Something of friendship grew up between them—a friendship beneficial in its effects upon the minds of them both. We have it on Mr. Moore's authority, "that one of the most important services conferred upon Lord Byron by Lady Blessington during this intimacy, was that half-reviving of his old regard for his wife, and the check which she contrived to place upon the composition of *Don Juan*, and upon the continuation of its most glaring immoralities." "He spoke of *Ada*," continues the biographer of Lord Byron; "'her mother,' he said, 'has feasted on the smiles of her infancy and growth, but the tears of her maturity shall be mine.' Lady Blessington told

him that if he so loved his child, he should never write a line that could bring a blush of shame to her cheek, or a sorrowing tear to her eye; and he said, 'you are right. I never remembered this. I am jealously tenacious of the undivided sympathy of my daughter; and that work, (*Don Juan*), written to beguile hours of tristesse and wretchedness, is well calculated to loosen my hold upon her affections. I will write no more of it. Would that I had never written a line.' In this gentler mood, with old love, old times, and the tenderest love that human heart can know, all conducing to soothe his pride and his dislike of Lady Byron, he learnt that a near friend of her Ladyship was in Genoa, and he requested Lady Blessington to procure for him, through this friend, a portrait of his wife." There is more of the same kind in the life of Lord Byron to shew that the intercourse between these two unfortunate and much-censured persons generated the best emotions of the human heart, and that its salutary influences, not only upon the feelings, but upon the conduct of the misguided poet, were not of an evanescent character.

The Blessingtons sojourned for some years in Italy, and then betook themselves to France. In both countries, the lady made many friends. Her beauty, her vivacity, her kindness of heart, and her literary enthusiasm, rendered her an object of strong personal regard to the many distinguished men of all nations who were attracted, in the first instance, by the splendid hospitality of the Irish earl. A new state of things, however, was now approaching. On the 23d of May, 1829, Lord Blessington, whilst riding out in the Champs Elysées, was suddenly stricken down by apoplexy, and was carried home only to die.

By the will of the deceased earl, Lady Blessington was left an annuity of £2000. The will was an eccentric and an unprincipled one. But to render it intelligible to the reader, something more must be said about the Blessington family circle than we have yet mentioned. By his first marriage, Lord Blessington had a son and a daughter. The son, Lord Mountjoy, died in infancy during his father's lifetime; and it was upon the occasion of his death that the earl made that extraordinary distribution of his fortune which was attended in the sequel with so much misery and so much crime.

Ever since the year 1822, there had been attached to the suite of the Blessingtons a young French count named Alfred D'Orsay. He was just of age at that date, with a face and figure worthy of Apollo, and the lustre of many graces and accomplishments upon him. The son of one of Napoleon's generals, he had been early trained to arms; and, but for the downfall of the empire, would, doubtless, have become a dis-

tinguished soldier. Brave, chivalrous, of a commanding presence, adroit in all athletic exercises, and a noble horseman, he seemed destined to win his spurs upon the battle-fields of Europe. But he was a boy when the fall of Napoleon dispelled his dreams of military renown, and opened out another future before him. Instead of a leader of legions, he became a leader of fashion; instead of a soldier, an artist. In society, his success was great; but he was not a *spoilable* person. Admired as he was by women, he was even more popular among men. He was emphatically "a good fellow." Frank, open, cheerful, good-tempered, he was a man whom everybody liked; and liking soon ripened into love. For, beneath all these outward graces, there was much of kindliness, generosity, sympathy—impulses of a warm and a gentle heart. His talents, too, were such as to attract attention even in the most brilliant salons of the English and French capitals; and people said that, in the regions of art, D'Orsay with proper cultivation might, either as a painter or a sculptor, have taken a foremost place among the celebrities of Europe.

With this accomplished young Frenchman it would seem that the Blessingtons first formed an acquaintance in 1822, before their departure from England, and that he was invited to accompany them on their travels through France and Italy. "During their journey and prolonged sojourn in the latter country," says Dr. Madden, "the companionable qualities, and that peculiar power of making himself agreeable, which he possessed to a degree almost unequalled, so endeared him to his English friends that a union was *at length* proposed by Lord Blessington between the Count and one of his daughters, both of whom were in Ireland with Lady Harriet Gardiner, the sister of Lord Blessington." But the little words which we have italicised hardly represent the real state of the case. The Blessingtons started on their Continental tour in September 1822; but before the month of June 1823 Lord Blessington had obtained not only the consent of the Count D'Orsay to the proposed marriage, but the sanction also of Count D'Orsay's father. On the 2d of June* he added a codicil to his will, bequeathing the whole of his estates (with certain reservations) to Count D'Orsay, on condition of his marrying one of the Earl's daughters. There were two,—the elder illegitimate, the younger legitimate,—and the latter, Lady Harriet Gardiner, then scarcely eleven years of age, was selected as the instrument and the victim of this cruel arrangement,—“an arrangement,” says Dr. Madden, “at

* This is the date prefixed to the document, at page 120, vol. 1.; but in the same page Dr. Madden says, "On the 22d of June 1823, Lord Blessington made a codicil to his will," &c. &c.

once imprudent, unnatural, and wanting in all the consideration that ought to have been expected at the hand of a father for the children of a deceased wife." "Partial insanity," adds the biographer, "might explain the anomalies that present themselves in the course taken by Lord Blessington in regard to these children; and my firm conviction, the result of my own observation is, that at the period in question, when this will was made, Lord Blessington could not be said to be in a state of perfect sanity of mind, but on the contrary was labouring under a particular kind of insanity, manifested by an infatuation and infirmity of mind in his conduct with respect to his family affairs, though quite sane on every other subject, which unfitted him to dispose of his children at that juncture, and had assumed a more decided appearance of monomania after that disposal was made."

The precise meaning of these words we are unable to fathom. The presumption is, that Lord Blessington was anxious to render existing family arrangements as little harmless in themselves, and as little destructive of his own peace of mind as possible; and that he thought the sacrifice of a child for whom he cared little was not too high a price to pay for the desired *barrier*. In the absence of any other solution of what appears such unnatural conduct on the part of the Earl, the majority of readers, rightly or wrongly, will yield to the above presumption. But whether it was fear of D'Orsay, or love of D'Orsay, or neither, the poor child, Lady Harriet, was to be sacrificed. If the Frenchman chose her sister she was to lose her fortune; if herself, she was to be married to him with or without her consent. She *was* married to him in December 1827,* when she was little more than fifteen years old. And the result; as far as the poor child was concerned, was more than twenty years of "Clouded Happiness." The D'Orsays, it would appear, lived together during Lord Blessington's lifetime, as a part of his family, and for a short time after his decease. But they separated in 1831, and in Lady Harriet D'Orsay's own touching words, she was "left alone in the wide world, at twenty years of age, without the blessings of a family, and without any direct object to which her affections might be legitimately attached."†

It would be an injustice to Dr. Madden not to cite in this place his own account of this painful affair; more especially, as in respect of literary merit, the following passage is one of the best in his work:—

* See Madden, vol. i. page 125; and again, page 325, where the date of the marriage is thus correctly given; but at page 54 of the same volume it is stated that Lady Harriet Gardiner "married Count Alfred D'Orsay on the 1st of December 1829."

† Preface to English Edition of "Clouded Happiness."

"It was an unhappy marriage, and nothing useful can be said of it, except that Lord Blessington sacrificed his child's happiness, by causing her to marry, without consulting her inclinations or her interests. Taken from school without any knowledge of the world, acquaintance with society or its usages and forms, wholly inexperienced, transferred to the care of strangers, and naturally indisposed to any exertion that might lead to efforts to conciliate them; she was brought from her own country to a distant land, to wed a man she had never seen up to the period of her arrival in Italy, where, within a few weeks of her first meeting with that foreign gentleman, who had been on terms of intimacy with her father, she was destined to become his bride. Lady Harriet was exceedingly girlish-looking, pale and rather inanimate in expression, silent and reserved; there was no appearance of familiarity with any one around her; no air or look of womanhood, no semblance of satisfaction in her new position, were to be observed in her demeanour or deportment. She seldom or ever spoke, she was little noticed, she was looked on as a mere school-girl; I think her feelings were crushed, repressed, and her emotions driven inwards by the sense of slight and indifference, and by the strangeness and coldness of everything around her; and she became indifferent and strange and cold, and apparently devoid of all vivacity and interest in society, or in the company of any person in it. People were mistaken in her, and she perhaps was also mistaken in others. The father's act had led to all these misconceptions and misconstructions, ending in suspicions, animosities, aversions, and total estrangements. In the course of a few years, the girl of childish mien and listless looks, who was so silent and apparently inanimate, became a person of remarkable beauty, spirituelle and intelligent, the reverse in all respects of what she was considered when she was misplaced and misunderstood."—*Vol. I. p. 126.*

In another part of the work, Dr. Madden truly says that "the marriage was not only a great misfortune for those who were married, but a great crime on the part of those who promoted that marriage, and were consenting to it." And he censures Mr. Patmore, who in the book to which we have already incidentally alluded, insulted his readers by an outrageous attempt, as false in fact* as it was in morals, to palliate the cruel act.

We are glad to quit this most painful subject. It has been said that Lord Blessington died suddenly in May 1829. In November 1830 the widow returned to London, and in the latter part of 1831 took up her abode in Seamore Place, May Fair.† "There," says

* Mr. Patmore says, that "Count D'Orsay, whilst a mere boy, made the fatal mistake of marrying one beautiful woman whilst he was, without daring to confess it even to herself, madly in love with another still more beautiful, whom he could not marry; and, discovering his fatal error when too late, separated himself from his wife almost at the church door." Count D'Orsay was seven and twenty at the time of his marriage; and he separated himself from his wife four years afterwards.

† Dr. Madden says, "Here, in the month of March 1832, I found her Ladyship established, The Count and Countess D'Orsay were then residing with her."

the biographer, "her salons were opened nightly to men of genius and learning, and persons of celebrity of all climes; to travellers of every European city of distinction. Her abode became a centre of attraction for the *beau monde* of the intellectual classes, a place of reunion for remarkable persons of talent or eminence of some sort or another; and certainly the most agreeable resort of men of literature, art, science, of strangers of distinction, travellers and public characters of various pursuits; the most agreeable that ever existed in this country."

Under the will of the deceased Earl, Lady Blessington had, as we have said, a jointure of £2000 per annum. But this to one so habituated to luxury, and so addicted to society, was but a state of splendid poverty. So she bethought herself of writing for what can only be metaphorically called "bread"—that is, for the gratification of all those elegant tastes which had become a part of herself; for those *agrémens* which were, indeed, the very aliment of her existence. She became a professional *littérateur*. And then the reception of literary people in her luxurious salons became part and parcel of her business. The hospitality of Seamore Place, and afterwards of Gore House, was, indeed, her stock in trade. She was, undoubtedly, a clever woman. There was a good deal of smartness in her writings, and some knowledge of the world; but they never rose above mediocrity. Even her biographer does not claim for them any very high place as intellectual performances. But she was a beautiful woman, and a countess; and she gave the most agreeable soirées in the world. Of course, she was successful in her literary enterprises. Publishers struggled for her name, and critics were prostrate at her feet. So she made more money, and was more bepraised, than scores of men and women with twice the genius and twice the industry. In those days there was a class of publications, now almost extinct, greatly in vogue with the aristocracy of the land. Every Christmas saw the counters of our booksellers covered with splendid "Annuals," which found their way, as soon as they appeared, to the tables in our drawing-rooms and boudoirs. They were very elegant gift-books; gorgeously bound; prettily illustrated; variously written. The contributors to these yearly volumes were for the most part people of quality. Sometimes an author of established reputation, especially if he were a baronet or a member of

We suspect that this must be another of the biographer's lapses; for he has previously told us that the Act of Parliament for vesting Lord Blessington's estates in trustees, recites that Count and Lady Harriet D'Orsay were separated in the year 1831, and had lived wholly separate from that time. There is a mistake in one statement or the other.

Parliament, was induced to send a trifle, under strong compulsion, to a clamorous editor, and succeeded, with wonderful address, in writing down to the level of his associates. The formula of solicitation was, "anything with your name to it;" and sometimes the anything was so irredeemably bad, as to suggest a suspicion that the name must have belonged to one person and the lines to another. Every now and then a few stanzas of rare merit found their way, as if by accident, into these gift-books; but on the whole, it must be acknowledged, that the literature of the annuals reflected little credit on the nation. There is more good writing in three twopenny numbers of the "Household Words" than in any year's growth of these guinea volumes in the palmiest days of Lady Blessington and the Annuals.*

For Lady Blessington reigned supreme in the regions of Annual literature. We know not how many volumes of "Keepsakes" and "Books of Beauty" she edited. Dr. Madden has taken the trouble, and his publishers have gone to the expense, of printing in *extenso* the contents of some of these gorgeous volumes. This was no kindness to Lady Blessington's contributors or to his own readers. What he says, however, about the results of her Ladyship's editorial labours is worthy to be recorded. "For several years," he writes, "Lady Blessington continued to edit both periodicals, the 'Keepsake' and 'the Book of Beauty.' This occupation brought her into contact with almost every literary man of eminence in the kingdom, or of any foreign country who visited England. It involved her in enormous expense far beyond any amount of remuneration derived from the labour of editing these works. It made a necessity for entertaining continually persons to whom she looked for contributions, or from whom she had received assistance of that kind. It involved her, moreover, in all the drudgery of authorship, in all the turmoil of contentions with publishers, communications with artists, and never-ending correspondence with contributors. *In a word, it made her life miserable.*"

The greatest misery of all was that the success of these pretty gift-books soon began to decline. Like forced flowers they had only a brief and sickly vitality. Nothing that is not intrinsically good in literature will be permanently successful. "The public," as Dr. Madden honestly and pointedly remarks, "were surfeited with illustrated annuals. The taste for that species of lite-

* Some of the worst, because the most commonplace lines we ever read even in an annual, may be seen, with Mr. Hallam's name attached to them, in the *Book of Beauty* for 1844. On the other hand, we may refer to one or two short poems, of rare power and beauty, by Barry Cornwall (Mr. Procter), published in the *Keepsake*, a few years later.

rature had died out. The perpetual glorification even of beauty had become a bore. The periodical poems sung in honour of the children of the nobility ceased to be amusing. Lords and ladies and right honourable gentlemen, ready to write on any subject at the command of fashionable editors and editresses there was no dearth of, but readers were not to be had at length for love or money." Nor was the success of Lady Blessington's novels more enduring. "Of late years," says the biographer, "it was with the utmost difficulty she could get a publisher to undertake, at his own risk, the publication of a work of hers." This, as we have said, was the greatest misery of all. Any labour, any trouble, is borne cheerfully so long as there is success to gild it—but when there is no success, and yet an appearance of success must be maintained, the struggle is very bitter.

Dr. Madden, very sensible of this, frequently tells us that Lady Blessington was in a false position. She was in a *very* false position. Her life, indeed, was made up of shams. She had to appear rich—which she was not; successful—which she was not; happy—which she was not. Her beauty only was real; and even that was yielding to the assaults of time. She had to sustain, on an insufficient income, "the enormous expenditure of her magnificent establishments, first in Seymour (*Seamore*) Place, next in Kensington Gore." She "lived for distinction on the stage of literary society before the footlights, and always *en scène*." "She had become," continues her biographer, "accustomed to an atmosphere of adulation, and the plaudits of those friends which were never out of her ears. . . . The swinging of the censor before her fair face never ceased in those salons, and soft accents of homage to her beauty and her talents seldom failed to be whispered in her ear, while she sate enthroned in that well-known *fauteuil* of hers, holding high court in queenly state—"the most gorgeous Lady Blessington." But all this was mere emptiness and falsehood. She had, in reality, few friends. Among the many who were eager to gain admittance to her *salons* there were not half-a-dozen true-hearted men who did not sneer at her pretensions behind her back. Even the critics of the periodical press, whom she corrupted with her soft words and her radiant smiles, spoke significantly of "Poor Lady Blessington," as they praised her last fashionable novel, and felt ashamed when they read in print what they had written, of such prostitution of their high calling, and perversion of their literary skill.

But most true is it that every sham has "sentence of death written down against it from its birth." It was not in the power of all the critics that ever fluttered at Gore House to make a great literary reputation for its beautiful inmate; any more than

it was in her ladyship's power to support a splendid establishment on a slender income. The Public and the Duns would have their way. There was gorgeous misery in Gore House. The difficulties of Count D'Orsay contributed to the derangement of Lady Blessington's affairs. When she first took up her abode in Gore House the Count occupied a small dwelling in the immediate neighbourhood. But this arrangement was soon abandoned, and he became a permanent inmate of the lady's mansion—that mansion which had once been the residence of William Wilberforce! What amount of money D'Orsay contrived to spend under the provisions of Lord Blessington's will, can only be conjectured.* It is stated that his difficulties commenced "at a very early period of his career in London"—that "he was arrested soon after his arrival in England for a debt of £300 to his boot-maker in Paris." This was only two years after the death of Lord Blessington. The Mountjoy Estates were so embarrassed that the price of the fatal marriage was not forthcoming until just before his death. D'Orsay said of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* that it was the greatest political swindle the world had ever seen. Perhaps it might be said of this matter of Lord Blessington's will, that it was the greatest domestic swindle the world has ever seen. The promised inheritor of the immense Mountjoy estates seems to have been left without the means of paying his boot-maker's bill, and was driven in the course of a year or two to sponge upon the widow's jointure.

But this state of things could not last for ever. The wonder is that it lasted so long. The avalanche of debt and difficulty had been accumulating for years, and it fell at last upon Gore House, and crushed it. There came the most signal ruin of an establishment of a person of rank ever witnessed. The "break-up" took place in the spring of 1849. Creditors, bill-discounters, money-lenders, jewellers, lace-vendors, tax-collectors, gas-company's agents, all persons having claims to urge, pressed them simultaneously. Howell and James put in an execution for a debt of £4000. This was the long-delayed but inevitable crisis. It had been warded off by all sorts of petty shifts and cunning expedients. The shadow of the bailiff had for some years been darkening the doors of that elegant emporium of luxury and refinement. Every ring at the bell, every appearance of a stranger, had struck terror into the hearts of at least one of the inmates of Gore House. Men may become used to this sort of thing—women never. Lady Blessington could not meet her difficulties with an incredulous shrug, and a light-hearted *bah!* She was, indeed, supremely miserable; so miserable, that

* It seems that from first to last his creditors received from the estate £103,500—the greater part only a year before his death.

when it was no longer possible to avoid a public exposure of her situation, she must have felt that the crowning catastrophe could bring her only relief.

The costly contents of Gore House were sold by public auction. "Several of the friends of Lady Blessington," we are told, "urged on her pecuniary assistance, which would have prevented the necessity of breaking up the establishment. But she declined all offers of this kind." This is creditable, if true, to Lady Blessington's friends and to herself;* but it was sorry kindness, after all, in the form, to think of restoring her to that "false position" which had so long been nothing but splendid misery at best. To help Lady Blessington to keep Gore House agoing was one thing, to keep her in comfortable independence out of Gore House, was another. The latter was what she needed. But any offer of assistance at such a time was honourable to the friends who made it; and we hope, therefore, that the story is true. It was better that everything should go, as it did, to the hammer. It was a painful, but, in some respects, a profitable sight, which was presented to the public when, on a May morning, the doors of Gore House were thrown open to the *profanum vulgus*; and people of fashion, men of intellect, and Jew-brokers, jostled each other in its spacious salons. "Every room," says Dr. Madden, who was in the crowd, "was thronged; the well-known library-saloon, in which the conversaziones took place, was crowded, but not with guests. The arm-chair, in which the lady of the mansion was wont to sit, was occupied by a stout coarse gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, busily engaged in examining a marble hand extended on a book, the fingers of which were modelled from a cast of those of the absent mistress of the establishment. People, as they passed through the room, poked the furniture, pulled about the precious objects of art and ornaments of various kinds that lay upon the table. And some made jests and ribald jokes on the scene they witnessed." This was a matter of course. The people behaved as people always do upon such occasions. They went to expend their curiosity or their money, not their fine feelings. It was, as Dr. Madden says, rather emphatically than elegantly, "a total smash; a crash on a grand scale of ruin; a compulsory sale in the house of a noble lady; a sweeping clearance of all its treasures." And, of course, there were many present who thought this a fine joke. Lady Blessington's French

* We could have wished that the assertion had been made less vaguely and generally. We can find nothing in these volumes to support it. From the context, indeed, it is rather to be gathered that Lady Blessington's friends were not true to her in her misfortunes. The moral of the story hinges so much upon this question, that we appeal to Dr. Madden for some better solution of our doubts than he has afforded in the present edition of his memoirs.

valet wrote her that the only person who seemed really affected was the author of "Vanity Fair." "M. Thackeray est venu aussi, et avait les larmes aux yeux en partant. C'est peut-être la seule personne que j'ai vu réellement affecté à votre départ."

The sale at Gore House realised upwards of £13,000. The prices, when we consider what sums in later days have been paid for rare nothings, will not appear to have ranged high. Lawrence's famous portrait of Lady Blessington fell to the Marquis of Hertford for £336—more than four times its original price; but few other articles were sold at anything like a profit. Was it not our worthy friend Captain Dobbin, who purchased Amelia's pianoforte, at the sale of her father's effects, and placed it in the little parlour of the humble tenement to which the Sedleys were constrained to betake themselves? Or have we read of that incident elsewhere? We should like to know how many of Lady Blessington's "friends" purchased any of the cherished objects of Gore House for the gratification of restoring them to the hands of their old owner.

Lady Blessington went to Paris. Luxury seems to have become with her a chronic disease. She could not divest herself of the habit of surrounding herself with things beautiful and costly. No sooner had she reached the French capital, than she began to busy herself with the work of adorning a noble apartment near the Camps Elysées in the old style of Gore House. She could not settle down into a simple unostentatious way of life. Her thoughts were evidently turning towards a new and splendid career upon another theatre of action. Perhaps her ambition was stimulated by a constant recollection of the fact that one of the old habitués of Gore House—one whom in his adversity she had succoured—was now the foremost man in France. But this also was vanity. She put her trust in princes and was deceived. Louis Napoleon received her and his old friend D'Orsay with frigid courtesy. The fugitive prisoner of Ham was one person; the Prince-President of France another. The ingratitude of the prosperous man stung the quondam hosts of Gore House to the heart. They ought to have known better than to be disappointed; but these lessons are not easily learnt. It was, however, a matter of little moment to one whose career was then nearly run. Neither the friendship nor the neglect of princes was permitted to touch her heart, for good or evil, much longer. On the 3d of June, she moved into the new apartments, which she had fitted up in the old luxurious style "for the reception of the beau monde." She seemed then to be in good health and good spirits. But on the following day—just twenty years after Lord Blessington had fallen suddenly into the arms of death near the same spot of the same city—she was stricken

down with no more warning by a malady at least outwardly the same. It was an apoplectic seizure, complicated with disease of the heart. The violence of the symptoms passed over before she expired; and she died at last so easily, so tranquilly, that one who attended her death-bed—a faithful friend and a real mourner—has recorded “that it was impossible to perceive the moment when her spirit passed away.”

Count D'Orsay survived his friend more than three years. He fitted up a spacious studio in Paris; and, with a lacerated and a humbled heart, devoted himself to the cultivation of the fine arts. His health soon began to fail. He had looked for office under Louis Napoleon; and when a tardy recognition of his services came in the shape of an appointment to the nominal post of Director of the Fine Arts, it was too late to do him any good. The hand of death was upon him. He was suffering from a spinal malady, the painful affliction of which he is said to have borne with “fortitude, patience, uncomplaining gentleness, a manifest absence of all selfishness, and consideration for those attending upon him, which none but those whose painful task it was to watch by his couch,” could rightly estimate. In the month of July 1852, he was removed to Dieppe, as a last resource. Lady Blessington's nieces attended him. But the sea-air did not restore him; and, at the end of the month, he was carried back to Paris to die.

We shall say nothing to disturb the effect of all this. The story which we have thus hurriedly told is a strange—we believe, a singular one. There is nothing, indeed, resembling it in the social annals of our country. It is not, however, in its moral aspects that we desire to regard this picture of fashionable life in the nineteenth century; but rather, in connexion with the literature of the times. Lady Blessington's soirées will be remembered long after her works are forgotten. She was a remarkable woman, not because she wrote remarkable books or said remarkable things, but because she gathered around her many remarkable people. She was one of the few persons who, in our own or in past times, have made an effort to collect in their *salons* the literary celebrities of the day. It was Lady Blessington's great ambition to be esteemed the “Queen of Literature.” She sacrificed everything to it. And she became, outwardly at least—the idol of a set.

At best her success was but partial. She was a kind-hearted woman, and, doubtless, she delighted to see happy faces around her. But she thought more of feeding her own vanity than of anything else. And literature was not beholden to her for any genuine service that she rendered to it. Our own opinion is that, with really good intentions, she did a great deal of harm.

Such reunions as she intended might be beneficial to the literary and artistic world. But those of Gore House were not. Even Dr. Madden, who says that they were the pleasantest parties in the world, and compares them, in other respects, with those of Holland House, seems to have discerned something wrong about them.* Gore House was a great Exchange or Mart of Flattery, where Lady Blessington was continually sitting at the receipt of custom. Everybody who went there was expected to render back something in return for "value received." There must have been a prevailing sense of the hollowness of the whole affair on the minds of all who assisted at the oblation.

It is right, however, that what was good about it should not be concealed. Lady Blessington, as we have said, had good feelings and good intentions; and it does not follow that she did not think about others because she thought much about herself. We are all swayed by mixed motives in this world. "In Gore House society," says Dr. Madden, "Lady Blessington had given herself a mission, in which she laboured, certainly, with great assiduity and wonderful success—that of bringing together people of the same pursuits who were rivals in them for professional distinction, and inclining competitors for fame in politics, art, and literature. This, most assuredly, was a very good and noble object. . . . The party warfare that is waged in literature, art, and politics, it seemed to be the main object of the mistress of Gore House, in the high sphere in which she moved, to assuage and put an end to, and, when interrupted, to prevent the recurrence of. It was astonishing with what tact this was pursued; and those only who have seen much of the

* We had purposed to have said something more in this place about the Holland House coterie, but the announcement of the forthcoming *Memoirs of the Reverend Sydney Smith*, by Lady Holland, suggests that the consideration of this subject may be more expediently deferred. We need not say how very different, in our estimation, were the Gore House and the Holland House Gatherings. The latter, like the former, are now tradition; but how affectionately are they remembered! How truly has been said by one of the most distinguished ornaments of that coterie, that all the guests of Holland House will long recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze and canvass, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the peculiar character which belonged to these circles, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; whilst Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's *Baretti*; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; whilst Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lamour over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace, and the kindness—far more admirable than grace—with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed. They will remember the venerable and benignant countenance, and the cordial voice of her who bade them welcome.

correspondence of Lady Blessington, can form any idea of the labour she imposed on herself in removing unfavourable impressions, explaining away differences, inducing estranged people to make approaches to an accommodation, to meet and to be reconciled." Now, we are willing to give Lady Blessington credit for having wished to bring about these good results; but, if the fact of her success is demonstrated in her ladyship's correspondence, we cannot help thinking it a great pity that some examples of it are not given in Dr. Madden's work.

It was certainly "a good and noble object" to which she addressed herself. That a rallying-point, a centre of attraction, is much needed by literary men in the present day, is not to be denied. Simply for want of opportunities of fusion, men of genius and learning who would admire and love, support and encourage one another, and from whose association and co-operation much would be gained to the world, go through life as strangers and foreigners, never exchanging a kindly greeting, or saying God-speed, as they go upon their journey. In England, indeed, "literary society" exists only in a scattered, fragmentary state. There is no cohesiveness about it. In other words, it is split up into coteries or cliques. Dr. Madden says, that Lady Blessington's great object was to counteract this tendency to cliqueism; and he adds that she succeeded. We are at issue with him on this point. The Gore House clique may have been an extensive one; but it was only a clique after all.

It was hardly possible, indeed, that anything more than a partial success should attend Lady Blessington's efforts. Neither socially nor intellectually was she fitted to occupy so high a position as that to which she aspired. Rightly or wrongly, charitably or uncharitably, many very excellent people believed that the atmosphere of Gore House was a tainted one, and were unwilling, therefore, to breathe it. It was unfortunate that there should have been anything equivocal in the moral status of one aiming to attain such a social eminence. There should have been nothing to alarm, to deter, to repel; nothing that could, by any implication, be considered to reflect disadvantageously upon the general character of literary men, by conveying an impression of the existence among them of a laxity peculiar to themselves. We say nothing about the propriety or the impropriety of such an inference; we simply allude to what we believe to have been a fact. The popularity of Gore House did not raise the literary character in the estimation of the outside world. Mediocrity is ever on the alert to find holes in the coat of Genius. If you are compelled to acknowledge that your neighbour is intellectually above you, it is a consolation to be able to flatter yourself that he is morally your inferior. It is pleasant to be

able to declare that authors are a loose set; and to give a reason for such a declaration. If you cannot climb the heights of Parnassus, it is something to be able to thank God that you have not descended to the abysmal depths of Aspasia House.

Viewing the matter in this light, it may be doubted whether Lady Blessington, with perhaps the best intentions, was not in reality responsible for results the very reverse of what she desired and expected. But this was not all the harm that was done. We have said that her literary position did not fit her for the duties she had undertaken, any more than did her social standing. The part which she had assumed could only be adequately performed by one above all suspicion of desiring to gain anything for herself. But Dr. Madden does not shrink from expressing his opinion, or rather declaring the notorious truth, that the hospitalities of Gore House were necessary to the maintenance of her own literary position. She was a fashionable authoress, without a sufficiency of the pure ore of talent and learning to dispense with the gilding of the *claqueurs*. It was impossible to visit Gore House and not to praise her Ladyship's writings. As we have already said, this was, doubtless, corruption; but it was a comely kind of corruption, and one the influence of which it was very difficult to resist. The critics who praised Lady Blessington's writings beyond their deserts, were not venal, were not servile—they were simply fascinated—charmed into chivalrous good nature—into unresisting obedience to the spell. It was not that they deliberately trode down their sober judgment and refused to listen to the voice of truth; but that for the time they believed that what they wrote was just and true. They saw everything relating to her Ladyship through a rose-tinted medium, and stamped the fleeting impression of the moment for ever on the printed page. This could not be good for literature. And so far from such a state of things having a tendency to check the progress of cliqueism, it could do nothing but promote it. While there were such objects to be gained—such an undercurrent of motive—the society of Gore House could be nothing but a clique.

Indeed, it would be easy to indicate the peculiar constitution of the Gore House clique—to name the authors, critics, painters, and actors who were the especial stars of that cerulean firmament. A glimpse of the real state of the case is afforded by one of Count D'Orsay's letters printed (we need not name the page) in these *Memoirs*. We see no reason why Lady Blessington or Count D'Orsay should not choose their friends as well as any one else; and we have nothing to say against their taste. But we repeat that we can discern no proofs in Dr. Madden's volume of the catholicity which he claims for his heroine, not only in

respect of the desire, (which we do not question,) but of the actual result. It was not possible, indeed, that she should have achieved any greater success. The "great and noble object" could only be accomplished by one above all reproach and beyond all suspicion. And we cannot say that we think it will be any great improvement when such circumstances as those which environed Lady Blessington do not present any obstacle to social success.

If she had succeeded in doing what her biographer says was the cherished object of her heart, she would have done a great thing. We look in vain for anything like a systematic attempt to bring about that fusion of literary men which all acknowledge to be desirable, but which seems, with every new year, only to become more remote and seemingly more impracticable. We do not get beyond a respectable coterie. Whether this is better, or worse than nothing, it is hard to say. Coterieism is to a certain extent unavoidable. Men will choose their companions according to the bent of their tastes and dispositions, and if they stand by those whom they have chosen it is not otherwise than creditable to them. Catholic sympathies are rare. There is a certain kind of book—a certain kind of picture—a certain kind of dramatic performance—that is pleasing to a certain critic. He has his own canons of criticism; his own peculiar faith; his own brotherhood of saints. Each member of the fraternity in turn idolizes the other. But the critic is for the most part the common centre of the whole, and keeps all parts of the little community together. It is pleasant—to a certain extent it is profitable. But a great narrowing of sympathy results from it; a contraction of ideas within the circle; and often considerable injustice and cruelty to those who live beyond it. It is a misfortune to a man of talent to be the idol of a set. A man of real, vigorous, healthy genius will shake off all such fetters. But where this native strength, this irresistible expansiveness does not exist, the tendency of this coterieism is to induce men to write (down perhaps) to the tastes and opinions of the particular set, who act with zealous officiousness as the claqueurs of one another; and to shape their books, as they would their trousers, after the particular cut of the "*arbitrarius elegantiarum*," in whom they blindly believe.

The effect of this on our periodical literature is unhealthy; but we do not well see how it is to be avoided. The only remedy for the evil is, perhaps, to be found in a better-instructed public. If it were more generally known that certain authors, certain painters, certain actors, &c., are sure to be praised in certain periodicals, the value of such praise would diminish in proportion as its intelligibility increases. But so long as a very

large proportion of the reading public barely know the difference between a publisher's puff and the deliberate verdict of an instructed and unprejudiced reviewer, the criticism of the coteries must necessarily carry weight with it. And there would not be much harm in this, if the criticism of the coteries extended no further than the laudation of friends and associates. But it often takes the much more reprehensible shape of deliberate detraction levelled against the rivals, or the supposed rivals, of these friends and associates; or else of systematic neglect. It might be supposed that an evil of this kind would supply its own remedy—that the public, by the support of whom alone periodical literature of any kind can exist, would settle the matter in a peremptory manner for themselves. But the public care nothing about it so long as they are entertained. They do not read a newspaper or a periodical for the sake of its honesty and integrity, but for the amount of amusement it yields. They have no time to inquire, and no means to ascertain, if they would, the justice either of the individual criticisms which appear in the journals they patronize, or the exclusiveness by which they are characterized. The public, indeed, take things as they find them. They are not sufficiently interested in the matter to care to look beneath the surface.

There is nothing new in all this. The evil is one of old standing, although the development of it differs, in some respects, from that which it assumed in the last century, when the verdict of the coteries was delivered in sonorous discourse, and passed from mouth to mouth, or circulated by epistolary correspondence. The oracular "We" now is everything; the oracular "I" nothing. There is scarcely a writer in the country, and we are sure that there is not a publisher, who would not rather receive half a column of praise at the hands of the *Times* than be lauded in private society by half the literary magnates in the country. If Sam Johnson were to come among us again, the *Times*, if it chose, could extinguish him in a week. No public writer in these days much concerns himself about what is said of him in coffee-houses or clubs, at breakfast or at dinner tables. Reputations are not made or unmade by the fiat of oracular doctors over a cup of tea; nor are sucking authors tremblingly eager to learn what the great Mr. Blank or the celebrated Mr. Asterisk has said of their new poem or their new romance. Whether the present state of things is better or worse than the old we need not pause to inquire. The dispensers of fame were perhaps more absolute of old, but then they were more responsible. Now-a-days the multiplicity of oracles renders the irresponsibility of the anonymous less dangerous. No one man now can knock down a reputation that has got any legs to stand upon.

It has been said, indeed, that no amount of adverse criticism

can hinder a good book from eventually making its way in public estimation. The assertion, however, is one that is not likely to be put to the proof. A good book never has any large amount of adverse criticism to grapple with in these days of many-sided reviews. On the whole, the judgment of the Press is seldom very far wrong. There is a wonderful disproportion, it is true, between the different amounts of praise meted out by different critical authorities. The inconsistency, indeed, of the verdicts delivered is often immensely ridiculous. But when the balance is struck at last,—when the *plus* and *minus* quantities have neutralized each other, the remainder is not far from the amount to which the author is justly entitled. But although, in the main, no great injury is done to the author, and few have any real reason to complain of the decisions of the Press as a whole, there is no doubt that literature itself suffers greatly by these many-sided judgments. There must be falsehood, intentional or unintentional, somewhere. There must be ignorant or prejudiced critics, or both. If you read on the same Saturday morning that your friend's or your own book is a very good and a very bad one, you know that one verdict or other must be wrong, and you strongly suspect that neither is right. When this has been repeated two or three times, you are forced upon the conclusion that periodical criticism is good for nothing.

Now, making every allowance for difference of opinion—for irrepressible ill-nature and self-sufficiency on the one side, and inexhaustible mercy and kindness on the other—there will still remain a very large residuum of inconsistency to be attributed to the influence of coterieism. Private motives and feelings have been at work. The author belongs to a clique, or has an influential friend who belongs to a clique; or he is very much in the way, a dangerous rival, perhaps, of some member of another clique. He has been over-praised on one account, and under-praised on another; he is not much wronged, but Literature is degraded.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to prevent this. Men, whether critics or not critics, will serve their friends in preference to strangers. There are few members of the "ungentle craft" who can plead *not guilty* to the charge of occasionally reviewing a friend's book, and meting out to it liberal commendation. It does not follow that the book is bad because it is your friend's, and praise may be only justice. But this is a different matter from the continual laudation of one set of writers, and the systematic neglect or depreciation of all not belonging to a particular school. This result of coterieism it would be a great thing to obviate. The counteraction of these influences was, it seems, the "great object" of Lady Blessington. For reasons already stated, she was not successful. But might

not some one with better opportunities succeed where, owing to circumstances, she has failed? Or, is it impossible for literary men to do for themselves what it is so difficult to find any individual sufficiently gifted to accomplish for them? Can there be nothing better, in the way of literary fusion and association, than a limited coterie? Clubs have been established for this express purpose, but they have failed. There are in London two well known Clubs avowedly intended for the congregation of men of literature and art; but one is becoming every year less and less literary in its constitution, and the other is resorted to only by literary men of a particular class. A third was attempted to be established on different principles a few years ago; but it fell into cliqueism, and was speedily extinct. If we ever were a clubbable people, it may be doubted whether we are so now. Men meet at Clubs in the flesh, but do not associate in the spirit. Our habitual reserve sits heavily upon us. Literary men are no exception to the rule. There is no free-masonry, no fellowship among them;* every man looks askance at his neighbour, until somebody or something has broken down the English barrier, and brought them together.

In truth, every one seems to be agreed that something is wanting; but what that something is to be, no one is able to declare. We are almost afraid that the case is a hopeless one. It is often said that literature is not, and cannot be, a profession. If by this is meant an exclusive, or diplomatized profession, of course the *dictum* is true. The lawyer, the physician, the divine must produce certain credentials which are supposed to establish his competency to perform the duties attaching to his office. He is a guaranteed and responsible professor. He has been trained in the first place; approved in the second; and licensed in the third. He may be a dunderhead in respect of natural talent; and not far from an ignoramus in respect of his acquirements. But when the seal is once upon him, and he is admitted within the hallowed circle, he may snap his fingers at all the world of outside barbarians and dare them to enter the pale within which he disports himself at will. But an author needs no license, but his own; no diploma, but his publishers. He needs the stamp of no college and no corporation. He has not to serve terms, to eat dinners, to take degrees, or to be "called." The interests

* This ought not, however, to be stated without some qualification. It is to the honour of literary men that they are well disposed to help one another when adversity falls heavily upon them. An instance of this good feeling has very recently presented itself to our notice. The activity of an industrious public writer was, a few months ago, arrested for ever it is feared by an attack of paralysis. It is said that he broke down under the pressure of continual work. The case excited much sympathy among his literary brethren, who by various means raised a considerable sum of money for his support. Among other praiseworthy efforts it may be mentioned that Mr. Thackeray delivered a lecture for the benefit of his afflicted fellow-labourer, and added thereby a hundred pounds to the fund.

of humanity, it seems, do not require that he should be instructed. An ignorant lawyer, or an uninformed physician, or a thick-headed divine, may injure us in our property, in our physical or our moral health. He may send us astray on divers paths; give us the wrong advice or the wrong medicine; and deluge us with false doctrine—so long as he has the stamp upon him. But an author needs no stamp to do any kind of mischief. He may write what he likes and print what he likes—so long as he is not libellous. False doctrines may be disseminated—vile poison distributed among thousands or tens of thousands, instead of among the hundreds, or the tens, perhaps, of a small parish—but there is no illegality in it. The distributor is not asked by virtue of what he undertakes to be a teacher of the people. He is an Englishman, and he claims an Englishman's privilege to say what he likes—as long as he is not in a pulpit, in a court of law, or on any other exclusive arena.

Everybody is an author who writes a book; everybody may be an author, learned or unlearned, who either *has* the necessary ability, or the hardihood to betray to the world that he has *not*. We have law lists; clergy lists; army lists; medical directories, and other professional muster-rolls. It would be curious to see a list of living authors—their names, residences, other occupations, past or present, all entered. If the publication of such a list would have no other effect it would at all events shew that there can be, in the present state of affairs, no such thing as a literary profession. Everything about the calling is scattered, desultory, irregular. There is, doubtless, a flourishing crop of authorship, but it seems to come from chance-sown seeds. The question is whether it is possible to give anything of adhesion to its scattered parts. The nearest approach to the position of authors, is, we presume, to be found in that of artists. Artists form themselves into societies; and there is one great Royal Corporation which puts a distinguishing stamp upon its members. It may be said that the Royal Academy is nothing more than a great artistic coterie—that the very evils, of which we have spoken with reference to literature, result from its exclusiveness in matters of Art. But, at all events, it is a responsible body. It may be a fallible one. But still it has its uses. It is something to be an academician, and to write R.A. after one's name. There may be *some* better painters out of the Academy than in it; but the diploma is, at all events, a guarantee that the bearer of it is not a mere incapable. The affix of R.A. carries weight with it. It confers professional and social distinction. It gives a man, in a word, a *status*. But there is nothing that is to Literature what the Academy is to Art. There is no rallying point, indeed, of any kind. Nothing that in any way gathers together and concentrates, in one compact body, the scattered

elements of the literary world. Authors of all kinds are classed confusedly together—a sprawling heterogeneous crowd. Literature does not, like art, treat any of its exponents as amateurs. Or, perhaps, it should be said, that it treats all as amateurs. A Chancellor or a Bishop, or a Cabinet Minister, competes with the professional author. He does not appear in the catalogues with *Honorary* attached to his name; but drives, perhaps, a better bargain with his publisher than if he had been a mere writer for bread.

It may be asked whether this does not dignify and ennoble the literary character. We do not care to answer this question. Nothing really ennobles literature but genius and truth. It might be shewn, on the other hand, how hard it is, that whilst Dives the great lawyer, or Locuples the eminent divine, may at any time walk into Paternoster Row, the profits of the professional author, unless pleading his own cause, or preaching to his own family, may not trench upon the labours and the profits of his privileged brethren of divinity and the law—it might, we say, be easily shewn, that this is a very hard case. But we do not write in any narrow professional spirit. We consider the good of the public to be paramount in all. And we believe that, on the whole, as society is now constituted, it is advantageous to literature, that Bishops, Chancellors, Cabinet Ministers, and other magnates of the land, *should* jostle the hungry author in Paternoster Row. It is true, that what is done very badly by Dives might be done very well by Lazarus. But it is often not a question of good or bad; but a question of bad or not at all. It often happens that very valuable collections of papers are entrusted to some aristocratic author, or would-be-author, on the strength of the confidence which the possessor entertains in him, as one who, being of equal social rank, has lived with him for years in habits of familiar intercourse. Fortunate is it when literary talent is united with social rank, as in the case of Lord Stanhope (Mahon) whose new name we now write for the first time. Even when they are not, there is mighty power in a name. And although we could indicate a score of untitled literary men who could have edited Thomas Moore's papers more artistically than Lord John Russell, we by no means regret that they are in his lordship's hands. His name has rendered them more marketable in the first instance, and more readable in the second. The very defects of the volumes enhance their popularity. For, the opportunity being afforded, the reader enjoys the privilege, and it is no contemptible one, of abusing a Lord and a Cabinet Minister for making a bad book.

And then, too, it will be said, that when Cabinet Ministers turn authors, literature will of course be encouraged,—that

authors in high place will sympathize with their lowlier brethren,—that there must necessarily be some fellowship between them. No such thing. You send your last new book to a literary statesman, simply because he *is* a literary statesman; and he acknowledges it, scarcely with thanks, through his private secretary. Perhaps he tears the heart out of it for his next speech, or hands it over to a colleague for such generous treatment; but he expresses no sympathy, offers no encouragement. He is simply a Minister of State, receiving homage, as is his due,—formal and frigid,—all tape. The Ministers who have sympathized most with literary men have not been *littérateurs* themselves. There would seem, indeed, to be nothing attainable by the combination, except a diversion of part of the gains of authorship into the pockets of those who have a sufficiency of flocks and herds of their own not to need the sacrifice of the one ewe lamb of the struggling author.

Perhaps the fault lies still higher up—at the very “fountain of honour” itself. In a Government like ours it would hardly, perhaps, be just to say that *much* depends upon the personal character or the personal tastes of an individual. The claims of distinguished literary men,—of men who have worthily served their country with the pen,—would be recognised under any sovereign, if the recognition were pressed upon the Crown by its responsible advisers, and the Parliament to which they are responsible. But any such recognition is not in accordance with what is called “the spirit of the age.” What public honours does literature earn for itself,—what honours that kings or governments can bestow? We know, of course, that there are greater honours even than these—that the home which a great writer makes for himself in the hearts of a grateful people is a nobler tribute to his worth, a prouder distinction, than any titles, or medals, or other national reward. The same argument might be applied to the case of Wellington on his return from Waterloo, or any other war-hero after any other great triumph, and must therefore be dismissed. It does not follow that because a great writer is honoured by the Public he has no claim to be honoured by the Crown. It little matters whether this or that author is entitled to write a certain number of letters before or after his name, or to wear a bit of gold or silver, or a scrap of riband on his breast. The author himself would care little, perhaps, for the mere personal vanity of the thing. What he desires is meet honour to literature; and literature can only be honoured through its professors. But how scanty a number of its professors have ever been so honoured—a scanty number at all times, and in every reign decreasingly scanty. Who ever hears, in these days, of a writer receiving public honours *solely because he is a public writer?*

Some accident unconnected with literature may help him to distinction; but it is conferred on the accident, not on himself. And yet if there be any calling in the world to which the rendering of personal honour is peculiarly appropriate, it is that of literature, for literary success is especially a man's own, the growth of his personal gifts and personal exertions alone, promoted by no accident, shaped by no agents, aided by no auxiliaries. The triumphs of the author are exclusively his own. He has no courageous battalions to win victory for him in spite of himself.

We need not refer to the "custom of other countries." We need not dwell upon the fact, that literature is more honoured even in states where its utterances are less free than in our own. All this is sufficiently notorious. Indeed, we have wandered further away from our original subject than we had designed. We purposed chiefly to say, in this place, that whatever ennobles the literary character, and raises the social status of literary men, must have a tendency to define and consolidate the literary profession. We have said that, as society is now constituted, it is advantageous to the world, that men of high rank, not following literature as a profession, should undertake the work of authorship, because, but for this, it is probable that much valuable historical and biographical matter would otherwise be lost to the world. But if the social status of professional writers were higher than it is—if their claims were duly recognised and their position clearly defined—there would be no need to call in the aid of these titled amateurs. If the aristocracy of talent were fairly mixed up in the world with the aristocracy of birth and the aristocracy of wealth, and the personal characters of authors as well known in society as their works, we should see the competent literary workman trusted and employed instead of some jaded statesman or incapable peer.

But it will be said, perhaps, that the character and conduct of professional writers on the whole are not such as justify such confidence—in a word, that authors are still considered a vagabond race. Of all the cruelty and injustice to which society stands committed, there is nothing so flagrant as that of taunting people with being what its own acts have made them. You may as fairly cut off a man's right hand, and taunt him with being a cripple. That literary men are not blameless, that they are not altogether true to themselves, is not to be denied. But this is not so much the cause, as it is the effect of the discouragement to which we have alluded. We do not mean that men are excluded from society because they are authors. On the other hand, we know that literature often opens the doors of society to its professors. But these are individual and exceptional cases rather than a general rule. It does not affect the argument that

a few obtain admittance, almost, as it were, on sufferance. What is wanted is a defined social position for literary men—a distinct recognition of the fact, that the services which they render as teachers of the people, are services rendered to the state—services to be acknowledged and rewarded, not merely by empty titles, but by public employment, and other substantial gifts. Let literary men know that they have something to work for, beyond the cheques of the publishers and the praises of the reviewers, and we will answer for it that they do not prove themselves unworthy of the place that is made for them in society.

But, we repeat, that literary men have something still to do for themselves. "The profession themselves," as is well and truly said by Mr. Forster in his *Life of Goldsmith*, "have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves that defined position from which greater respect and more frequent consideration in public life could not long be withheld; in fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest; and that on all occasions to do justice to it and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world." We are glad to promote the currency of these good words. Doubtless, "co-operation" is much wanted. Even the best efforts of men who have a taint of cliqueism about them, are regarded, on this account, with suspicion by their literary brethren. This is, unquestionably, a great misfortune. You talk about a movement among literary men, and are told, with a sneer, that it is "only ——'s set." Of course, these jealousies are fatal to co-operation. But how much of this suspicion is the result of absolute ignorance? Men mistrust, because they do not know one another. A little social attrition would soon wear the crust away.

It was Lady Blessington's good object, as we have said, to bring about this social attrition. But she did not succeed. Whether any one else, in the high places of the earth, will ever succeed better, can only be conjectured. The attempt in itself is noble; and even failure is honourable. Meanwhile, it were well that literary men should keep the subject of their position continually before them; and ever bear in mind that the more they go out of the shell of coterieism, and enlarge the sphere of their sympathies, the more likely they are to bring about the great end which all have in view, and towards which all are eager to struggle—but, alas! by how many different roads. They may be sure that nothing will be accomplished so long as the fraternity of authors is split up into a number of unsympathizing, discordant sets. If we once put aside cliqueism, we may be sure of the result.

ART. VII.—1. *Speech of Lord Grey on the Organization of the War Department.* January 29, 1855.

2. *Speeches of Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Osborne, and the Duke of Newcastle.* January 26, 29, and February 1, 1855.

3. *Scutari.* By REV. SIDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE. London, 1855.

IN an Article on the progress and prospects of the War, written early in October last, and published in our November Number, we were considered to have shown less than our usual sagacity. Our anticipations, as it has turned out, were somewhat over sanguine, and our speculations somewhat premature. We spoke of Sebastopol as already taken; and of the campaign as already ended and won; whereas that great fortress has baffled our attempts to take it for several months, and our signal and rapid victories have been changed into a series of disasters unequalled since the Cabul catastrophe. No doubt these facts show the rashness of vaticination under any circumstances. We acknowledge our mistake; but we cannot admit that that mistake in the least degree impugns our sagacity. The facts of the case warranted our anticipations—anticipations which were shared by the best judges both in England and France. It was impossible for any wisdom to conjecture such a combination of blunders and incompetency as the last two months have brought to light;—and it is now pretty well understood and admitted on all hands, that Sebastopol would have been in our hands in October last, if the advice of those generals had been followed who urged an immediate attack after the victory at Alma, or if the Council of War, which was held after the flank march to Balaclava to consider the propriety of an assault, had decided in the affirmative instead of in the negative. If one or two votes then given on one side had been given on the other, or (as is generally believed) if Sir John Burgoyne had broken his leg, or had been absent in the rear, the city would probably have been stormed next day, and we should have been true prophets, and the Ministry would have been a glorious and applauded Administration. No doubt, we believe, now exists that such was the unprepared condition of the defences on the south side, and such the extreme surprise of our appearance in that unexpected quarter, that we should have met only with a faint, confused, and ineffectual resistance.

But our justification is a matter far too insignificant in the face of a grave and painful question like the present to deserve any further words. What we have now to deal with are the facts as they actually occurred, and the causes, immediate and

remote, to which they are to be attributed;—the disasters that have overtaken our gallant army, the circumstances, the individuals, or the system that have led to them, and the remedial measures by which their future recurrence may be prevented.

We are not about to distress ourselves, or harrow up the feelings of our readers by a picture of the calamities which have overtaken and nearly destroyed our gallant army in the Crimea. We shall only give a brief summary of those characteristic circumstances which point out the peculiar nature of the evils to be dealt with, and indicate the sources to which they are to be traced; and we shall be careful to state none which we have not good reason for believing to be indisputably true. There have no doubt been many falsehoods, much exaggeration, much excessive colouring: but all this is now of little consequence: the minimum of misery and mismanagement admitted by the highest authorities, and the most resolute optimists, is a basis quite broad enough for the conclusions we design to build upon it,—quite sad enough to justify the severest scrutiny and the most unsparing censure.

After long deliberation, and after exhausting every honourable means of a pacific accommodation, we entered upon this war with the whole strength and spirit of the nation. The country was as nearly unanimous as it has ever been. Parliament voted all the funds and men that were asked for. The people accepted willingly all the taxes that were imposed upon them. The Government set to work in earnest, and displayed unwonted energy. The fleet and army that left our shores were the best equipped, the most powerful, and the best conditioned that Britain had ever sent forth. The commander-in-chief was selected as having been the most intimate friend of the great Duke, an admirable organizer, and long trained to the interior business of the army. The generals of division were appointed according to the best estimate that could be formed of their abilities, and utterly without regard to political opinions. The Ministry, Conservative and Whig, named General Evans, a Radical; General Cathcart and Lord Raglan, Tories; and Sir Colin Campbell, (we believe) a Liberal, and an officer of Indian reputation; and Sir George Brown, also a Tory. No money was spared, nor anything that money could buy. Suggestions were listened to on all hands, and improvements readily adopted. Transports, steam and sailing, were taken up everywhere, and at vast expense. Lord Hardinge had restored the artillery to a state of great comparative efficiency; and the Minié rifle was in rapid course of distribution to nearly all the regiments.

The fleet was if possible still better provided. The newest screw vessels were sent out. Admiral Dundas was appointed,

we presume, for caution: Sir Edmund Lyons, certainly, for energy and enterprise. Nearly 30,000 men landed in the Crimea, and before the end of the year 20,000 more were sent. Three glorious battles were fought in two months, and the siege was vigorously commenced. So far all looked prosperous.—Now comes the reverse of the picture.

It soon appeared that, though we had an able and experienced ambassador at Constantinople, with ample secret service money at his disposal, though the Crimean expedition had been long contemplated, and though Greeks and Russians are notoriously venal, yet that we possessed no accurate plans of Sebastopol, and scarcely any useful information about the Crimea. The army was in ignorance of the peculiar construction of the fortress they were to attack, and the peculiar nature of the country in which they were to winter. Then it was discovered that the artillery of the enemy was heavier than our own, and that they repaired damages faster than we could make them. The next thing that came to light was that we had landed admirably provided for a *coup-de-main*, but not at all provided for a lengthened residence or a tedious siege. We had no organized transport service, few waggons, and a very scanty and daily diminishing supply of beasts of burden. Winter was approaching, and the troops had no better shelter than tents, many of which were old and tattered, and what was worse, these tents for a long time could not be taken to the camp, or set up for want of mules and baggage horses to carry them. Of course soldiers began to sicken and die. Cholera appeared. Then began the downhill career of calamities,—fearful, rapid, and irresistible. Our ambulances had been left behind at Varna, and the transports that should have brought them after us were ordered on other services. The hospital marquees in the camp were wretched and inadequate. The temporary hospital at Balaclava the same. The slaughter in battle and the progress of disease had been so fearful that medical aid and medical stores proved everywhere insufficient. Even the hospital at Scutari was much too small, and sadly unprovided. The transports employed in conveying thither the sick and wounded were scandalously crowded, scandalously neglected, scandalously ill-arranged. The sufferings of the poor wretches on board were horrible to contemplate. In no Russian lazaret could they have been worse. The medical officers and orderlies were either too few, or too incapable, or too negligent, or had not authority enough. The most authentic accounts sent home were so bad that we found refuge in disbelieving them. Alas! the statements of Mr. Stafford and Mr. S. G. Osborne leave no doubt about the matter now.

Meanwhile rumours got abroad that things were not as they

should be, and Ministers redoubled their exertions. Winter clothing was sent in abundance and in haste; wooden huts were ordered of the best construction, and sent out admirably arranged and packed, with the least possible delay. Private zeal came in aid of public energy. Wine, brandy, tobacco, venison, sheep-skin coats, fur pelisses, water-proof boots, warm shoes, flannel drawers, socks, and blankets without end poured forth from our ports as fast as merchant steamers and gentlemen's yachts could be laden with them. Medical stores and lady nurses sailed for Scutari. Everything was sent out in such overwhelming profusion that the impression was, and not unreasonably, that our troops would pass a winter of unprecedented comfort, and that the danger to be apprehended was lest they should become enervated by too much luxury, and lest the Crimea should prove another Capua.

So it would have been had these things ever reached the troops. But *diis aliter visum est*. Such a scene of incompetency, chaos, and disorganization was gradually unveiled as makes the blood run cold with horror, the cheek burn with shame, the heart beat with indignation. Everything was sent, nothing arrived; or rather everything arrived at Constantinople, but not at Scutari,—at Balaclava, but not at the camp. Government sent things 3000 miles. The army could not get them carried six miles! Medical stores were found deficient or absolutely wanting at Scutari. They were at Varna, whither the army had originally gone. When the army sailed for the Crimea these stores were ordered back to Scutari; but “in the hurry and confusion of departure,” says Mr. S. Herbert, “these orders were not executed!” There was a terrible outcry for lint in the hospital: none was forthcoming, though acres had been sent. It appeared at last that the lint was lying unopened in the cellar; but the official store-keeper either did not know of it, or from stupidity or obstinacy would not give it out! The parties who had to give out stores and food seem to have been miserably too few, and the system horribly clumsy. Many patients could not get their food till evening, some not at all, though the distributors worked as hard as they could. Then there were no utensils in the wards; the filth was extreme, and disease of course followed. Official incapacity and blundering,—an official staff inadequate in numbers and in sense! Such seems to be the explanation. The medicine and clothing were packed in a ship below shot and shells. The ammunition went on to the army, the vessel foundered, and the medicine and clothing went down to the fishes. Coffee in abundance was sent out, but *unroasted and unground*,* and of course wholly un-

* The real facts of this matter, now at length fully known, go far, we think, to exonerate the authorities at home from blame. In the first place, coffee does not

available. At Balaclava the state of things was equally disgraceful. The beasts of burden were all dead, and the cavalry horses fast dying. There was no road to the camp, and the mud way was impassable. The troops were dwindling away by disease or death at the rate of several hundreds every week. They were toiling in the trenches, or in carrying up food and shot from the harbour,—they were on half rations,—they had no shelter but tattered tents,—only one hut had been got up (in January,)—they lay in the mud, and slept in their wet clothes, amid a piercing wind, and with the thermometer 10 degrees below freezing point. *Yet everything they could wish for was at Balaclava, within six miles*; sometimes laden in the ships, sometimes rotting on the beach,—but still there, within their reach. Why was this? How could such things be? Because vessels arrived without bills of lading, and the officials at Balaclava therefore would not receive them. Because the harbour masters at Balaclava could not or would not adopt an effective system of unloading the ships and storing their cargoes. Because there were no waggons, no mules, no road,—because inferior officials adhered to their precise orders, and superior ones went on in the old jog-trot routine. Because, apparently, there was no man there with head enough to organize a system, with authority enough to compel obedience, with resolution enough to hang any one who thwarted him through pedantry or stubborn folly. Because, in fine, the troops, having more to do than human nature could do,—more to bear than human nature could bear, melted away day by day,—because every evil multiplied itself in a geometrical progression,—because the want of a road imposed upon them labour which made them too weary to make a road,—because want of shelter incapacitated them from provid-

form a usual item in the soldier's rations when on foreign service. The supplying it at all was a kind consideration for the troops, due, we believe, to Mr. Sidney Herbert. Whenever it has been furnished before, it has been furnished unroasted. It is supplied unroasted in the French army. It was sent out unroasted to the East in order that it might preserve its aroma, and be both more nourishing and more palatable. But very early in the day (July 1854) one of the authorities at home, fancying there might be some difficulty in roasting and grinding it in camp, sent out 5000 lbs. ready roasted, and desired the Commissary-General to report upon the desirableness of this system. A favourable answer was returned in October, and immediately on receipt of this report Government ordered large quantities of coffee in the prepared state to go out; but unfortunately at this moment all our transports were in requisition for conveying French troops, and the coffee could not sail till December. But what are we to think of the Commissary-General, who, finding the troops supplied with green coffee, and *not* supplied with means of roasting or grinding it, contented himself with *writing home* to advise that in future it should be sent out in a prepared state, when he was within 48 hours sail of Constantinople, where people drink coffee from morning till night, and where he might have had his own coffee roasted and ground for him, or might have purchased prepared coffee in any quantities!

ing a shelter, or putting up the shelter which England had sent for them,—because want of food rendered them too feeble to carry up food to the camp. They died of scurvy, with fresh vegetables rotting on the beach at Balaclava,—they died of exposure, with houses encumbering the harbour of Balaclava,—they died of cold, with fuel strewing the shores, and with sheepskins, furs, and blankets heaped up on the quays below them,—their toes were frostbitten in sight of the vessels filled with boots and shoes, and in hearing of the curses of the captains who could not discharge their cargoes,—they perished of hunger while meat, flour, rum, biscuit, were all within reach, clamouring to be eaten! And all this, not because Government had been remiss, not because England had been niggardly or neglectful, not because accident or fate had put insuperable obstacles in their way, but because, by some strange and inexplicable influence, imbecility seemed to have stricken all channels of command and distribution,—because there was wanting at once the freedom of a state of nature, and the organized skill of a state of civilisation.

Such was the position of our army in the middle of January. Whether nearly 30,000 out of the 50,000 landed remained fit for duty, as Mr. Gladstone assured the House, or only 15,000, as private letters averred, is not a controversy into which we shall enter. Such as we have depicted, was the position of affairs which induced the House of Commons at the beginning of February to insist upon a change, not of the individuals who had brought about such calamities, for this was not ascertained, but of the ministers during whose tenure of office they had occurred. We do not think the vote which led to that result was a reasonable one, because it was not justified by the evidence adduced, scarcely by the charges made. We do not think the debate which ended in that vote was a creditable one, because, while filled with vague abuse of ministers, it steered sedulously clear of the question, whether the fault lay with them here, or with the commanders in the Crimea. We do not think the ministerial changes which have followed that vote have done much to render it a matter for congratulation; nor can we pretend to say that we consider the members of Lord Palmerston's administration one whit more able, more honest, or more hopeful, than their predecessors. Still, the feeling of the country was really unanimous on the main point: the result of the expedition had been calamitous and discreditable; and a radical change in the leaders, who were officially responsible for that result, was peremptorily called for. The ministry resigned; and the object of the House of Commons was answered; for scarcely one of its members really intended or expected the

appointment of Mr. Roeluck's committee, or believed that such a committee could sit without doing much mischief and incurring serious dangers. The motion for inquiry was in reality and merely, a vote of censure.

But though parliamentary politicians were well enough disposed to be thus satisfied with the dismissal and reconstruction of a peccant or unfortunate administration, the nation was not. It meant not only censure, but inquiry. It was unmistakably and terribly in earnest, and was resolved to discover the real causes of the Crimean horrors, if discovery were possible, and to investigate and amend the whole system which had superinduced them, if its power extended thus far. It was not in a humour to permit the sacrifice of an unlucky minister to save a guilty system. When things go wrong at Constantinople, a vizier is sacked and Bosphorized; when bread is scarce, and famine drives the people wild, a few bakers' heads are thrown over the seraglio walls to appease the popular fury; and all goes on as before. It was obviously not safe just at that crisis to endeavour to put England off with this Turkish style of justice and concession. The inquiry, therefore, which the House of Commons intended merely as a strategic movement, the nation resolved to convert into a stern reality. Both members and ministers were cowed. The former continued to insist upon the committee, and the latter were timid enough to concede it; though the concession again broke up the government, and though every statesman of character and weight warned the House of the possible peril which environed the inquiry.

That committee has now for some time, and with considerable discretion, pursued its investigations; and with the help of its evidence, and of the documents placed at the head of this article, we shall endeavour to aid our countrymen in their laudable determination to discover the real origin of the disasters which have occurred, and of the mismanagement which has been brought to light. But before doing this, and in order to aid us in doing it, we must cast a glance backwards over the last war, wherein, though we had one "heaven-born" minister and several able ones, one consummate general and many skilful ones, yet disasters precisely similar to those we are now deploring, dogged our arms through a long series of years, though ministry after ministry was changed, and though Whigs and Tories took their turn at blunder and misfortune. A consideration of this fact may perhaps lead us to the conclusion, that the real cause lies deeper than any man or any ministry, and may disincline us to *rest satisfied* with condemning either.

Our contest with France under Napoleon lasted, from first

to last, twenty-two years—from 1793 to 1815; and though, during the greater part of this period, the country was zealous and hearty in the cause, though we had vast armies on foot, and though ministers were able to command parliamentary majorities which made them despotic and almost omnipotent, yet it was not till the *sixteenth* year of the war that victory began to crown our arms. *From 1793 to 1810, the history of our campaigns is one series of imbecilities and disasters.* From the outbreak of hostilities, till Sir Arthur Wellesley took the command in the Peninsula, our land forces were uniformly unfortunate, with the exception of some gallant but ineffective successes in Egypt. We began with the siege of Dunkirk, which, *more consuetudo*, was entrusted to the Duke of York. The allies were defeated, and he hastily retired, leaving fifty-two pieces of heavy artillery, and a quantity of baggage and ammunition, in the hands of the enemy. The expedition to Walcheren was one of our next large enterprises on the continent; and offers a parallel unusually close to our present position. Its object was the capture and destruction of Antwerp, a most important arsenal and stronghold, which the French were doing their best to render impregnable. The expedition was well planned, and was fitted out on a grand scale. Considerable delay took place in preparing everything necessary for the undertaking; but at the end of July, 1809, the fleet sailed, consisting of 100 large ships, and eighty gun-boats, two trains of siege artillery, and upwards of 40,000 troops. We have the testimony of Napoleon, that if the army and fleet had pushed on and assailed Antwerp at once, it must have fallen an easy prey. It was inadequately garrisoned, and its defences were still incomplete. The orders given from home were judicious and decisive: to act promptly, and push on to Antwerp at once. Unhappily, the ministers appointed a general and an admiral who did not act harmoniously or energetically together, and one or both of whom seem to have been singularly ill-selected. Delay after delay occurred:—

“The Earl of Chatham, with sword drawn,
 Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
 Sir Richard, longing to be at ‘em,
 Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.”

They laid siege to Flushing instead of assaulting Antwerp, and by the time they were ready to attack Antwerp, it had been strengthened and fortified so as to present a nearly hopeless enterprise. The expedition therefore fortified themselves in Walcheren, where fever speedily attacked the troops, decimated their numbers, and destroyed their spirits. Soon nearly half their number were in hospital, and the deaths reached between

200 and 300 a week. At last, five months after the magnificent and powerful army had left our shores, its miserable remnant returned home, having left 7000 in an ignominious grave, and the rest bearing about them a malady which never left them to the end of their lives.

Of course so great a calamity led to fierce debates in both Houses of Parliament; a long investigation ensued, and Ministers with difficulty escaped an overthrow. Unfortunately, the opposition then, as now and always, sought rather to infer Ministerial incapacity, than to discover the real cause of the disaster. Government was severely blamed for having undertaken a hopeless and fruitless enterprise. It was argued that the expedition was ill-planned, could not have succeeded, and would have been nearly useless if it had succeeded. All the usual charges were reiterated—charges which we know to have been exaggerated or wholly groundless. The *real* sin of the Ministers was hardly touched upon in the debate;—their inconceivable want of judgment, or want of conscientiousness, in appointing so incapable a commander as Lord Chatham, and their want of resolution and reluctance to give pain to a respected and highly connected individual, shown in not at once superseding him as soon as his mismanagement and neglect of orders made his incapacity apparent.

The next parallel we meet with was in the early portion of the Peninsular War, when the British Government had come to the determination of assisting the Spanish patriots, but had not yet learned how to do it. Stores, provisions, clothing, arms and ammunition were sent with unexampled profusion, *but they never reached the army*; the agents to whom Mr. Canning entrusted their distribution proved utterly incapable. "At the period," we read, "when the Marquis of Romana and the insurgents in Galicia were praying for a few stand of arms and £5000 from Sir John Cradock, the Spanish Junta possessed many millions of money, (mainly furnished to them by England,) and their magazines at Cadiz were bursting with the continually increasing quantity of stores and arms arriving from England, but which were left to rot as they arrived, while from every quarter the demand for these things was incessant."

The retreat to Corunna comes next in order. Sir John Moore was a consummate General: few more skilful; none more vigilant and conscientious; none assuredly in common estimation more unfortunate. He had an impossible task set him; a scanty army, inadequate magazines, cowardly and imbecile allies, and an enemy who commanded overwhelming numbers. He did much, but of course he failed of success, and of course he was assailed by the most unfounded and outrageous calumny.

He was blamed for his advance; he was blamed for his retreat; he was blamed because he fought a battle; he was blamed because he had not fought it sooner; and an unworthy ministry at home (how unlike the present one!) took advantage of the popular dismay to throw on the General the condemnation due rather to their own or their agents' incapacity. The people who had not been trained to learn the inevitable results of war, were horror-stricken at contrasting the haggard and dilapidated troops who returned, with the trim and gallant regiments who had set out a few months before, and they were at once indignant and desponding. No doubt their sufferings had been great, though their commander was not in fault. He had at one time 4000 men out of 31,000 in hospital, and lost 4000 in the retreat. Yet now that history has been written, we find him acquitted, and not only acquitted but applauded, by the decision of every competent authority: Soult, Napoleon, and Wellington, all concur in awarding him the highest meed of praise. He was one of our "unsuccessful great men."

But the most instructive portion of the annals of the Peninsular War, is that which relates to the period after the Duke of Wellington had been promoted to the chief command. His energy, his vigilance, his foresight, his wonderful and unrivalled capacity, both for conquest and for organization, none will now deny. And if we find the same complaints made by him as are made or insinuated now; if we find the same sufferings endured by his army as by Lord Raglan's; if we find that he like Lord Raglan admitted the existence of "insuperable" difficulties,—surely we shall be disposed to pause before we condemn as incapable one who is apparently no worse off than a commander whose capacity has long been our admiration, and was once our safety. If, further, we find that he experienced and bitterly complained of that very evil, which it is now beginning to be universally believed lies at the bottom of our disasters, viz., the incompetency and inexperience of our young officers of family, and the want of education and organization in the civil department of the service, we shall be more disposed to attack the enduring system rather than the transitory man. And, finally, if we find that the opposition of that day, losing sight of sense, justice, and patriotism, in their virulent criticisms not only on Ministers, but on the army itself, and on the great General who led it out to glory, and trained it by degrees to victory; if we find that the speakers of that day, as of this, played the game of the enemy, exaggerated his successes and palliated his misdeeds, encouraged his tenacity and poured despondency and dismay over the hearts of men at home, and behaved in a manner which all the noble-minded among them afterwards bitterly repented,

—surely we shall disclaim to act over again a course of conduct as unrighteous as it is unpatriotic and suicidal.

Yet all these things were so. At the commencement of the Talavera campaign, says Napier, "4000 men (out of 27,000) were in hospital; the commissariat was without sufficient means of transport; the soldiers nearly barefooted and totally without pay. The military chest was empty and the hospitals were full. The battle of Talavera was fought and won by men who, for twenty-four hours had tasted nothing but *a few grains of corn in the ear.*" The want of shoes actually prevented some military movements; "during a month which followed the junction of the two armies on the 22d of July, the troops were literally starving—they had not received ten days' bread; on many days they only got a little meat without salt, on others nothing at all. The cavalry and artillery horses had not received, at the same time, three deliveries of forage; and in consequence, a thousand horses had died, and seven hundred were on the sick list." After this description we are not surprised to learn that a month later, in the valley of the Guadiana, "7000 men were in hospital"—*one-third of the effective force.*

The disorganization of our army during the retreat from Burgos, while under Wellington's own command, called from him his celebrated and severe, but unjust and indiscriminate rebuke. He was angry, and described it as "surpassing what he had ever witnessed or read of." This was an exaggeration, but no doubt the disorders were bad enough. Here is Alison's explanation, which bears a startling resemblance to much that we hear now. "Wellington was not aware that his own well-conceived arrangements for the supply of provisions to his troops had been in many cases rendered totally nugatory, *from the impossibility of getting means of transport for the stores, or from the negligence of inferior functionaries in carrying his orders into execution.* In some cases when he supposed the men were receiving their three rations a day regularly served out, they were in fact *living on acorns which they picked up, or swine which they shot in the woods.*"

Once more. We are shocked, and naturally so, at the reports which reach us from the Crimea of the deaths by disease, and the number of sick in the hospital. Well, precisely the same facts add to the gloom of our last wars. In 1811 we read of "20,000 sick in the hospital at one moment;" and of "an army 30,000 strong, which could only bring 14,000 bayonets into the field;" and the returns of the inspector-general show that in the six years immediately preceding the peace, "not less than 360,000 men passed through the military hospitals in Portugal."

Finally. In nearly every page of the Peninsular war, we

meet with instances of incapacity, ignorance, extraordinary blunders, inconceivable mismanagement, under the very eyes of the Duke himself; and even where his brother was a leading cabinet minister at home, which equal, if they do not cast into shade, those charged upon the officials here at Scutari, and before Sebastopol. We find a wholly inefficient and ignorant commissariat department, which only learned its duties by slow degrees, and at the cost of the starved and suffering troops. We hear just the same complaint of want of horses, mules, and waggons for transport—a want remedied only two years before the termination of the war—of the new recruits falling sick as soon as they went out, of tattered uniforms and sole-less shoes; of inadequate battering ordnance, so that towns had to be taken by storm which ought to have been regularly besieged; and lastly, of mining and intrenching tools sent out so abominably bad that our troops were dependent on those they captured from the enemy, and of scaling ladders so short, they would not reach the walls they were to surmount. In a word, we find all the same official delays, negligences, stupidities, ignorances, baffling the Iron Duke himself, which harass and perplex us now.

We are now in a position to form some competent opinion as to the deficiencies of our military organization, and as to the original, as well as the immediate, causes of those disasters in which these deficiencies have resulted both on the present and on previous occasions. Careful and conscientious logicians are in the habit of drawing a distinction between two classes of causes: we have the *causa causans*, the immediate, proximate, directly operating circumstance which has brought about the effect,—and the *causa sine qua non*, the remote, ultimate, primary circumstance, without which that effect would not have taken place. Public feeling, which is seldom either cautious or discriminating, does not usually carry its regards further than the immediate cause—the *causa causans* which lies close to their eyes and ready to their hand; and party interests, on both sides in Parliament, are too deeply concerned in diverting attention from the remoter and more radical cause—the *causa sine qua non*—of national calamities, not habitually to encourage and assist this partial and unserviceable vision. A system by which both political sections of the governing classes profit, or are supposed to profit, may be screened from assault—a searching inquiry which would lay bare abuses, that it would be discreditable and painful to each party in turn to have exposed and swept away, may be warded off—by upsetting an unpopular government, sacrificing an unsuccessful minister, or dismissing an unlucky

general. There is always, therefore, a strong and not an unnatural disposition in both Houses of the Legislature, to attack the individual and spare the system—to divert attention from the real and deep seated, to the immediate and unimportant cause—in a word, “to draw a red herring across the true scent,” as Mr. Cobden, with more point than elegance, once expressed it. It is the duty of independent members of Parliament and of the press to take care on the present occasion that this disposition is not suffered to thwart a rigid and relentless investigation or to avert a radical and thorough change.

The sketch we have given of past calamities, the observation of the present, a careful weighing of indisputable facts, and a study of the admirable speeches of Lord Grey and Mr. Sidney Herbert, which stand at the head of this paper,—will, we think, go far to satisfy any unprejudiced mind what are and what are not the reasons why our army, despite of its gallant achievements, is not and never has been what an army should be; why, though composed of the best raw materials in the world, it buys its victories so dearly, and encounters such deplorable disasters and sufferings even in the midst of a career of conquest and of glory. Let us see, first, what are *not* the reasons.

The reasons—the immediate causes—the *causæ causantes*—then, do not lie either with the people or the Ministers for the time being. It is true that you have sometimes really incompetent men at the head of affairs in war, like Mr. Perceval or Lord Castlereagh, or brilliant and hasty blunderers, like Mr. Canning; it is true that sometimes expeditions may be ill planned and ill equipped;—but that the real mischief does not generally lie in this quarter will be obvious when we find that the evils and disasters complained of, occurred just as regularly and signally when Mr. Pitt, as when Mr. Perceval was Minister—when Lord Wellesley as when Mr. Fox was at the helm—when the Duke of Wellington as when Sir John Moore was commander. No ministers and no generals have been able to escape them. No diligence in the Secretary at War, no vigour at the Horse Guards, no skill or experience at the Foreign Office, seems of much avail to prevent them. They recur under every reign and every régime. You could not have abler or more powerful ministers than Mr. Pitt; you could not have more conscientious or diligent ministers than the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Herbert, yet all alike have failed to overcome the unavoidable obstacles of THE SYSTEM.

Nor is the untimely and unwise parsimony of the country, as has been repeatedly alleged, the real and efficient cause. It may have been a predisposing influence, but it does not afford the genuine explanation of the fact. It may have aided in pre-

paring the calamities we have undergone: it is not directly answerable for those calamities. We were glad to see that Lord Grey and Mr. Sidney Herbert both bore candid testimony on this head. It is true that it has been the habit of this country always to exercise a strong pressure on ministers to reduce our military and naval establishments in time of peace to a perhaps unwise degree. It is true that ministers have often been induced voluntarily and injudiciously to carry their reductions too far, in order to avoid a disagreeable debate on the estimates, or to obtain a temporary popularity as economic men. But we believe there is scarcely an instance on record in which the House of Commons has refused to vote whatever sums the Government proposed for the maintenance of the army or the extension of the navy. On the contrary, the sums so voted have been enormous, and ought to have been amply adequate. In the seventeen years of peace ending with 1853, no less than £217,000,000, or £15,500,000 a year, have been expended on the national defences—a sum ample, if it had been judiciously used, to maintain not indeed the largest but the most efficient fleet and army in the world. It is true that the nation has always refused to maintain large forces in time of peace, and has insisted on the reduction of both land and sea forces on the termination of the war. It is certain that it has been quite right to do so. To have done otherwise would have been bad husbandry indeed. “To keep up peace establishments upon a war scale, (as Lord Grey has well said,) would be to commit the greatest blunder that could be imagined; because, independently of the expense, of the great drain on the resources of the country, and of preventing the real increase of power which the accumulation of wealth in a kingdom creates;—independently also of the great evils arising from the jealousy and emulation which would be excited by such armaments in foreign countries;—I assert that if you did keep up your establishments upon such a scale, you would be in a worse position at the beginning of a war than you actually are now—and for this reason. You would have your army still more full than it is now of officers advanced in age and without experience in war; you would have your arsenals and harbours filled with arms, stores and ships of obsolete pattern, and not embodying all the improvements which modern science had suggested. I firmly believe that it would have been better for us, if on the breaking out of this war, we had been thrown to a greater extent upon the resources which we could create at the time; if we had trusted less to those relics of a former war which were still in existence. I say, therefore, that our economy does not account for these evils.”

It is one thing to have a large army: it is another thing to

have a small army in the most perfect state of efficiency. The one is extravagance—the other is economy. To maintain during peace an army of 200,000 men would be needless, foolish, and wasteful, and the House of Commons never would, and never ought, to sanction such a thing. To maintain an army of 100,000 men, of which every department should be in the highest and most complete organization, in which every officer should know his business, and every soldier be trained to the use of his arms; with a transport service that needed nothing but augmentation; with a commissariat department that needed nothing but expansion; with engineers, artillery, sapper and miner corps, all efficient, and requiring no change beyond an addition to their numbers; furnished with the newest weapons, the best ordnance, the most scientific improvements;—to a machine, in short, of which every wheel should be well oiled, every beam tested, every screw and nail in its place;—to maintain such a force in the most perfect efficiency, and in readiness for instant service, is what the country has never refused to pay for, *what it always has paid for*, (without ever getting it,) what the Parliament will always sanction, and what no minister should retain office for one hour if he does not possess or cannot obtain. Had we the nucleus of such an efficient army, its numbers would be a matter of comparatively small moment. The addition of a company or two, or a troop or two, to every regiment; the placing a few officers upon full pay; the purchase of a certain number of additional horses to the waggon-service and the artillery; the engaging a few supplementary clerks of competent ability to the commissariat—would suffice to place our forces on a war-footing. One vote of the House of Commons would do it all. As it is, when hostilities break out we have not to increase our army, but to create it, teach it, train it—not to augment its numbers merely, but to organize its every department. It is not a larger but a wiser expenditure that we require—not a larger but a better army. *The parsimonious disposition of the country, then, is NOT to blame.*

The real causes of the disasters and disgraces which we all deplore are, beyond question, these three:—the various and conflicting departments to which our war-administration is and has long been confided, and the want of harmonious action among their several authorities;—the mode in which patronage is administered and appointments made at the Horse Guards;—and the education, or rather non-education, of our young officers, —the fact that so large a proportion of them enter the army not as a profession by which they must live, and can live, but as a club, belonging to which gives them a certain social standing,

may give them pleasant company, and possible adventure and distinction.

We shall consider each of these causes in turn ; and when we have done, we believe our wonder will be, not that our disasters have been so numerous, but that they have been so few,—not that we should have often failed, but that we should ever have succeeded.

I. Twelve months ago our army administration was conducted, and had from time immemorial been conducted, by five independent functionaries—the Lords of the Treasury, the Secretary-at-War, the War-Minister (who was also the Colonial Minister), the Commander-in-Chief, and the Master-General of the Ordnance. The Secretary-at-War makes and moves the army-estimates, defends the military policy of the Government in the House of Commons, fixes the soldiers' pay and allowances, decides upon the moral and educational arrangements of the army, provides and supplies medical stores and medical appliances, and, in short, transacts all the financial, and much of the civil business of the land forces—except that of the ordnance. No regiment can shift its quarters unless he gives the necessary authorization for the inevitable cost of locomotion. Yet he cannot move a corporal's guard by his own power. None of his regulations are valid till countersigned by the War-Minister or the Commander-in-Chief. Sometimes, as happened once when Lord Palmerston was at the War-Office, the Commander and the Secretary are at variance. Then a voluminous, and sometimes an unfriendly correspondence ensues between the two departments, and the public service is either mischievously impeded, or brought to an utter stand. Among other anomalies, the Secretary-at-War, who thus holds the military purse of the Crown, is prohibited by the Constitution from all direct communication with the Crown.

The Master-General of the Ordnance has the entire control of housing and arming the troops. He builds the barracks ; he provides the guns and ammunition ; he gives out the muskets ; he decides upon the introduction of the Minié rifle ; he alone equips, disciplines, and commands the artillery and engineers. "The Commander-in-Chief may assemble and send abroad, by order of the Crown, communicated to him through the Colonial (or now the War Minister), any amount of infantry or cavalry ; but he cannot ship a battery, or a company of sappers. That must be done through the Master-General ;—while the Secretary-at-War, by refusing the funds required, may, if he please, stop the whole operation ;—exactly as his wishes in regard to schools, chapels, and the moral and intellectual improvement of the army at large, are liable to be impeded, if not entirely

thwarted, by opposition from the Commander-in-Chief, or the Master-General, or both. A thousand men may be got together and regimented, but not a musket can be removed from the Tower to be put into their hands till the Master-General shall direct."

The Commissariat, *i.e.*, the supply of food, forage, and beasts of burden, and other means of transport—as necessary a thing as men, arms, or ammunition—is a separate department. Till December last, it was under the control of the Treasury, and was entirely separated from all the other military authorities. It has since been removed to the Ministry-of-War; but Lord Grey is of opinion that this sole step towards consolidation is a mistake, and ought to be retraced.

Now, what is the consequence of this divided responsibility? In time of peace, jealousy and delay; in time of war, emulation, confusion, and anachronism. In quiet times, each department is anxious to economize, perhaps, at the expense of the others, to shew a moderate estimate to a scrutinizing House of Commons. In critical and perilous times, each department presses on its own business without regard to its coadjutors; now gets before them, now lags behind them, but seldom acts cordially and skilfully with them. The infantry are ready to embark before the Ordnance is ready to arm them, so they go without their guns; or the order for their embarkation, issued from Whitehall, is countermanded from Pall-Mall. The men and arms are both got ready before the Commissariat has filled its magazines, or provided mules and waggons for the transport service, so the troops find neither food nor clothing awaiting them when they land. Valuable suggestions, and urgently pressing offers to provide stores, houses, guns, or waggons, are sent from one department to another, handed over from pillar to post, till the most zealous patriotism is disgusted. Orders from the War Office to fabricators of arms and stores are sent on Friday, commanding them to push on vigorously with their contracts night and day; orders come on Monday from the Ordnance to suspend the execution of them till further directions. Transports are sent out by the Minister of War to bring back a much-needed colonial regiment; but they return home empty, because the commander-in-chief had not sent out formal and positive orders to the regiment to embark. These are samples of the inevitable consequences of such an antiquated and contradictory organization as has hitherto prevailed in our military administration.

When the war broke out, the importance of amending it was apparent to every one; but to re-organize five War Departments in the middle of war, is a task of very great difficulty and

some peril, and must be proceeded with cautiously and slowly. The change was initiated. The war minister was relieved from the Colonies, and empowered to absorb the Commissariat; but he was not made supreme; his three co-equal and unamalgamated authorities still remained. The Commander-in-chief might still appoint incompetent officers, and neglect or misconduct the discipline of the army. The Master-general might still be backward or clumsy in providing shot, shells, and rifles. The Secretary-at-war might still obstruct movements by financial difficulties. Or, if all worked zealously and conscientiously together, still endless correspondence, references, signatures, and countersignatures, were wanted before any measure could be really carried out. The machine was too cumbrous to work well or rapidly in the ablest and most active hands.

Only by a concentration of power and of responsibility in one hand can you remedy these evils, and obtain an efficient instrument for conquest and defence. You must have a minister of war who can do everything and answer for everything. Above all, you must have no independent officer like the Commander-in-chief, supreme in the distribution of appointments, and not necessarily even a member of the government, linked to and retiring with the others. Hear the pregnant remarks of Lord Grey on this head:—

“To my notion, the name of Commander-in-Chief implies an officer who is in military command of troops, who is constantly at their head, and acting as their general. Now, I need not tell your lordships, that the Commander-in-Chief in this country is never seen at the head of troops, unless, indeed, it be at a birthday parade, or a review in Hyde Park. Except at some state pageant of that kind, I say, the Commander-in-Chief never appears in command of troops; and his duties might be perfectly well performed without his ever putting a red coat on his back. He sits in his office at the Horse Guards, and upon him there devolves the duty of organizing and superintending the British army all over the world. It is a duty which, in every other country, is performed, not by a general commanding, but by a minister of war. In this country the Commander-in-Chief is a minister of war, shorn of a great part of his proper power and authority. He is minister of war, with very little power over the artillery, with no authority in matters of expense, and with scarcely any as regards the provisioning, clothing, and arming of the troops. He is minister of war, deprived of all the essential parts of his functions. I say, then, that the obvious remedy for the evil is to get rid of this department. Appoint a general to command the troops in England, and, under the direction of the minister, to undertake the important duty of watching over the discipline and the training of the troops at home, and of preparing them for service abroad when they were called upon. Let him be an officer who will train his

troops in arms, not a minister of war with a pen in his hands at the Horse Guards; and as to duties of a different description which now belong to the Commander-in-Chief, give them to a minister of war—no matter what you call him—transfer to him the duties belonging properly to a minister of war, and which now are performed by the Commander-in-Chief. Among those duties I do not hesitate to say, you must include the patronage of the army. I know how strong is the prejudice which exists upon this subject; I know how many persons believe that you cannot, without danger, place the patronage of the army under the control of a member of the civil government. But let me just point out how the present system works. Can any minister be justly made responsible for the conduct of a department, if he is not allowed to choose the instruments he employs; if he is not intrusted with the means of rewarding those who do good and faithful service? I would ask the noble earl, the Secretary of State for Foreign affairs, whether he would consent to be responsible for conducting the foreign relations of this country, if he had no voice in the appointment of any member of the diplomatic body, from the attaché up to the highest minister acting under him—if he had no means of advancing those who did well, or of recalling those who did ill? Would he consent to undertake the management of our foreign relations upon these terms? I think I cannot be at a loss for his answer. But with regard to the army, it is more particularly necessary that this power should be exercised by the person responsible for its efficiency. Upon what does that efficiency mainly depend? If there is one thing more than another upon which it depends, it is upon the manner in which the patronage is exercised—upon the care taken to advance deserving officers, and sternly refuse promotion to the incompetent. It is upon the care and zeal with which this is done that it mainly depends whether your army is efficient, or the reverse. Let me also observe, that in every other department of the public service, you do trust the minister of the crown with patronage. I have already referred to the diplomatic service. The naval service is the same, and throughout the whole of the civil service, the different branches are subject to the control of Her Majesty's Government. I don't deny that abuses may be committed in this way. I should be the last to deny that under every Government, and in every time, Parliamentary interest and other improper motives have influenced the appointments and promotions in the public service. Such abuses, I am afraid, have existed, and while human nature is what it is I am afraid they will exist. I know no country, no form of government, in which they have been avoided, and the greatest and most difficult problem for the solution of a government is to secure the appointment of the right men to situations in the public service. Upon the whole, however, admitting the abuses which have taken place in the administration of patronage, I believe that placing it under the control of the responsible Minister of the Crown is the best security you can obtain for the due discharge of this most important duty. I know that a comparison

has sometimes been drawn between the distribution of patronage in the Navy and in the Army. I should be prepared for answer to take issue upon that as a matter of fact. I deny that for the last sixty years the distribution of the patronage of the Army, under the existing system, has, upon the whole, been more pure than that of the Navy. The abuses may have been of a different character. I admit that they have, in some respects, been of a different character. But if you will go into detail and scrutinize appointments, I will undertake to shew you that the public service has suffered more in the Army than it has in the Navy during the last sixty years from injudicious appointments, made from improper motives. My Lords; I cannot help stating that, even now, at this moment, in the Crimea, judging by results, I cannot believe that the patronage of the Army has been exercised with so much greater judgment and discretion than that of the Navy. This I know—and I see a noble lord here present who can confirm the truth of what I am saying—this I know, that there is in the Army at this moment great dissatisfaction at the recent promotions for services; and I am told that it is the opinion of the Army—whether correctly or not I have not the means of judging—that men who were not really under fire at Inkermann, or Alma, or at Balaklava, and who have never undergone all the perils and the hardships of the trenches—that men of this kind have received the promotion which has been denied to most meritorious regimental officers. I know not whether that allegation be true, but I think it is a pregnant example of the inconvenience of the existing system, that such an allegation and such complaints can be made, and that no man in this House can distinctly say, if the mistake has been made, who is responsible for it. Is it the Secretary of State for War, or is it the Commander-in-Chief? I think it would be one of the great advantages of the change I propose, that in these matters any future responsibility would be brought distinctly home to one individual, and thus this great power of promotion, upon the judicious use of which the whole efficiency of an army depends, would be exercised under that check and under that feeling of responsibility which would then be created. When touching upon promotion, I cannot avoid mentioning one other subject. Look at the medical staff and at the medical service. I believe there has been no branch of the service which has been so completely withdrawn from the control of the civil government of the country as the army medical service; and, I ask, do the present state of that service, and the manner in which the duties have been performed, justify you in believing that that patronage has been so much more judiciously exercised than patronage in other branches of the service? I say, then, that you have failed in preventing those evils against which the measure was directed, by withdrawing the patronage of the army from the regular control of the country."

II. The system of promotion and selection pursued in the

British army must, beyond all question, be held answerable for a large portion of the disasters and disgraces which have befallen it on this and on previous occasions. No ministers are especially to blame for this system; or rather all governments and all political parties are equally to blame. All have endured it; all have defended it; all have administered it; all have profited by it. There are two rules which promotions may follow. They may be made according to proved professional merit, or according to that established rule of seniority which presupposes professional experience at least, if not talent. Both these modes are defensible, though objections may apply to each. It may be said that the first plan opens the door to favouritism, and the latter to incapacity. But both proceed upon an intelligible principle and offer special advantages. The system pursued in the British military service, however, follows neither of these rules. It combines all that is objectionable in both of them, and adds much that is objectionable besides. In fact, it is scarcely too much to say that it unites all the undesirable characteristics that could possibly be collected from every conceivable arrangement. Every rule—*except* that of promotion by merit—is followed; but every rule is broken through when a worse can be substituted in its place. The system is a confused chaos of promotion according to wealth, political connexion, and decaying age. It is a system specially devised for advancing men of family influence, and chiefly the old and superannuated among *them*.

It may be necessary briefly to state to our readers what the rule of promotion in the British army is. It has lately been slightly modified, and still more considerable modifications have been recommended by a commission which reported last year, (and whose advice may ultimately be carried into effect, if the indignation of the nation lasts long enough and proves serious enough to alarm and overpower the aristocratic opposition it is sure to meet with;) but it is still mainly as follows:—Rarely, indeed, does a man rise from the ranks, or is a non-commissioned officer, however distinguished, rewarded by a commission. These cases do occur sometimes, especially of late and during war; but the result is, that the fortunate individual thus “kicked up stairs,” finds himself in a most uncomfortable position,—a plebeian thrown into the company of gentlemen and aristocrats—a poor man messing with the wealthy and extravagant. But passing over this, promotion, as a rule, goes by seniority in the service, corrected only by wealth. When a vacancy occurs by death, the ensign, lieutenant, captain, &c., next in rank steps up as a matter of course. But when a vacancy occurs, as most vacancies do, by promotion or by sale,

the commission goes to the next in rank *who is able to purchase it, i.e.,* who can pay down £500, £1000, or £2000, as the case may be.* If the senior candidate have not the money, he is passed over, whatever his merits or his length of service, and his juniors are promoted over his head; and as it often happens that the most experienced officer is the poorest, it may be that he sees boy after boy pass him in the regiment and command him in the field, to whom perhaps he himself had taught the first rudiments of their profession. Now, when we remember that the sons of officers are generally poor men, and that poor men are precisely those who, knowing that they have their own way to make in life, are most likely to study and master their duties, we may easily conceive what the effect of such a system must be on the professional competency of the regimental officers. It is true that each young officer must now have served two or three years in his actual rank before he can be promoted to another, and must also pass a formal examination to test his knowledge of his duties; but all that this can do is to exclude absolute and monstrous incapacity; and it does not always effect this.

It is, however, right to remind our readers that this system of promotion according to a union of seniority and purchase, is honestly defended by many experienced men on plausible and intelligible grounds, as avoiding or mitigating evils that might be otherwise insurmountable. Promotion by seniority is defended on the ground—strong and probably irresistible in a country like this, where representative institutions are so cherished and aristocratic predilections so universal—that promotion by merit would be certain to degenerate into promotion by favour. Examinations are only imperfect and often deceptive proofs of capacity. Opportunities, especially in time of peace, are rarely afforded to young officers of displaying their fitness for advancement so clearly and so publicly as to leave no difficulty and no doubt about the matter. Opportunities of proving *relative* capacity must be still rarer. If the Commander-in-chief is to judge for himself of the claims of each candidate for promotion, we know well enough that the candidate will be most successful who has the most powerful, persevering, and propinquitous friends to proclaim and *faire valoir* his merits. If

* The regulation price of commissions is as follows, according to the Regiment :—

Ensign or Cornet,	£450 to £1260.
Lieutenant,	700 „ 1785.
Captain,	1800 „ 3500.
Major,	3200 „ 5350.
Lieutenant-Colonel,	4800 „ 7250.

the recommendation of the colonel of the regiment is to be taken, how probable is it that he will be influenced by the personal rather than the professional qualifications of the men with whom he lives in daily intercourse! And in either case, how much canvassing and possibly fawning for favour, and how much certain jealousy and ill-will would the system give rise to in the interior of the regimental mess, where the officers, in place of being intimate and friendly associates, would be transformed into competitors and rivals!

On the other hand, if purchase were abolished, and the rule of seniority were rigidly followed, promotion would be slower, and you would encounter a fearful aggravation of what is now felt to be the greatest mischief in our present military system—namely, the advanced age of the officers in the higher ranks. By purchase a man may occasionally now become general and often colonel while in the prime of life. If you abolished this system, not only would the higher officers always be very old men, but men would remain in the army to a much later period than now. Not being able to *sell out*, they would have no inducement to *go out*. An abolition of the system of purchase, if it is not to be positively mischievous, must be accompanied by a plan for comparatively early superannuation, and for consequently more rapid promotion. The question is a difficult one; we are not inclined to pronounce upon it dogmatically, nor have we space to discuss it fully here.

But there is another evil. Staff appointments, such as *aides-de-camp*, are much desired, both as bringing higher pay, lighter service, and pleasanter society than regimental duty, and also as affording a better chance of being mentioned in despatches. Fitly to discharge all their functions requires great knowledge and unusual capacity. They ought, therefore, beyond all question, to be reserved for officers of proved merit and well-earned distinction. As a rule, however, they are habitually distributed to the immediate connexions or personal friends of the General in command, or to those of the Minister who appointed him, or to those of some influential political person whose support or friendship the General or the Minister desires to reward and secure. This is so-universal a custom that it is not invidious to mention that Lord Raglan's personal staff includes three nephews at least. The effect of this gross abuse is that the young staff officers, though amiable and agreeable gentlemen enough, are often the most uneducated and inexperienced in the whole army, and utterly unfit for the important duties which may devolve upon them. The consequences to the army and the country we have seen in every campaign;

and, if report speak truth, nowhere more signally or deplorably than in the Crimea.*

When we reach the higher grades of the service, promotion depends mainly on seniority, though partly also on political influence. When general officers are needed for high command, it is customary to select the oldest who has any reputation, and any aristocratic connexion. The Duke of Wellington considered it but just to do so, till the liberality of the country provided some other way of rewarding veterans. The plan, therefore, when you need a commander for the most important critical and onerous duties,—on whom are to depend the salvation of an army and the honour of a country,—is to select invariably a man whose physical powers *certainly*, and whose mental vigour *probably* are on the decline. You appoint a man who cannot, save by miracle, supply the requirements of the hour. You place upon a grey-haired veteran a weighty function which it is scarcely possible he should discharge, under which he will probably sink, and by failing in which he will probably furnish the well-won laurels of his previous career. You act cruelly to the man himself, sinfully to the army you place under his command.

As matters are arranged in our army this folly and wrong can hardly be avoided; for a man can scarcely ever become a general officer till he is *sixty*. Napoleon and Wellington both ended their career in the same battle, and at the same age,—*forty-six*. It was the opinion of both that at the age of *forty-five* a general should think of withdrawing from active command. The French generals who won the great battles of the last war were generally under forty; most of those now in command are not *forty-five*. Under Lamoricière the average age of the generals serving in Algeria was only *forty-three*. General Canrobert is *forty-six*, and General Bosquet *forty-two*. *The ages of our lieutenant-generals range from sixty to eighty.*

Surely we have had warning enough on this head. The appointments of General Elphinstone in Afghanistan, and General Godwin in Burmah ought to have been the last of their kind. It is of no use to point to Cathcart and Evans here, and to Radetsky abroad, as proofs that the oldest men may also be the

* Of the extent to which political feeling influences, or did influence, military employment and promotion, we have a notable example in the career of Sir De Lacy Evans, a noted Radical. This officer was in active service in 1867, forty-eight years ago. He was engaged during the whole Peninsular War, and was thrice wounded. He distinguished himself in every conceivable way, was five times mentioned with distinction in despatches in *one* year, (forty-four years since,) and was lieutenant-colonel after Waterloo. From 1815 to 1836, *he was shewed*, both as to service and promotion. He was then appointed to the command of the Spanish legion, and was made colonel the year after. It was not till after forty-seven years service that he became general of division in the Crimea, where he shewed himself the ablest commander of the day.

ablest. You have no right to argue from exceptions, and the nation will not tolerate having the ruin of its armies defended by special pleading. The recommendation of the Military Commission we have already referred to must be carried out. Men must be induced to retire in time, and make way for younger hands and younger brains. Those who have worked hard in their profession must be able to become generals while in their prime;* and Ministers who do not select according to the best of their judgment out of the men before them, *without regard to age or connexion*, must abide the merited and certain consequences.

III. Not only the system of promotion in our army, but the whole principle of its organization as far as the officers are concerned, is in fault. A large proportion of the young men who obtain commissions enter the army rather as they would choose a club, than as they would choose a profession; and they undergo no special training, and are expected to shew no special aptitude for the functions they are to perform.

Nearly every family in the upper ranks, and great numbers among the wealthier of the middle classes, send at least one son into the army. The most studious and quiet is selected for the Church; the most mischievous, idle, and adventurous is sent to serve Her Majesty. He may be an impracticable dunce; he may be an incorrigible dawdler; he may hate alike all learning and all restraint; he may be the despair alike of parents and preceptors; he may have reaped nothing but disgrace at college, and sown nothing but wild oats since he left it;—but he is still fit to wear the livery of the Crown. Indeed he is fit for nothing else. He has not talent for the bar; he has not steadiness for the Church; he has no taste for medicine, and no money for commerce;—there is, therefore, *nothing left for him* but the military service; and we readily admit that it is possible enough he might, under proper management, and with the stimulus of a wholesome system, become in time an energetic and useful officer. But unluckily the chances are that he does not look to the army as a profession at which he is to work, in which he is to rise, by which he is to live. His commission ensures him a comfortable social position: he does not regard it as a solemn obligation to perform certain most important duties. On the contrary, his whole ingenuity and all the influence of his friends are unceasingly exerted to exonerate him as much as possible from its duties. If there is war, of course he is generally anxious for active employment, because employment then brings excitement, adventure, possible fame, and probable promotion.

* "We are kept back till we are worn out," said Sir Do Lacy Evans.

But in time of peace, he gets leave of absence whenever he can, and when he cannot, he lightens the tedium of a garrison life by the pleasures of miscellaneous society. He cannot live by his profession, at least in its lower grades. It is notorious that no officer lives upon his pay, till he becomes captain at the least. Till then, he must spend £100 a year, as a general rule, out of his own or his father's private fortune. He does not commonly look to making his way up by hard work, by real merit, by slow degrees. He has *bought in*, and he probably intends to *sell out* as soon as he reaches a certain rank. He has no great motive to diligent study of his profession; for, supposing that he knows sufficient to *pass*, (and a very little has been hitherto sufficient,) he is well aware that his rise will depend not upon his knowledge or his talents, but on money, connexion, accident, or seniority. He does not throw his whole soul into his calling, as one by which he is to stand or fall, by which he is to fail or to succeed in life. If he finds himself comfortable he will continue in the profession, and gradually *live up* to a decent income and a fair rank: if he is not comfortable, or if he gets tired, or if promotion does not come fast enough, he will retire upon half-pay, and enjoy social life upon a moderate income. It is not with feelings of this sort that professional efficiency can be secured, or professional success commanded.

But there are many to whom this description does not apply.—poor men, ambitious men, officers' sons, men with a real avocation for their work. These, and even the idlers might be made effective officers, were they really educated for their profession. But real *professional* education is a thing unknown in England, except in the medical and naval service. The clergyman has no theological education; the barrister no legal education; the officers no military education. *They are all left to pick up the requisite knowledge and practice as they can, after they have entered the profession, or to scramble on without it as they may.* There is nothing to prevent a man from accepting a cure of souls with scarcely the rudiments of real biblical or theological acquirements. There is nothing to prevent a barrister from receiving a brief, who has scarcely opened a law book, and could not draw a pleading or an indictment. There is nothing to prevent an officer being an aide-de-camp, or in case of accident to his superior, leading a troop or commanding a company, who has really learned nothing of soldiership except the goose-step and the drill. A few of the young men go to Sandhurst; but the instruction there is believed to be worse than useless, and regimental colonels would receive a subaltern from any school rather than that. A certain examination must now be passed by all candidates for a commission; but it is one for which

any save actual dunces can be crammed in three months, and several young men are "plucked" repeatedly before they pass even this easy ordeal.

The exceptions to this rule are the corps of artillery and engineers. For these services a scientific training is necessary; and this can be obtained at Woolwich. But even here it is too notorious that proficiency in the requisite attainments and proofs of the requisite qualities do not ensure, or do not solely and specially ensure promotion. Favour there, as elsewhere, reigns nearly supreme—except that actual ignorance and incapacity are excluded. In all the rest of the army, in the Guards and in the Line, it is beyond question that no intellectual endowments or acquirements are indispensable, and a great proportion of our young officers are principally influenced in the choice of the profession by the promise which it holds out to them of exemption from all mental labour; while their parents and guardians are guided by the consideration, or the supposition, that nowhere else can scanty capacity and small acquirements so readily pass muster.

To a certain extent, and only to a certain extent, is this last belief well founded. In ordinary times a very small amount of brain is adequate to enable a young man to discharge without discredit the daily functions of a subaltern. But it is not so in the higher grades of the service, to which it is presumed the subaltern hopes in time to rise: and it is not so even in the lower grades in periods of war, and in perilous contingencies. In active service, circumstances may any hour occur in which on the knowledge, judgment, and vigilance of a lieutenant or a cornet may depend the prevention of a surprise, the discomfiture of a foe, the safety of a regiment, the comfort and welfare of a troop or company. Moreover circumstances may any hour occur in campaigning in which capacity and information may enable a subaltern not only to distinguish himself, but to render most valuable service to his country. In such circumstances, it is imperative that every young officer should be competent to do his duty. Of such circumstances it is most desirable that every young officer should be able to take advantage. We have no desire that all who choose the army as their profession should be of studious habits, or should even give proof of the usual amount of literary acquirement expected of educated gentlemen. We are well aware that those most fond of active sports, and most averse to sedentary habits, will often make the best soldiers. We know that book learning is no test of military capacity; and that hundreds who abhor mathematics, and find the utmost difficulty in mastering a foreign language, may have within them the moral and mental gifts, however hidden and untrained,

which will qualify them admirably to lead a regiment or to command an army. We even think it specially fortunate that there should be a profession like the military one, for absorbing and turning to profit that sort of unintellectual energy and unstudious sense, which could not have attained eminence or done good in the more laborious departments of exertion. We are, therefore, averse to placing the ordeal of a *literary* examination on the threshold of military service. Unless a young man's deficiencies in the article of *learning* are so scandalous as to indicate not only stupidity but thorough and wilful neglect of the opportunities of education, we would not pronounce him disqualified from serving his Queen as a subaltern. But we would have those who are to decide upon his admission test closely his *qualities*—physical and intellectual—ascertain, which may easily be done, whether though unable to study he may be competent to *act*—whether, even if ill-instructed, he may not yet be intelligent, alert, disposed to learn, and willing to exert himself—whether, in a word, he may not make an excellent officer, though he would make but a stupid preacher, and a blundering lawyer. If he be spirited, *veillé*, hardy, adventurous, willing to obey and anxious to excel, we would give him his commission, though he should know little mathematics, less French, and no Latin—though his literary attainments were confined to reading, writing, and cyphering with respectable accuracy.

But before he is suffered to *advance* in his profession, we would subject him to a far severer examination. No man who does not understand his profession has any claim to rise above its lowest grades. No man who has not fully mastered his ordinary duties, and shown promise at least of fitness for unusual exigencies, should be permitted to attain a post in which the lives and comfort of hundreds—to whom *unreasoning obedience is rigidly prescribed*—are in his hands. No one should be promoted to a company of infantry or a troop of horse who has not proved his competence on the severest scrutiny. This principle has of late been nominally introduced: if it were sternly and impartially enforced, nearly half the evil of the system of advance by purchase or by favour would be done away. Promotion would not be conferred on the *most* capable and meritorious; but at least no one absolutely destitute of merit and capacity could obtain it.

There are many points in which we might advantageously study, if not actually imitate, the military system of our neighbours. In France the minister at war is supreme over all departments of the army, and has no chief but the Emperor. There every youth intended for the profession of arms goes at an early

age to one of the ten military schools. Here he is sedulously trained to a speculative and practical acquaintance with the duties of his calling; his proficiency is regularly and severely tested, and when ready for his commission he is appointed to that branch of the service for which he has shown most aptitude. When he enters his regiment he is not borne down or led into bad habits by the companionship of men wealthier than himself. Few of his fellow officers are rich, not many have anything to depend upon beyond their pay; as a rule they can live, and they must live, on their professional income; hence, in their messes, when they do mess together, the poor and not the affluent give the tone, and economy is the order of the day. Then the young aspirant knows that favour can do nothing for him in the way of promotion; it cannot conceal neglect, it cannot supply the want of merit or knowledge; at most it can offer him *opportunities* of distinction and advance. He knows, too, that if he shows superior capacity and deserving diligence, his promotion and success will be certain and possibly rapid. He may even look to being a general officer in the early prime of manhood. Hence he has every motive for the sedulous and scientific study of his profession, and generally, therefore, employs his leisure in acquiring all the special knowledge, geographical and mathematical, which is always serviceable, and may at critical moments turn out so signally important. The soldier, too, however low his grade, however humble his origin, is conscious that it rests only with himself to win his epaulette—perhaps his company—possibly even his regiment or his brigade. He knows, too, that if he profits by the means of instruction open to him, he will not, when he attains an officer's position, be subject to the daily annoyance of feeling himself the associate of men so greatly his superiors in rank, wealth, or education, as to preclude pleasant or equal companionship. Every man in the French army, therefore, whether private or commissioned officer, loves his profession, embraces it for better or worse, and looks to it alone for securing his success in life.

Now it is not probable that we shall ever be induced to adopt in all points a military system so admirably adapted to its end as that which prevails among our military neighbours and allies. Our national habits, prejudices, and institutions forbid this. We shall probably never make promotion from the ranks common or easy. It is doubtful whether privates greatly desire this, on account of the anomalous position in which such advance would place them in a country where the distinction of wealth, manners, and education in different ranks is so strongly and indelibly marked. But whenever the peculiarities of the individual case make such promotion desirable and unobjectionable, we may

remove any discomfort connected with it by attaching to it large extra pay, and also, as has been suggested, by giving the deserving soldier a captain's and not an ensign's commission, and there placing him among the seniors instead of among the boys of his regiment. And we may on all occasions reward especial merit in a mode which most privates would appreciate more—by a badge of distinction and a handsome pension conferred upon the spot. We shall probably always desire that our army should be officered by men of gentlemanly birth and education; but we need not make birth and education our sole requirements, or the certain and all-sufficient causes of advancement. We may confine *all* our commissions to gentlemen if we please; but we may go a step further and confine all field officers' commissions to gentlemen of proved ability and skill. We shall never, as long as parliamentary government exists, and as long as aristocratic predilections survive in this country, be able to prevent family connexion and political influence from interfering to some extent in the selection of men for the higher and more desirable appointments; but we may make such arrangements as will confine the choice within the range of officers of unquestionable capacity and competence. Favour itself cannot do much mischief when it can choose only among the deserving.

Having thus traced what we may term the permanent causes of our customary military disasters, we must say a few words as to the immediate causes of the calamities which have befallen our Crimean expedition. The evidence laid before Mr. Roebuck's Committee has enabled us, without entering into details, to lay our finger upon the weak and faulty points with tolerable certainty. We shall endeavour to do this without exaggeration or vituperation. It is not difficult now to specify the most fatal wants and the most prolific errors. It would be very difficult to assign the precise degree of blame attaching to the men who committed the errors and created, or did not remedy the wants.

All competent witnesses agree in affirming that, *overwork in the trenches*, far beyond any other cause, must be held answerable for the dreadful waste and dilapidation of our army. They might have made head against cholera, insufficient and unwholesome rations, rain, mud, snow, no huts, and poor clothing, if they had not been literally, deliberately, obviously, *worked to death*. They often did not change their clothes for months, or take them off for weeks. They often only got two nights' sleep in the week, and only three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. In fact, they were compelled to do what it was perfectly certain human nature could not endure. Such proceedings could only have led to such results. It seems indisputable, that in ordering

and persevering in such proceedings, Lord Raglan committed an error in judgment, about the magnitude of which there cannot be two opinions; since, whatever might have been the importance of pressing on the siege, it was obviously still more important to preserve the lives of the men who were to do it.

From this cruel error sprang, directly or indirectly, a host of secondary evils. The men being overworked in the trenches, sickened and died; being so overworked, they had no time or strength to cook their food, or to make their tents dry, or to provide themselves with temporary shelter, or to collect necessary fuel to keep themselves warm, so they sickened and died the faster. They sickened and died so fast, that medical men and medical arrangements inevitably fell short. The surgeons were overdone, and got careless and hasty. The hospitals became overcrowded, insufficient, and miserable; every department was overpressed, and every department broke down under the excessive pressure. Then, the men being overworked in the trenches, there were none at liberty to make a new road in lieu of the Woronzow one, which the vicinity of the Russians rendered unsafe; consequently, stores, ammunition, clothing, and huts, could not be got up to the camp; consequently, the men died the faster for the want of them; consequently, the mules and horses being unsheltered and ill-fed, and strained beyond endurance by the mud of the track from Balaclava, died too; and men had to do beasts' work. Every mischief and calamity increased and propagated itself in a geometrical progression.

Now, it is possible enough that Lord Raglan might have been well aware that his men were frightfully overworked, but may have argued that his part must be done; that a certain space had to be covered by the camp, and defended; that the trenches, once begun, must be defended, or they would be carried and destroyed by the enemy. He may even (we cannot tell, and probably he will not tell) have told the French general that the task assigned to the English was beyond their strength, may have asked for aid, and have been refused. But this cannot exonerate him from the charge of having killed his troops wholesale, by a most deplorable mistake. No consideration—we now see, and probably he has long since seen, for he has altered his plan and curtailed his operations—should have been weighty enough to induce him thus to persist in destroying the army committed to his charge. As soon as it was decided that Sebastopol was not to be taken by a *coup-de-main*, as soon as the result of the bombardment on the 17th October shewed that, with the insufficient means at their disposal, the siege would be a long one, it is certain that he ought at once to have suspended all aggressive and trenching operations, and have

bent his whole attention and the entire strength of every department to the task of preparing for his troops those comfortable winter-quarters, those magazines and stores of clothing and provisions, those huts for the men and stables for the horses, which it was apparent would be wanted, and without which an army can neither preserve its existence nor do its duty. Can any one doubt that if this course had been pursued, all the extravagant suffering and disaster which have so decimated us might have been spared, or that our siege operations would have been at least as far advanced as at present, or that our army, by December, would have been healthy, comfortable, and formidable, instead of being a wretched and diseased remnant, and that our military reputation would now have been flourishing and intact, in place of being at the lowest ebb it has reached for fifty years?

The next cause of our sad disasters is to be found in the fatal defects or mismanagement in the Commissariat service. The troops were often ill-supplied, or half-supplied; the horses often not supplied at all. The department had not sufficient means of transport; and these means became daily more insufficient, because the beasts being too few were overworked, and being overworked, sank down and died. Where precisely lay the cause of the inefficiency of this service, we do not pretend to decide. It may be that it was well arranged on paper and for peace, but was quite inadequate for the strain of war. It may be, as the Duke of Cambridge and General Evans allege, that it ought to be made a military and not a civil department. It may be that formal routine, carried to the extent of stubborn stupidity, and persisted in by timid young men and stupid old men, prevented it from working under pressure. General Bentinck says that one Commissary refused one of his vouchers, because it was signed half an inch too low! Another, instead of sending food to a famished regiment, sent papers to be filled up! The Duke of Cambridge relates, that one part of his division was kept without forage for a whole day, because the Commissary alleged that the demand was for "two horses too many;" and that after much correspondence, it turned out that the Commissary was wrong after all! It may be, finally, that the head of the department was utterly unfit for his duties, whether from age, or slowness, or obstinacy, or carelessness; and that it was a sad mistake to have appointed him, and a sadder sin not to have recalled him. Certain it is, that for some cause or other, the work that lay with him to do was not done; that thousands of men and horses have fallen victims in consequence; and that now (March) he is still there.

The third cause of our calamities was the mismanagement at Balaclava. The evidence on this head is conclusive and damn-

ing. Ships arriving with cargoes urgently wanted, but not allowed to discharge; ships ill-moored in the harbour, so that twenty took up the space in which fifty might have ridden securely; vessels of incalculable value ordered to anchor off a lee shore with a south-wester coming on; no quays prepared for landing stores; no arrangements for sheltering them when landed; pestilential filth allowed to accumulate; valuable fire-wood *not* allowed to be removed—with hundreds of idle sailors and starved soldiers asking only to be employed. The frightful condition and conduct of the harbour on which the safety of our whole army depended while under Captain Christie's orders, seems as absolutely incredible as it is absolutely certain.

The fourth cause of our miseries appears to have been the mismanagement of the medical department; the want of ambulances, the want of medicines, the want of surgeons, but above all the want of skill or sense in the organization of the hospital arrangements. The degree of this last deficiency seems to have surpassed conception. For the original paucity of medical men attached to the army, we are not disposed to blame any of the authorities. No one could have anticipated such a combination of causes to create a sudden and enormous demand upon the services. Cholera, three bloody battles in six weeks, and deaths by thousands from exposure and excessive work, must have overpowered the largest medical staff in the best regulated army. But for the state of the hospital at Scutari there can be no excuse. And in tracing out the causes of this, we cannot stop till we come to the head of that special service whose business it was to appoint capable medical officers, and to fix upon and carry out a proper and workable system.*

To the errors or incompetency, then, of four men, are mainly and *immediately* to be attributed the disasters of our Crimean expedition. Are we therefore severely to blame ministers for having appointed them? By no means. We believe that the choice of Lord Raglan, Mr. Filder, Captain Christie, and Dr. Andrew Smith, was an honest and a careful choice. Yet it seems certain that the three last men were about the worst that could have been selected. It has turned out so. It was not believed so to begin with. Lord Raglan, it now appears pretty clear, had one qualification and two disqualifications for his post. He was conciliatory to our allies, and maintained harmony with them, when probably a more brusque, resolute, and peremptory general might have brought it into jeopardy. But on the other hand, Lord Raglan is far too amiable, gentle, and considerate,

* We will not say anything of the management of the transport department, or we should have things still more grotesquely absurd to relate. The waste and clumsiness in this matter alone has, we believe, cost the country £2,000,000 already.

or a commander-in-chief. He cannot find in his heart to be severe and stern. He cannot punish promptly and effectually. He is mild and yielding to a fault. And in the present case he has been unquestionably guilty in *acquiescing in* and tolerating a state of things which he should not have endured for an hour. He does not appear to have been well-informed; and his orders do not appear to have been well executed. They were not rigidly *enforced*. He appears to have been ill served by his staff. In a word he, like all Englishmen, seems to have shrunk from punishing the guilty, or superseding the incapable. The ministers seem to have done likewise. Scarcely a single man has been dismissed or recalled. Captain Christie has been replaced—but by the only man in the service more unfit than himself. And Dr. Smith, and Mr. Commissary Filder are still where they were. This scarcely, we think, can admit either of defence or pardon.

There is no doubt that all these men have had great difficulties to contend with in the routine system which they inherited, and in the human tools they had to work with; and that the fault of Government, of Lord Raglan, and of Mr. Filder, is in a great measure the special fault of the country likewise. We never appoint men for fitness. We never dismiss them for unfitness. In time of peace all posts, civil and military, are and have long been habitually filled up by men appointed for no special aptitude and trained by no special education—but some from personal kindness, some from political considerations. In ordinary periods these men perform their easy routine duties in a respectable, sleepy and decorous manner. Everything is done in order according to the old system, at the old rate, through the old channels. The machine jogs on in the ancestral ruts, with the minimum of energy and vigilance. All dread innovation and discourage zeal. But the moment a pressure comes, the instrument becomes inadequate or breaks down. The loose screws fall out. The weak springs give way. The old timbers, long decayed, have their decay made manifest. Some men cannot be hurried. Others will do exactly as they have been accustomed to do. They give out orders to the old houses. They make contracts on the old system. They load ships in the old way. They are mere clerks at a moment when something more than mere clerks is wanted. They individually are not much to blame. The superior officials who appointed them are not much to blame. The ministers, perhaps long dead or dismissed, who appointed these officials, are not much to blame. *The inveterate system and the nation which has so long endured it are the real sinners.* There are perhaps few among us who may not have solicited and obtained a clerkship in the Admiralty or the

Treasury, or in some one of the government offices for a dull, careless, or idle son—begged for it earnestly and without compunction, been grateful for it without misgiving when conferred. There are few who have not applied for or purchased a commission in the army for some scapegrace of a nephew or a ward, and spared no pains to induce General So-and-So to put him on his staff, or give him some responsible employment. There are many of us who have been thankful to get a lazy youngster, who could never have made his way to practice at home, made an assistant-army-surgeon. We all do these things without scruple and without reflection. Well! the absurd packing of goods on board "*The Prince*," which cost so much misery and has incurred so much censure, was owing to our stupid son, the Admiralty clerk. The neglected bills of lading, or the forgotten order, lie at the door of our worthless nephew, whom we foisted, as an election job, into some subordinate place in the Treasury. The officer who kept such careless guard one night in the trenches, that his picket was cut to pieces, and two valuable guns were lost, was our incorrigible dunce of a brother, who five years since we sent to ruin his country in Her Majesty's living, to prevent him from ruining his family at home. And the scandalous condition of the *Avon* hospital ship, the account of which makes our blood run cold, will make it run still colder when we learn that the surgeon to whom it was entrusted was the identical young relative whom we got appointed on the medical staff of the Army because no civilians at home would trust him with their lives. And so on to the end of the chapter. Ministers, however zealous, able, and powerful they may be, must work with the tools they have; and these are the tools with which for generations we have been careful to provide them. In process of time, and when much irreparable mischief has been done, and many invaluable lives sacrificed, incompetent functionaries will be gradually weeded out of every public department; but this will not be till their incompetency has been proved on the country's carcase and at the country's cost. Then we shall possess a staff of civil and military servants to whom we may safely confide both our interests and our honour, who will achieve any enterprise and surmount any difficulty. But such a reorganization is not the work of a day nor of a year; it will never be effected till danger and disgrace are knocking loudly at our doors;—happy if it be not neglected and forgotten the moment the immediate peril has passed away. If the awful calamities of the Crimea shall awaken the nation to a sense of its dangers and its follies, and to an undying, earnest, passionate resolution, that they shall not be repeated, we may have reason to bless the heavy dispensation. But, alas! since neither Walcheren

nor Cabool taught us wisdom, why should Sebastopol or Scutari read a more impressive lesson !

But in the midst of all our suffering and indignation let us endeavour to be just in our apportionment of blame, and let us take our own fair share—far the largest, as will presently appear. “The right man for the right place,” is the cry of the hour; and a very good cry it is. But do we enable Ministers to put the right man in the right place, or do we set them the example of doing so? Depend upon it, as Mrs. Barbauld said sixty years ago, “the sins of the Government are the sins of the nation.” Ministers make all sorts of bad appointments,—fawning physicians, deaf generals, aged commis-saries, rheumatic commanders, cursing and swearing admirals who are a disgrace to them and to the service. We concede all this, observing by the way that it is done far oftener from want of knowledge or of judgment, than from favouritism or of bad design. They send Mr. Lowe, who knows something of Australia, but nothing of India, to the Board of Control. Mr. Layard would be very useful in the Crimea or at Constantinople, so they offer him first a clerkship of the Ordnance at home, and then the management of the colonies while his chief is at Vienna. Sir Thomas Redington has done good service in Ireland, so he is at once shelved at the India Board. Mr. Frederick Peel is essentially a routine and red tape man, and knows nothing whatever of military matters, so they send him to the War Office in the very crisis of a deadly struggle, and at a moment when routine and red-tape are made manifest as the fatalest of poisons. And Sir Robert Peel, who is fit for no post at all, is offered the Colonial Office, on the good management of which a whole future empire may depend. These things are undeniable; so we give up Ministers.

But is the House of Commons any better? The chief posts in the Government ought certainly to be filled by the ablest and wisest administrators we can find. “The right man for the right place,” is essential here if anywhere. How does the House fill these posts?—for virtually it does fill them. The *bona fide* appointments in ultimate resort rest with it. Does it always select Ministers for their administrative faculties, and place them in the offices for which they are best fitted? Does it often do this? Does it ever do this? On the contrary, is it not notorious that men are made Premiers, Secretaries of State, Chancellors of the Exchequer, on account of their skill in Parliamentary tactics, the political influence of their families, some sort of supposed hereditary claim, and above all, on account of rhetorical ability. Is not the one supreme certain passport to high office the capacity of making an effective speech? Does not this qua-

lication override every other—even high rank? Does not this qualification tell incomparably more upon a man's success than any amount of administrative talent? And is it not often in inverse proportion to a man's fitness for the deep, wide, rare responsibilities of Government? Would Lord John ever have been Premier, had he not been a scion of a great Whig family, and a consummate Parliamentary tactician? Would Lord Derby ever have become leader of the Tories, if he had not been a consummate debater? Has not his want of administrative ability and wisdom been condoned in consideration of his brilliant oratory? What made Bernal Osborne Secretary to the Admiralty?—his daring, biting, amusing, unlicensed tongue. What made Mr. D'Israeli Chancellor of the Exchequer?—his telling sarcasms, his epigrammatic rhetoric, his clever, pungent, malignant assaults upon all rivals and opponents. No one fancied that he had one special qualification for the post he occupied; but his party wanted him as a fighting senator. He was appointed to conduct the finances of the first empire in the world, not for his financial but for his gladiatorial capabilities. These things are notorious and undeniable,—so we give up the House of Commons.

But is the country any better? Are the electors who return the House of Commons one whit more pure or sensible in this point than the House itself? Do they habitually, when a vacancy occurs in the representation, seek out the fit man to fill it? Do they do this except in the rarest instances? Is "fitness," legislative capacity, large knowledge, wide vision, scrupulous probity, the first thing they think of when they begin to look around them for their member? How many of our senators are chosen because a majority of their constituents, honestly, deliberately, and conscientiously believe them to be the most wise and capable men within their reach? Alas! we know well how it is. One man is sent because he has been an unwearied solicitor, an indefatigable canvasser,—because, whatever the opinion of others as to his competency, his own opinion of it has had no variation or misgiving. Another is sent because he is so wealthy that no competitor likes to oppose him, and no elector likes to disoblige him. A third, because his family are powerful and noble, and have acquired a sort of hereditary right to the seat. A fourth, because half the borough belongs to him. Several are returned because they are official men, and have official patronage to dispose of; and we all know what that means. Many are returned not because we think them specially qualified as legislators, but because their party opinions agree with our own. And as a general rule, when a vacancy occurs, what does the Reform or the Tory Committee first ask itself?

Not "Will this man make a wise senator?" *but* "Can we carry him?—will he pay?—can he afford to put £2000 at our disposal?—will he be of use to the town in this pending matter of local interest?—has he the ear of the Government?—is he of good family?" Look round upon the House of Commons. See how many of its members are noblemen or sons of noblemen,—how many are baronets or country gentlemen of large property,—how many are railway directors, wealthy merchants, or pushing lawyers,—how many are men of violent prejudices or extreme opinions,—and how few are poor, steady, resolute, firm to their convictions, and adequate to their work. We complain that Ministers are always chosen from so narrow a circle. Are we careful to send up a large number of men out of whom the Queen could make or choose Ministers?

How is it in our individual capacity? Do we make a man's fitness for any post the first and principal reason for installing him in that post? Do not all of us look out for a "place that will do for our son," rather than a place for which our son will do? My brother is Attorney-General or Lord Chief Justice; so I send my son to the bar, knowing that he will be helped on. My uncle is a bishop; so another son goes into the Church. My intimate friend is a general; so a third son goes into the army. I myself am a merchant, and have a vacancy in my office; of course I offer it to my nephew—he is not by any means as clever as a poor youth who has been long my clerk, but he will do, and at all events he is my flesh and blood, and I must help him on. Or, without running through all lines of life, look at the clerical profession alone. Is not the circumstance of having a family-living, an invariable reason why one of the family should go into the Church? In how many large entailed estates, with a good incumbency included, is not the second son always the parson, as certainly as the eldest son is the squire,—though he may have as slight a vocation for the cure of souls as his tailor or his groom,—though he may have the strongest possible bent and fitness for some thoroughly discrepant profession? In a word, do we not all as a rule provide for ourselves and our children, not according to our gifts but to our opportunities,—not in the professions for which they or we are best adapted, but in those in which they or we have the best extraneous chances of being helped on? Are we not, in truth, ourselves just as bad as the members we elect, and the minister whom we abuse? And must we not give up the nation, as well as the House and the Administration?

In our judgment Ministers have a far worse sin to answer for than making knowingly bad appointments—as offence committed far less often than is commonly supposed. They fre-

quently appoint unfit men: they almost never supersede or dismiss these men when their unfitness becomes manifest. If they would do this, their original error would be comparatively harmless. But it seems to be an established axiom of public life that an officer once appointed is never to be removed unless for absolute iniquity. Men seem at once to acquire a sort of vested interest in their employment: it is considered not only harsh but unjust to recall or supersede them. The injustice to the country is little regarded. Now this we hold to be a great wrong in ministers—probably, practically the greatest they are guilty of. But it is precisely that of which the nation sets them the example, and enforces upon them the observance. The respect for *possession* is universal among us. We none of us like dismissing an incapable servant, especially if he have once been capable, and if he is still honest. We scarcely can remove him—we buy him out if we can bear him no longer. If we have a public employe who, though meritorious in his way is mischievous and impracticable, we endure him—*omnes ferimus*—for long years, and then when we are nearly driven frantic, we give him £1000 a year to retire and leave us in peace. But above all, look at our conduct with regard to the men who fulfil what ought to be the most important functions in society—our “spiritual pastors and teachers”—the “accredited teachers” of religion—those entrusted with “the cure of souls.” Do we ever remove them for incapacity? Have we the power of doing so, even among Dissenters, much less in the Establishment? Such removal is not a recognised duty—it is not even a recognised possibility. It cannot be done. When once a clergyman is appointed, no power on earth can turn him out unless on actual conviction for some vice or crime. He may be so dull that he drives every one from his church: he may read the service in so careless and frivolous a manner, as to fill every earnest man with disgust: he may shirk nearly all his duties or perform them in the most slovenly and perfunctory manner: he may be gay, morose, or violent; he may be utterly disqualified either to teach the ignorant, to convince the doubting, to console the sorrowing, to strengthen the dying; he may suffer his parish to go to the bad entirely, and every principle and motive may imperatively command his removal;—yet so long as he does not heinously offend against the rubric, and is not seen drunk in the streets, and does not fall under the chastisement of the law, and does not ostensibly appropriate his neighbour’s wife, neither his bishop, his patron, nor his parishioners, can supersede him by any process whatever. Ministers, therefore, in retaining incompetent admirals, generals, ambassadors, and judges, only follow the example and express the habitual feeling of the nation.

But more than this. Do we even encourage ministers to dismiss incompetent public servants? Do we make it easy for them to do so? If they even do such a thing, are they applauded for it, or the contrary? Does it make them friends or enemies? Does the country they have served by the dismissal maintain them against the individual whom that dismissal has exasperated? Is not a minister who ventures to act thus righteously invariably stamped as an ill-conditioned, ill-tempered man? Is he not universally unpopular? Has he not to run the gauntlet through a series of private reproaches and Parliamentary debates—a process in comparison with which the knout would be an agreeable excitement. Let us look at the Past. Lord Ellenborough's proceedings in India were thought so flagrant and so dangerous by the Company, that they took the unprecedented step of recalling him. We believe they were quite right and wise in doing so. But we may all remember how monstrous a stretch of authority it was regarded at the time, and by how persistent and effective an hostility his Lordship has ever since repaid the Company. Sir Harry Smith was supposed to have mismanaged matters at the Cape. At all events he did not succeed. There appeared the same reasons for recalling him which the country now declares are sufficient to justify the recall of Lord Raglan. Whether by his own fault or not, he had failed. Lord Grey recalled him;—and the country was open-mouthed against him. It was about the most unpopular act of an unpopular administration. It was considered as an unheard-of cruelty and insult to a brave old officer. Sir Charles Napier comes home from the Baltic: he is not “dismissed or censured;” he is simply told “to lower his flag.” His language has been so intemperate and insubordinate that he ought to have been struck off the list of admirals. He is merely superseded—or rather not re-appointed—at the expiration of his command. Immediately he brings his case before the House of Commons, makes vehement charges against the First Lord of the Admiralty, publishes the private correspondence of his official chiefs, and drags them through as much dirt and discomfort as possible. The House listens to him, and the country does not condemn him as one man. And lastly, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Aberdeen, in the performance of what they deemed their duty, and in the exercise of their undoubted right, removed Mr. Kennedy, because, in their judgment, the public interest demanded his removal. This judgment may have been right or wrong; that is not the matter in question, and we need express no opinion about it;—at all events it was deliberate and honest. But Mr. Kennedy had influential friends and high connexions; the dismissal of a well-connected man was an act of unprecedented daring; the case was brought before the House

of Commons. The political opponents of Mr. Gladstone were ready enough to take up the ready weapon; and a debate ensued which must have left the impression on the minds of all spectators that such a precedent of prompt courage and patriotic resolution was not likely to be repeated. Who will supersede a public servant whom it is possible to tolerate, if it must be at the cost of incurring an angry debate, and making a host of bitter enemies? As long as the feeling of the country is, as at present, that a dismissed man is an ill used man, and that his dismitter is a tyrant, no minister whose virtue or whose insensibility is not something preternatural can be expected to supersede any one for simple incompetency or ill success.

One thing at least will have resulted from the disasters of our first campaign and the investigations and exposures to which it has given rise. The conclusion is fixed in every mind that we must have no more such merited catastrophes. Not only can we not afford to lose again so valuable and costly an instrument as a British army; not only must we not again venture to expose our European influence and our national credit to so rude a shock; but we shall feel henceforth that it is *wicked* to sacrifice brave and patient men to the incompetence of untrained leaders, and to make the lives of soldiers pay for the inexperience of officers, or the stupidity of pedantic civilians, or the inherent inadequacy of a vicious system. The nation is indignant, exasperated and in earnest, and will not be turned from its purpose, or beguiled upon a false scent, or put off with imperfect changes, or with superficial weedings, or with sham reforms. The People seldom look far beforehand or very deep into original causes. They will be satisfied now, as they always are, with remedying the evil immediately in question, and with providing against its probable recurrence. But if they should find artificial obstacles placed in the way of those radical amendments which their sacrifices both of precious guineas and more precious friends entitle them peremptorily to demand; if ministers should be ill-judging enough or timid enough to seek to shield the guilty, or to maintain the incompetent in any office or in any grade, or to cling with sinister or senile fondness to the system which has proved so frightfully disastrous;—then the national outcry will become louder, and the national indignation fiercer, and the demand for reconstruction wider and more sweeping, and even moderate and cautious men will sit down to count the cost of an aristocracy so obstructive, and of representative institutions so imperfect and disappointing as those of Britain.

